

FEB.
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



DOG IN THE HOUSE

by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ACHMED ABDULLAH ♦ ♦ ♦ PAUL ANNIXTER

PHYLLIS DUGANNE *and others*

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To the man who is 35 and DISSATISFIED



WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of the Shrine Magazine in order to address this page directly to *men in their thirties*.

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say

"I must make more money,"
but they have no plan for making more.

"There is no future for me,"
but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now, but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless
you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will do something, and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of

our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot make a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly urged into anything.

Now what can happen to

A dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine of Hagerstown, Md. "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year for life.)

"The study of the Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure because it is so practical and inspiring throughout." (The method of the Course makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study but thru practice. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Course," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

Forging Ahead in Business

For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the necessary fundamental facts of all departments of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

We attach a coupon to this advertisement. It is a little thing, but our experience proves that it separates out of every hundred readers the few who can act. If you are one of these let us mail you that wonderful little book, "Forging Ahead in Business." For thousands it has turned dissatisfaction into immediate progress.

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THE SHRINE

FEB. 1927
MAGAZINE VOL. II
NO. 2



Coming—Three Burros by Will Irwin



HREE packed burros scurrying along the deserted trail—one stumbled—and Hollister gained a clue that led to the watchman's cabin of the old unworked silver mine. In response to his knock the door burst open in his face and a slim young girl stood before him pointing a dangerously wobbling automatic straight at him! In the March issue—"Three Burros" by Will Irwin.

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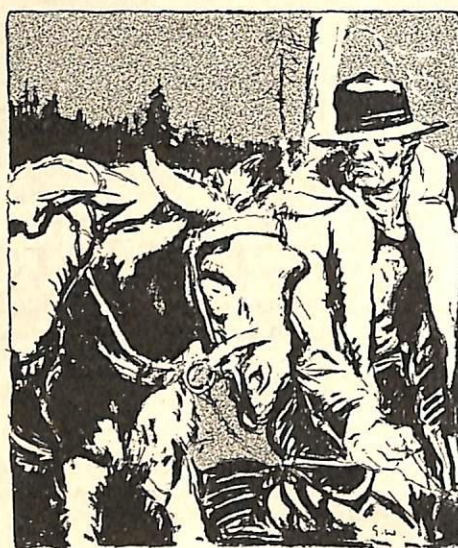
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FEBRUARY, 1927



General Sir Robert Baden-Powell
Founder of the Boy Scout Movement



The Late Sir H. Rider Haggard
Novelist



T. P. O'Connor
"Father of the House of Commons"



Judge Ben. B. Lindsey
Founder of Juvenile Court of Denver



Jerome K. Jerome
Author and Dramatist



Frank P. Walsh
Former Chairman of National War Labor Board



Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice
Director of Military Operations
Imperial General Staff



Admiral Lord Beresford
G.C.B., G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder
Celebrated Comedian



Granville Barker
Actor and Theatrical Manager



Lucas Malet
Author



Baroness Orczy
Author



Dr. Ethel Smyth
Composer



W. L. George
Author



H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden



Bruce Bairnsfather
Author and Artist

Can it be "tommyrot"—when such people advocate Pelmanism?

Here are only a few of many famous men and women who advocate Pelmanism, and who use its principles themselves. With this testimony before you, can you doubt that it will benefit you? Find out what Pelmanism has already done for over 550,000 people—send for a copy of the book illustrated below. It will be sent without charge.

NO doubt you have often heard of Pelmanism, but probably you have carelessly thought of it as "just another new-fangled movement. Some more tommyrot! The usual mental-pep stuff."

Can it, however, be "tommyrot," when such people as those pictured here, men and women of the highest intelligence and distinction—prominent statesmen, artists, novelists, jurists, business men, military men, publicists, advocate Pelmanism in the most enthusiastic terms?

Pelmanism has spread, with the force of a religious movement, all over the world. There is no secret as to how it performs its seeming miracles of regeneration among discouraged people. It takes the principles of Applied Psychology; simplifies them so that they can be understood by everybody, and then arranges them into a remarkable system of mental training.

The results of this system are sometimes almost unbelievable. It helps its users in the most practical way. It changes their outlook upon life; it changes their circumstances. They begin to accomplish things they had heretofore only dreamed of. They do more, earn more. Instances are on record (on file and open to inspection where income has increased 800, 900 and 1,000 per cent.). Yet, remarkable though they may seem, these results can be simply explained.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? Or was there just something wrong with you? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom there was a weakness somewhere in you.

What was the matter with you? Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, many of whom were held back by your very problem, will tell you that this is true.

The whole remarkable story of Pelmanism is told in a little book, "Scientific Mind Training." It explains in detail the simple principles; it tells stories—almost unbelievable, some of them—of people whose lives and circumstances have been revolutionized after a short time.

We will gladly send this book to you, free, if you are at all interested in Pelmanism. To ask for it involves you in no obligation whatsoever; you will not be bothered; no salesman will call on you. Send for this book now; when such distinguished people as those shown here advise you to take up Pelmanism, how can you justify yourself if you do not try to find out, at least, whether Pelmanism can help you "find yourself?" Mail the coupon below—now, before you forget about it.

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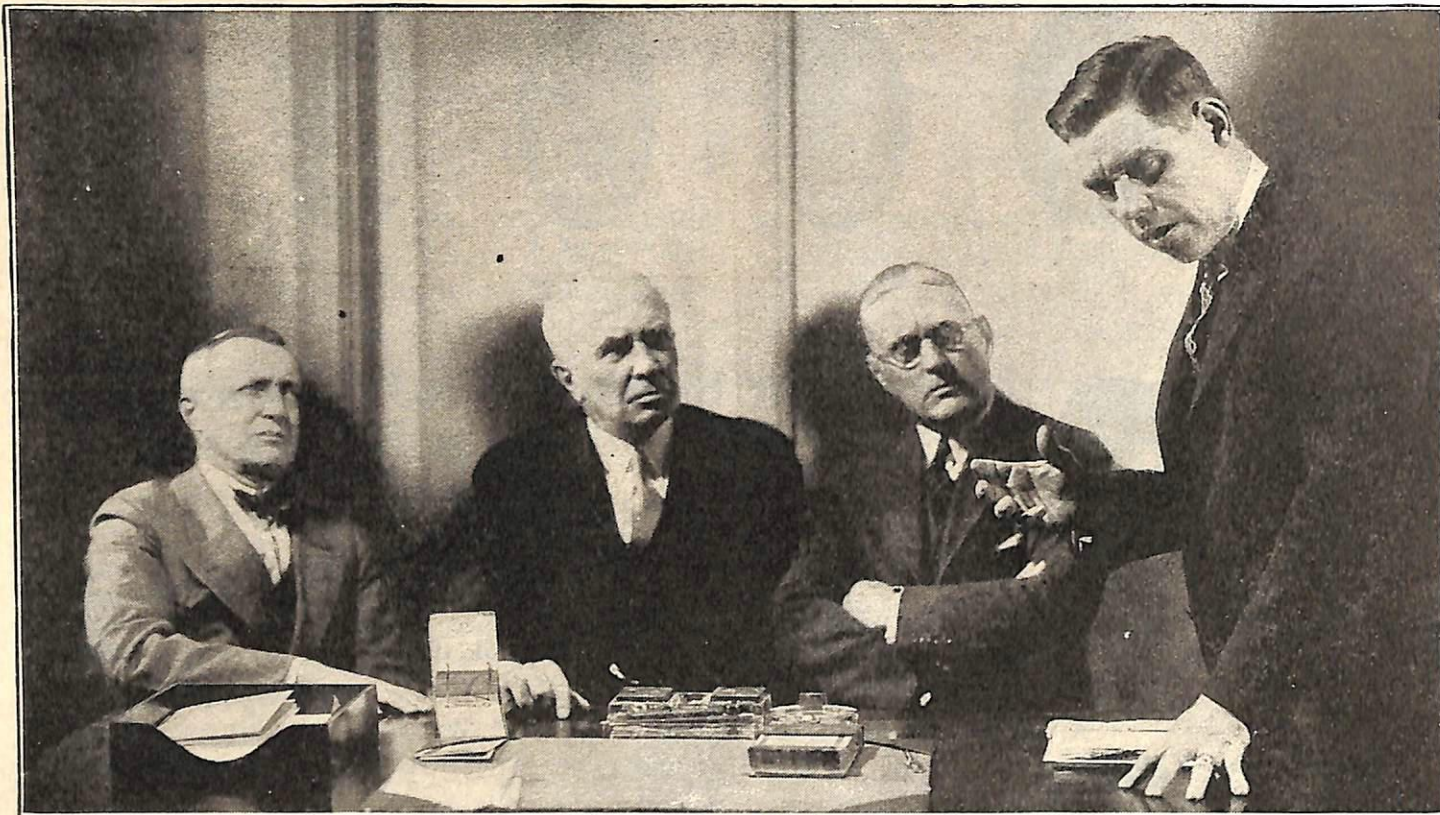
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Sewell Haggard, Editor
Fred O. Wood, Executive Director
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Afraid of My Own Voice But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

SUDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I had been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence, and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an

all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

In 15 Minutes a Day

What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make a political speech
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

privacy of my own home on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the

rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send for this Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.



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The Charm Dispelled	Forbidden Fruit	The Farmer's Wife
A Little Walk	Madame Parisse	On Perfumes
A Dead Woman's Secret	A Wife's Confession	An Unfortunate Likeness
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Doubtful Happiness	Woman's Wiles	The Lost Step
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Room No. 11	On Cats	The Artist's Wife
The Tobacco Shop	A Poor Girl	The Rendezvous
A Passion	One Phase of Love	A Fashionable Woman
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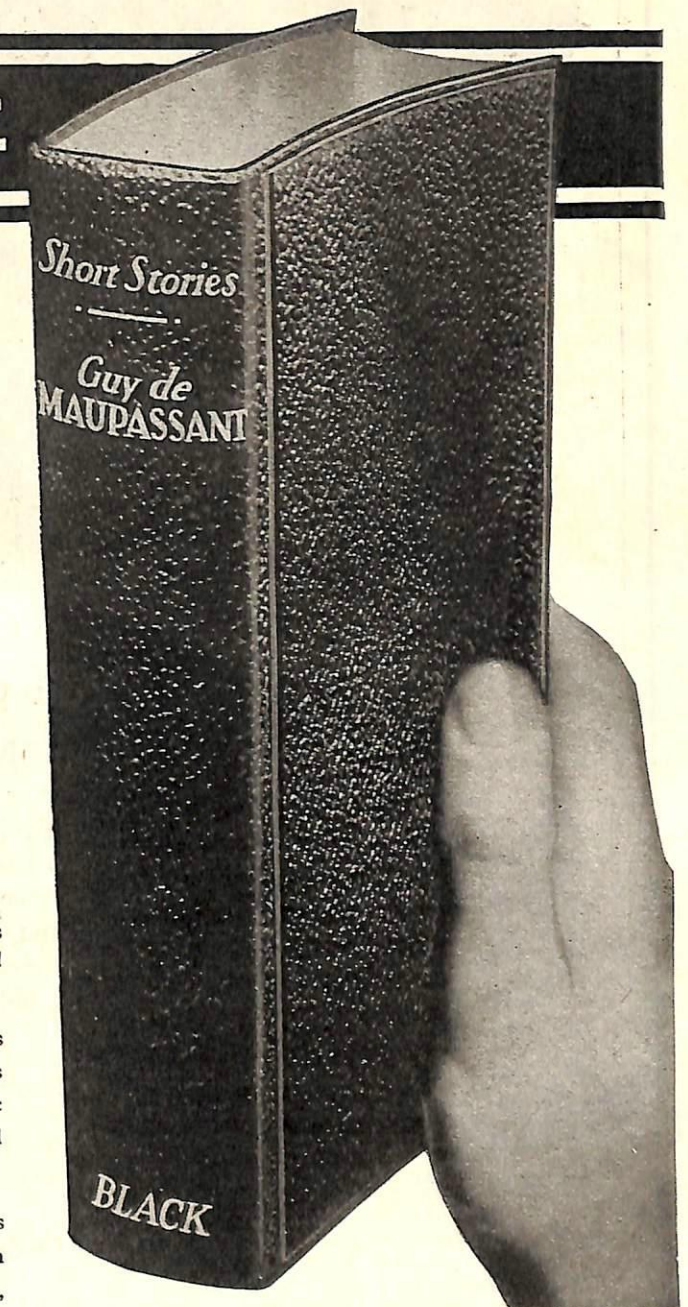
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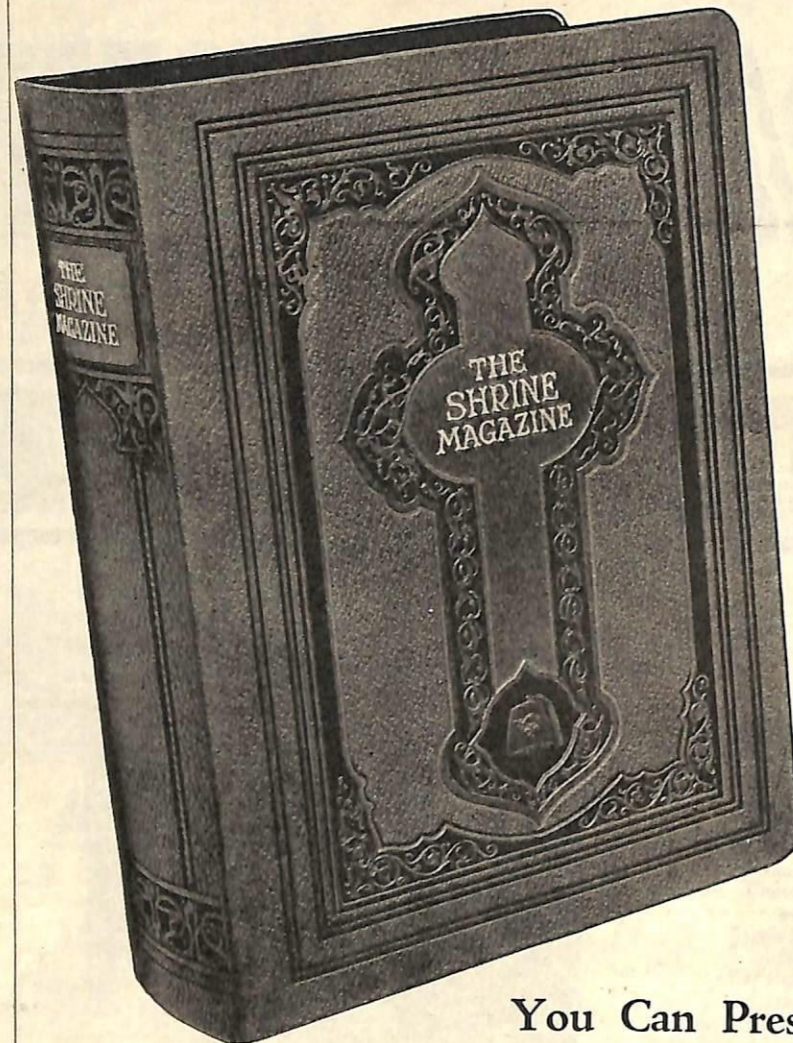
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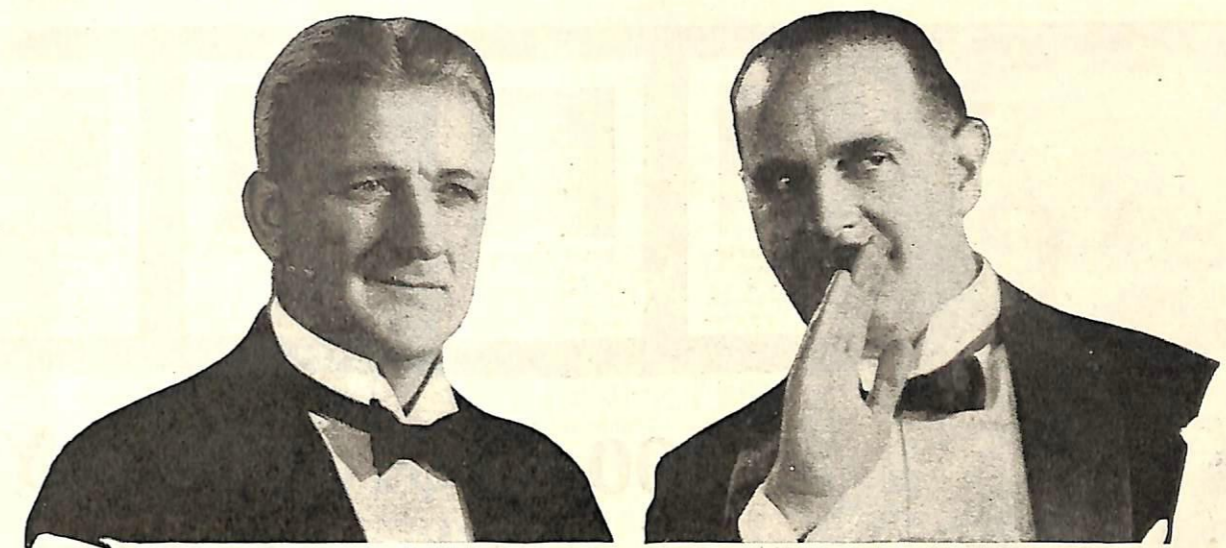
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"That Man Corey is Certainly Interesting—"

They say that of him now wherever he goes—this Corey who never used to have a thing to say. Almost overnight he became one of the best-informed men of his group.

"I NEVER knew that Corey was so well educated."

"He isn't. He left school when he was a kid. Mighty interesting though—isn't he?"

"Yes; he seems to know about everything. See how he's holding those people fascinated by what he's saying! He's quoting from Shelley, I believe."

"You ought to hear him at a business conference. He has all sorts of information at his command. I remember when he always used to be at a loss for something to say; now he can talk better than any of us."

"What amazes me is the way he can talk on almost any subject at all. And he seems to be familiar with all the great writers and philosophers. He must do a lot of reading."

"I don't see how he can. He's very busy, and I'm sure he hasn't any more time to read than we have. But I wonder how he became so well-informed—almost overnight, it seems to me. It has certainly made an interesting man of him."

Later they had occasion to speak to Corey; and they asked him about it. They weren't prepared for what he told them.

"Read?" he said. "Why, I scarcely ever get time to read at all."

"But in this one evening you quoted from Dante, from Browning, from Kipling, from Poe! How do you do it?"

Corey laughed. "Elbert Hubbard did all my reading for me—years ago. I simply use his Scrap Book."

"You use Hubbard's Scrap Book? What do you mean?"

"Well, you know that Elbert Hubbard began a scrap book when he was quite young. He put into it all the bits of writing that inspired and helped him most. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find the ideas which would help him in his own work. He kept this scrap book all through life, adding whatever he thought great and inspiring. As the scrap book grew, it became Hubbard's greatest source of ideas. He turned to it constantly; it helped him win fame as a writer and orator. At the time of his death on the sinking of the Lusitania, it had become a priceless collection of great thoughts—the fruit of a whole lifetime of discriminating reading."

"But what can this private scrap book possibly mean to you? How can you—use it—as you say?"

"The executors of Hubbard's estate agreed to the publication of his scrap book after his death. I have a copy. That's why I say Elbert Hubbard did my reading for me. All I have to do is glance through his Scrap Book occasionally—and I get all the best thoughts and ideas of the last 4,000 years, without wading through a lot of uninteresting reading."

"So that's your secret! That's why you can talk so well on so many different subjects! That Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book has made you a different man, Corey!"

Examine the Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book—Free

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the best of a lifetime

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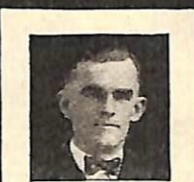
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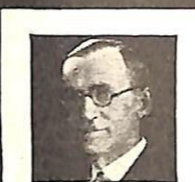
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I DON'T care what you are now or what you think. The Association of which I am president will take you in short, easy steps and make a Master Salesman of you, put you in the same class with the big pay men who have all the good things of life.

Many have thought that Salesmen were "born." And that idea has kept many men from succeeding. But this Association of Master Salesmen has proved that any man can be taught the rules and principles that make men Master Salesmen. And you know as well as I do that Salesmen top the list of money-makers. They are the producers and you can be one of them.

Easy as A, B, C.

If you are as intelligent as the ordinary farm hand, postal clerk or stenographer, you can quickly master the simple A. B. C.'s of Selling. There are certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to stimulate keen interest, certain ways to overcome

objection, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act.

You can learn these principles at home in a short period of pleasant, inspiring study. And once you have mastered these secrets of Master Salesmanship, you can take advantage of the employment department of the Association without charge. They will help you select and secure a position as soon as you are qualified and ready.

This is a real opportunity, for during the last year the Association received calls for 49,880 salesmen from the biggest sales organizations in America. And these men are the same as you see above—men who make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year in salary and commission.

These are only four out of hundreds of similar records in the Association files. Our members make good because the Association has specialized for eighteen years in teaching the Art and Science of Salesmanship and teaches the most unusual principles ever laid down for quick success.

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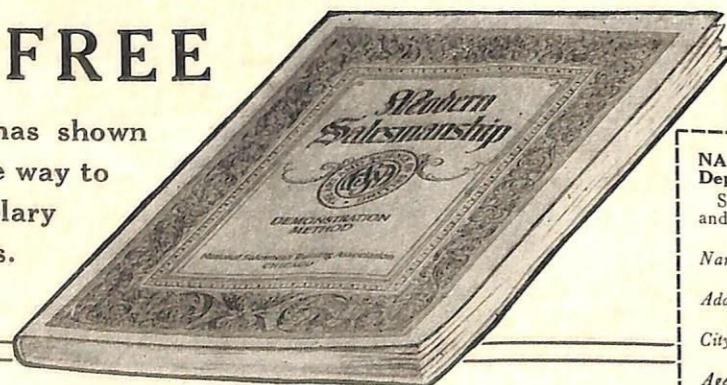
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The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Temples and the Nobility:

Do you remember the time when that passage of Scripture
"In strength will I establish my kingdom"
was quoted to you and so forcibly impressed upon the
tablets of memory?

As we approach the shortest month of the year, let us reflect upon that passage and upon the lives of those two great men of our country who were born in the month of February. The two men above all others of our country who gave it Strength and Establishment.

Washington and Lincoln.

Upon these two great pillars rest the glorious arch of America's strength and union.

The Father of our Country. To his energy, bravery, devotion and tenacity of purpose is due the establishment of our nation and the development of our greatest and most precious national characteristics—Freedom of Thought and Freedom of Action. He gave our nation life.

The Great Liberator whose clear-sighted wisdom saw through all the clouds of passion and storms of emotion; whose soul towered above malice, envy, hatred and strife; whose mind could pierce the dark curtain of war and behold a nation united in peace, love, prosperity; he, whom we of Dixie esteem as our greatest friend, and whose death was our greatest loss and deepest sorrow. His was the task of preserving our country.

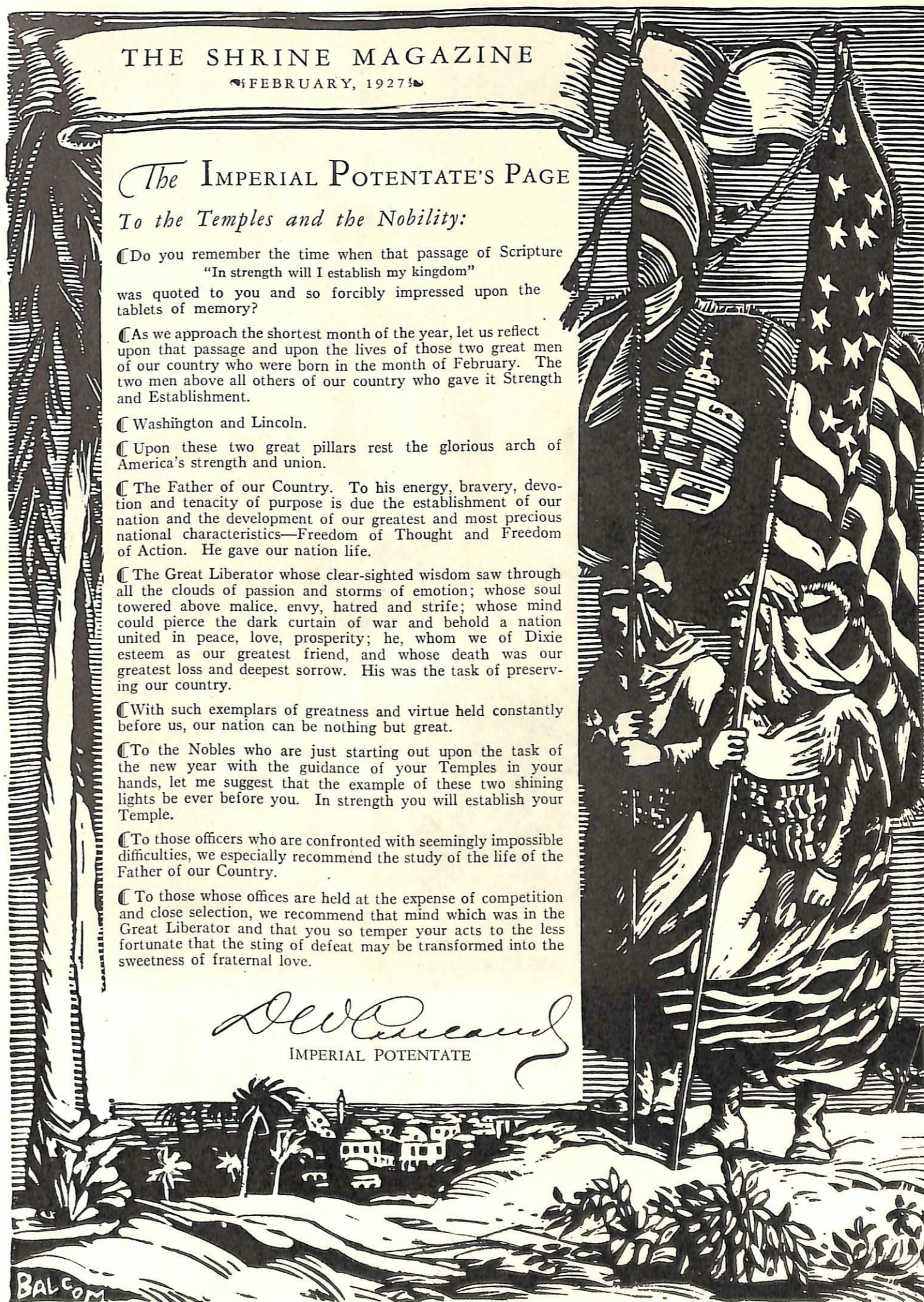
With such exemplars of greatness and virtue held constantly before us, our nation can be nothing but great.

To the Nobles who are just starting out upon the task of the new year with the guidance of your Temples in your hands, let me suggest that the example of these two shining lights be ever before you. In strength you will establish your Temple.

To those officers who are confronted with seemingly impossible difficulties, we especially recommend the study of the life of the Father of our Country.

To those whose offices are held at the expense of competition and close selection, we recommend that mind which was in the Great Liberator and that you so temper your acts to the less fortunate that the sting of defeat may be transformed into the sweetness of fraternal love.

Alfred P. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



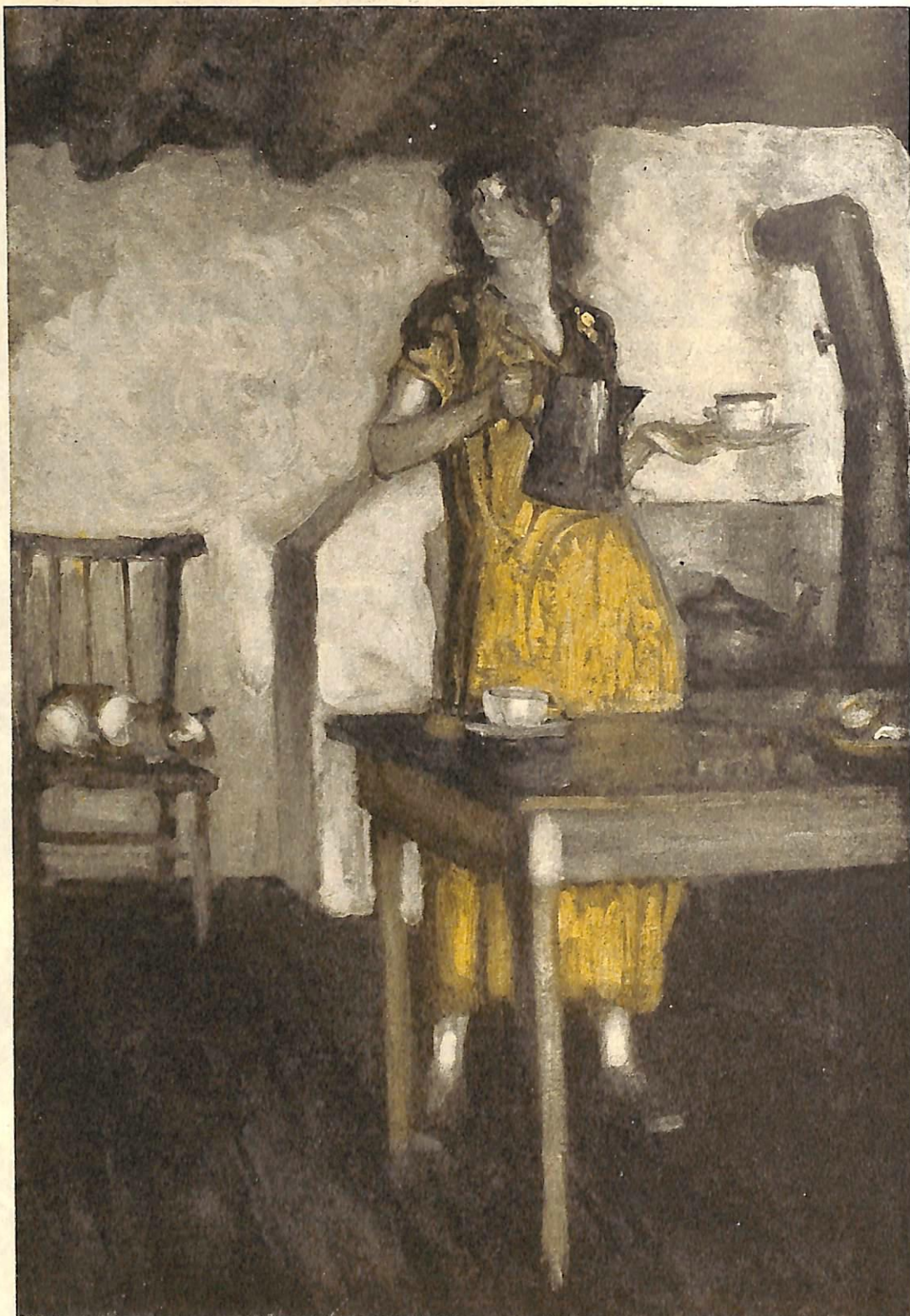
BALCOM

SWAMP JUSTICE

UP ON the hill behind the cabin, Marta came out into the full force of the wind, one of those winds of southern Louisiana, hot and enormous, that sweep up from the Gulf and the Caribbees at intervals, with a great roar, but which relieve no whit the oppression of the moisture-laden atmosphere. This one was like all others, wrapping one in its folds, sucking the breath away, but leaving one raw-nerved in only a different sort of prickly torment. At the top of the hill Marta turned, panting, to look back at the cabin. Leaning there into the wind, the rush of air that searched through the frail barrier of her clothing, found a certain grace of youth and charm even beneath the homely line-

less dress of cheap gray print, and the deepening tint of sallowness in the skin that few escape in the bayou country. In the other women of the region the malaria chills and the snuffstick had also gone to help the ravage of heavy lifeless airs, so that out of any dozen, no man but a backwoods lumpkin would have looked twice at one of them. But Marta's fair skin, through the saving northern strain of her blood, had preserved a certain clearness, so that only the faintest tan, as of honey, showed in cheek and neck.

A look of mute anguish brought a certain glory out of her face, as she stood looking down upon Abner Trantham's clearing. A sad and lonely soul looked out of the old-young eyes



Dominated by the tyrannous will of old Abner, the girl went about preparing the meal in trembling excitement as the terrible thought dawned that he suspected the truth.

By PAUL ANNIXTER

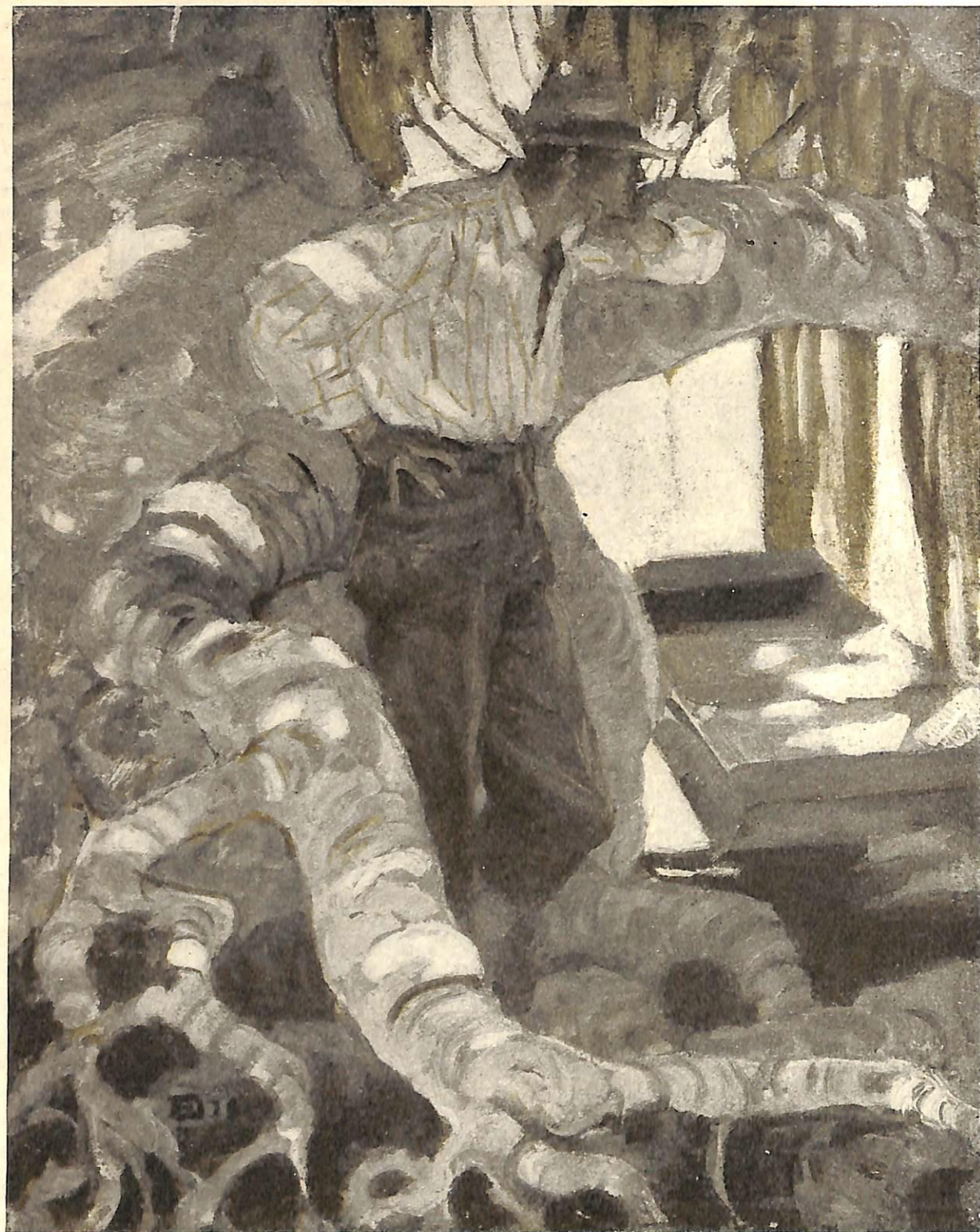
Illustrations by Harvey T. Dunn

In the jaundice colored lowlands of Louisiana—YOUTH finds a strange ally

of hazel gray. As for the clearing, it was no different by so much as a canine or a corn-rick from all the other unkempt clearings that dotted the surrounding woods at mile or half mile intervals. The long, bark-covered house was cut through in the center by the inevitable open porch, dividing the house in half, which stands in the south-east for what the patio does in the south-west. A rusted, dilapidated wagon, a pump and a mule shed, and the usual patch of yams and sweet corn hard by, with chickens scattered over all and picking amid the litter of the door-yard, made up the scene. Marta hated it all, a little more every week, every day, with the mindless consuming hatred of a fine spirit that was held overlong in bondage.

The house had been built ten years before by old Abner Trantham, Marta's father. Visitors at the Trantham place were few and far between, the main reason being the weird tales that were told down in the settlement about the Tranthams, nourished by the superstition that is ever rife in a negro land. They said that ill fortune and disaster pursued all the Tranthams and those who clove to them, and there was much to foster the tales.

Old Abner's brother, for instance, had gone "queer" the last two or three years of his life, and it was said that Abner was following in his footsteps. Then there was Marta's mother, a girl from the north, whom old Abner had married under



strange circumstances, and who had been driven to premature death by her husband's unjust hectoring.

She was alien, a northerner, and in her younger days had been an actress. These facts were never allowed to die, and as strong as had been Trantham's avid thirst for her fresh, puissant youth, was his bleak, perfervid mania to make her pay for what she had been. She lived in the jaundice-colored lowlands of unleashed jealousy and suspicion, where fangs were ever waiting to rend her in the guise of righteous wrath.

Marta had been born to her in the second year and grew up into quelled and silent girlhood, to take up the burden of oppression her mother laid down at death. For Marta, too, had had to pay for her strain of northern blood, for what her mother had been before Abner married her. It was as if old Trantham yearned for her to show some positive proof of infidelity, some sign of moral leprosy which would justify those years of bitter contumely. All her twenty years had been spent in this buried corner of the bayou country, and the ever present sense of her alienation, combined with the bleak viewless land with its dismal miles of woods, swamp and cane-flats,

had slowly strangled all her youth and dreams. All this, epitomized in the figure of old Abner Trantham, had killed her mother, and now she, too, was succumbing to the patriarch's bane. Like her mother, she had come by degrees to be wholly dominated by Trantham's tyrannous will. There had been times in the first flush of young womanhood when she might have broken away, but the hot flame of her impulse had been craftily quenched and had not come again.

Up through the pine woods Marta followed a well-worn trail, on over the hill which dipped down to a cypress-bordered lagoon below. There was little of beauty in these woods. The wind had been busy clearing the forest of its standing dead. Most of the trees were half bare of bark and needles; all of them were draped with festoons of gray Spanish moss.

Approaching the border of the lagoon the girl's step grew wary from instinct. She moved now along an ancient game trail where giant rushes and canebrake rose three feet above her head. The dismal cypresses and an occasional sprawling sycamore with mottled gray trunk, leaned out over the still



water, and the air was noisome with the whine of myriads of insects. The girl's heavy shoes sucked in the wet sodden ground with each step and her dark eyes searched carefully the trail ahead for fear of the snakes which she knew infested the place.

The ground grew wetter as she advanced until a trickle of water oozed up about her shoes at each step. Yellow Branch was but a hundred yards ahead, the big drain for a chain of amphibious swamps and bayous to the north. And here was to be found the one touch of loveliness the land possessed, the weirdly beautiful floating islands of purple hyacinths and pond lilies which break loose with each spring flood from their fertile culture-beds in swamp and morass, to float down to their death in the salty waters of the Gulf. Marta came here to gather the blooms as often as she could get away from her tasks of caring for the house and the meager livestock, but on this particular day a reason other than flowers brought her, which she herself would have been slow to acknowledge.

A five-minute walk brought in view the point of solid land where old Abner's flat-bottomed boat was always tied. It was

"He'd kill us both before he'd let me go!" Marta despaired. "Nobody's got a right to hold you if you want to go. It ain't anybody else, is it?" Cage asked, with the jealousy of twenty.

there, and now in the girl's hastened step was some trace of the youth and spirit whose very founts had all but dried. Floating dreamily along the green, mysterious waterways of the Branch and its tributaries in Abner's old boat, or exerting her strength at the clumsy paddles, had been Marta's one escape from a total eclipse of every thought and act. Most of these journeys were stolen, for old Abner was as canny of the rotting hulk in which he did his fishing as of any bit of livestock.

Marta cast a hurried glance about her from force of habit as she prepared to shove off. Stumbling slightly over the wet funnel of a crawfish's mud tower, she slipped forward, dropping the home-made paddle in her hand with a splash. Crouching in guilty haste, she bent over to retrieve it.



In that moment, a slight rustle came from the rushes behind her and Abner Trantham had stepped out beside her. Some secret rapacity of nature, a voracious brand of piety, and encroaching senility, had blent to mould old Trantham's face. In his lean bent frame and harsh features was a thinly veiled savagery. The jaundice-colored face had a marked twist to one side, which, combined with the spidery malignance of eye, was the earmark of an inner nature gone askew. His white unkempt hair and scraggly swallow's nest of a beard formed a thatch from which his eyes gleamed like a satyr's from a thicket.

"Well," he said with a sardonic chuckle. "Caught ye, didn't I?"

He came up and halted beside her, dropping a heavy sack on the ground. The girl shrank back in instinctive recoil, and it was not alone from the old man's threatening visage, but from the sack at his feet, beneath whose muddy folds a prolonged oscillating movement was now evident that Marta knew too well.

"I—I didn't think you'd be usin' the boat so late's this, Dad," she stammered miserably. "I was only goin' down to

the Point and back, to get some lilies—just for twenty minutes, 'cause all the chorin's done. Only twenty minutes—but it don't matter none. I'll walk along down to the pond."

"'Course. Thought I'd be up in the deadenin', didn't ye?" Abner snarled nastily. "Thought I wouldn't see ye, so ye're up tuh one o' yer wimmin's secrets, like yer maw always was. Lilies, bah! How many times I tell you not t' litter the place with them swamp weeds? Go wiltin' and dyin' the first day, an' anyhow the smell of 'em's bad enough from down hyar."

Marta shrank into herself before the scathing torrent she knew would have to run its course.

"I wasn't aimin' to fetch 'em to the house," she countered, "but there's a bed o' white flag down to the Point—biggest I ever see, an' I like to pick 'em an' watch the butterflies an' hummin' birds. I wouldn't be late none with the supper. I'll go 'long an' get a mess o' persimmons instead," she changed with desperate animation. "There's two trees dead ripe I seen up on the rise an' there's plenty time 'fore supper."

The old man vented a rabid snort and for a moment his peering visage held a deeper bane than was its wont, a new and occult significance in that, wholly groundless, though it



sent a silent scream along the girl's nerves. She knew the black abysses where Trantham's suspicions bred.

She made to slip past him along the path she had come when his voice halted her with a new note and she saw him chuckling in a sort of malign benevolence.

"Hyar," he said, almost amiably, "ain't no call to do that. No harm in yer takin' the boat. Guess you got it comin', gal. You been a-workin' steady all week. I wan't needin' it anyhow."

Marta halted, a fresh trepidation gripping her. She feared old Abner in his tantrums, but even more terrible to her were his fits of evil humor. He had turned upon her in the past, an omnivorous commiseration of which she had since dreamt at night, in the light of what had followed. Reluctantly she took up the paddle once more and prepared to shove off, wishing mightily for any outbreak of temper rather than this.

"Go 'long an' take yer time, gal, so long as yer back by sundown. Me—I ain't through a-snakin' yit."

Marta smiled tremulously in answer. "You kotched a-plenty I see," she ventured.

"Need twice that," said Abner. "High time I was bi'lin'

(From the wild cry of the girl as she met him outside "Oh, Cage, Cage, somethin' turrible—" he suspected tragedy, but he was utterly unprepared for the terrible sight that confronted him after he had dragged the protesting, hysterical Marta into the cabin

another mess of snake ile fer sellin' down to New Ibeery. Them moccasins is gittin' scarce."

Still trembling throughout her nerves in a mixture of relief and trepidation, Marta sculled the skiff into the suck of the current. She glanced back as she took her seat to see old Abner still watching. Running a claw-like hand through his beard, he continued to stand there, even after the craft was swallowed up in a channel amid the rushes, in his eyes a flickering venom of the kind that stings itself. Not until the two-foot length of a fat, half-mangled water-moccasin wriggled free of the canvas sack at his feet, did he come to with a jerk to stamp a vicious heel upon the reptile's back.

Twice or thrice a year it was old Trantham's custom to scour the surrounding swamps for "cottonmouths," the native

name for water-moccasins, which he skinned and boiled free of their fat for the concoction of snake-oil which druggists use as the base for certain pain-killing ointments. For some years this had been his main source of livelihood. It was this that had also given birth to many of the dark tales concerning Trantham and his family.

In his work of tracking the loathly reptiles to their favorite nesting places, protected by nothing more than stout boots and a barbed stick, old Abner had made himself taboo and voodoo in the region, and in this he took a saturnine satisfaction. It was quite natural that the negroes and poor whites of the locality should have built up an ignorant superstition around the matter. They claimed that old Abner was devil's spawn, that out of his boilings he brewed spells and charms, and men had long since taken to giving the Trantham clearing a wide berth.

All that day old Trantham had been at this unsavory work, but something he had seen that afternoon, combined with the incident of the flat boat, had driven all thought of the hunt from his head for the time being. Tying a stout cord about the mouth of his sack, he hid it, together with the barbed spear with which he impaled the reptiles. Then he sought a narrow, half invisible trail that led along the bank of the Branch and disappeared amid the waving cane.

Twenty minutes of circuitous passage along the oozy path brought Trantham to a point where a tributary flowed into Yellow Branch from Cachet Creek to the right. Here Abner was brought to a standstill. He stood there, his heavy brogans sinking into the mud and ooze, while his eyes flung about for some way across. Owing to the spring floods, the water was much higher than he had anticipated and Cachet Creek, which was usually so narrow a man could jump across it, was broad as a sizable pond and choked with floating debris from the northern bayous.

Old Abner's lip flickered in a snarl that gave a glimpse of his snag-like teeth, yellow and infirm from long use of the snuff stick. Haste was imperative now, lest he miss what might be taking place at the Point below. His whole diseased frame was avid with a desire for speed. He cast about him for a log, but there were no large ones. He shunned the water for fear of chills and ague, else he might have waded to the firmer ground beyond. Now his eye fell on something which might solve the situation—a floating mass of the heavily-scented hyacinths which had come to ground in the shallows a few yards up the creek. Ankle-deep in mud and water, he splashed his way toward it. The thing was like a ponderous raft, as it hung, swaying, in the current; perhaps it would hold a man's weight. He picked up a thin dead tamarack from the litter of branches along the bank and using it as a pike pole, stepped out upon the floating islet. The edges of the mass were spongy, but toward the center the knot of woven roots and earth upheld his weight.

GINGERLY he leaned on his pole and shoved off-shore, and with a half dozen efforts the flower clump swung free. Dipping and swaying beneath him, the thing was nevertheless buoyant, and three minutes of poling brought him safely to the far bank. When he had stepped off, he tarried a moment to look back at his fragrant craft.

As he turned into the cane once more, he fell to conning that idea in the back of his mind, and, letting his fancy go, he pictured how a man might float on such an islet, clear down to the Gulf and the sea beyond, if so minded.

His step grew wary as an Indian's now and he bent as he moved, that he might not be seen by any one watching from the opposite bank of the Branch. He stooped once or twice to cautiously part the stalks and peer across the stream, then moved on. But presently, in one of his peerings, he did not rise again, but continued to stare, kneeling in the ooze. His yellow-white eyes had the insensate glare of a rabid animal's.

Relief mixed with a gnawing disquiet in Marta's breast as she felt herself screened at last by the arching rushes from old Trantham's blighting gaze. She felt able to breathe again and move freely, without that malign third eye that crippled even her spoken words in Abner's presence. Yet it was hardly freedom she felt today, out here in the center of the stream. Rather a new delicious slavery, a call distinct, irresistible. Her nerves throbbed for other reasons, and her wide eyes, full of strange fears, pain and suppressed youth, searched anxiously ahead. Marta was fleeing from herself as well as Abner

Trantham this afternoon. She would not admit the real reason that took her to the Point at this time, and she angrily denied its subtle canvassing in her mind.

Her eyes searched the wooded bank as she approached in an eagerness that turned to pensive disappointment when she saw no sign of life. But a minute later, as she drove the skiff half angrily into the soft mud bank, a young man stepped quietly out from behind a tree. He greeted her with a half sheepish grin.

"Cage!" she cried eagerly, and it was as if a light had been turned on Marta's dark face.

Glancing up and down the Branch to make sure they were unobserved, though the spot was remote and secluded, the youngster bent and kissed her on the lips. Both flushed crimson in the confusion they could never shake off for the first few minutes of meeting. Cage, or Micajah, to give him his full name, was scarce twenty-one, but about him was the gravity of a Puritan, or an Indian, badge of a youth spent in this isolation. Nothing of the lout about him, though he knew little more of life than Marta herself. Beneath his gravity was the glint of the temper and fire that belong to the south.

For one ecstatic minute Marta rested in his embrace, happy in all her being. With her head against his breast she could feel the strong pulse of his heart beating down through his arms, and hear the mellow echo of his voice from within. Then abruptly she thrust him away.

"Leave me be now, Cage!" she panted, and drew herself severely erect. "You're rough like a bear." She stood back, eyes and cheeks glowing with love and a covert pride.

"You make me," he said huskily. "I reckon you don't know yet how much I think of you, Marta!" His words were choked with feeling. In a quick feminine flash Marta sensed something unusual in his tone and manner. She knew instinctively what had come into his mind.

"What'd you go and hide on me for?" she countered.

"Just to see what you'd do—how you'd look."

"What if I'd a-gone back and hadn't stopped?" she laughed defiantly.

"Then I'd have jumped out and yelled. But I knew you'd come today, Marta." He spoke down into her eyes now. "You had to, 'cause I was callin' you. Remember we got a reg'lar telephone workin' between us—"

She looked at the ground, suffused and vaguely perturbed at the dangerous subject she felt was impending. "It was hard to get away today," she said. "Dad come along just as I was gettin' the boat. He'd kill me, Cage, if he knew—"

"Knew what?" Cage demanded, with a snap in his eye.

"That I was comin' here an' meetin' you—"

"What's he got against me, Marta? Why are you always keeping me away from the house?"

"You don't understand. It's him—it's his way, that's all. He wants to keep me with him always."

Unwittingly she had broached the matter herself, and he caught her up hotly.

"Ain't you grown up? Don't he trust you? Haven't you got a right to your life?" he demanded all in a breath, his face flushed.

"He don't trust nobody, Cage," she said in a voice dulled by pain. "He don't want me to leave him ever, and I won't—if he can help it," she added, going farther than she had intended.

But he had suddenly taken her shoulders in a firm grip and faced her, his jaw set obstinately.

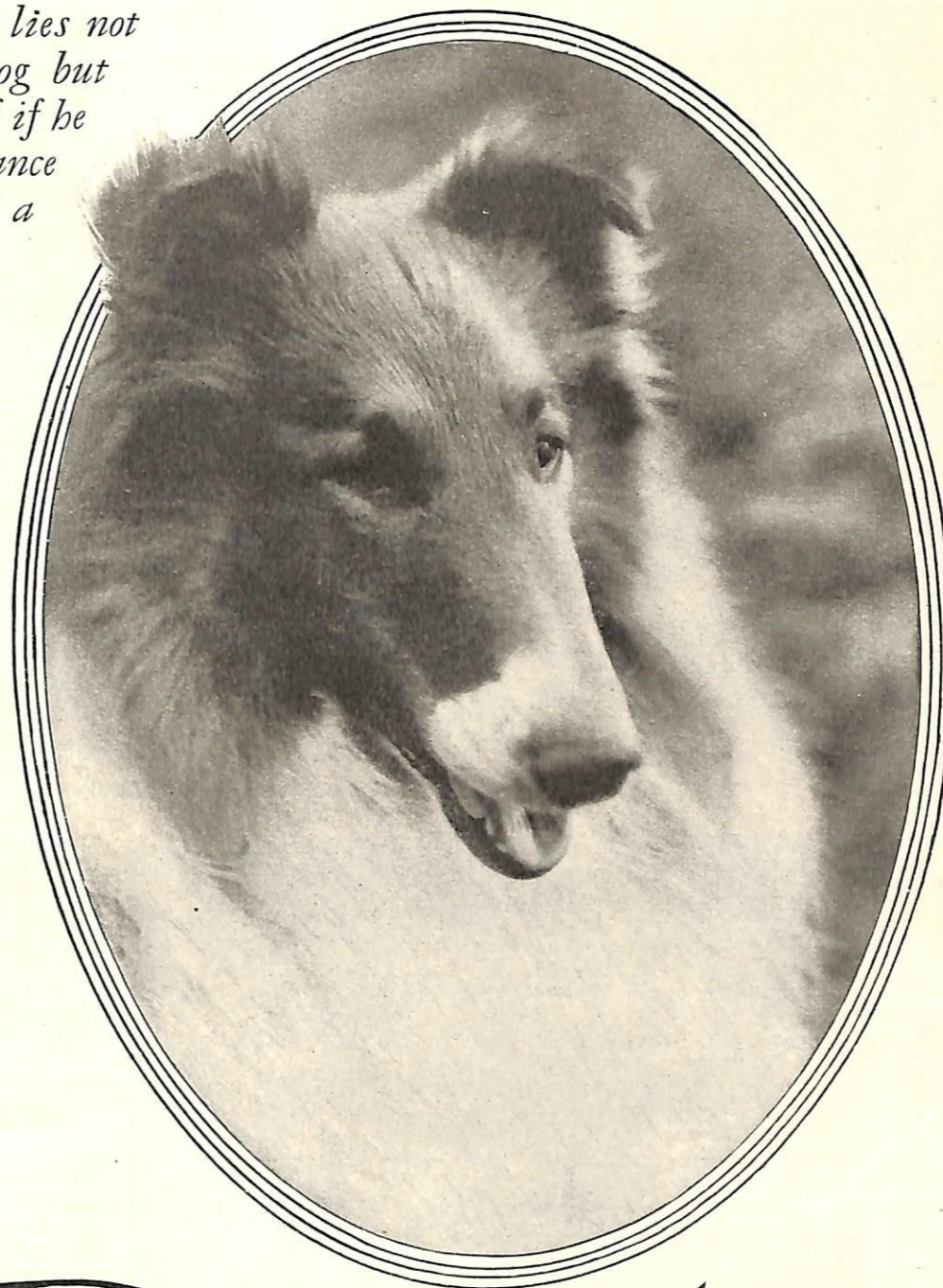
"It's time you and me had this thing out and done with," he affirmed, and Marta winced at his tone, as under a lash. "I like you better'n any girl in the Bayous, Marta, yet we can't even keep company together, 'cause o' him. We're no nearer anything than we was three years ago, when you was sixteen. I haven't seen you once this year except to sneak out in secret like this, yet neither of us has anything to be ashamed of. Today I just had to see you. Things have come to a head."

Cage's determination to speak his mind was at its highest. "What's come to a head, Cage?" Marta had turned pale at his tone and look of grimness.

"Come down to our seat by the hyacinths," he said. "We can talk better there." They followed a narrow reedy path to where a big dry log lay half buried amid a riot of nodding blooms, overlooking the stream.

"We're through with this sort of thing for good and all, Marta," he announced as he dropped [Continued on page 78]

*The fault lies not
in your dog but
in yourself if he
is a nuisance
instead of a
pleasure*



A DOG *in the* HOUSE

By Albert Payson Terhune

IF SOMEONE were to pick you up, more or less gently, by the scruff of the neck, and set you down in a house on the planet Mars, you would be due to discover a number of bewildering things in a bewilderedly uncomfortable way.

You would find yourself surrounded by a race whose systems and language and manners and laws are utterly different from your own. Clever as you may be, you would have unconquerable difficulty in learning all those manners and laws. You would try vainly for weeks to learn the meaning of a single Martian word or gesture.

And then if these same Martians should punish you cruelly, and with seeming causelessness, every time you happened unconsciously to transgress one of those mystifying unknown rules of theirs, your life among them would be an eternal blend of fright and misery.

If they should insist on cramming you with food adapted to their own digestions and foreign to yours, you would be deathly ill.

Yet all or part of that treatment is precisely what is happening to the new puppy you bought yesterday, to bring up as a housedog and chum.



But the puppy is wiser and quicker to learn, than you would be; and his splendidly normal physique often lets him survive a regime which would kill any human. Therefore, the average puppy can be made to grow into a splendid pal; if he has any sort of commonsense upbringing.

Perhaps you don't like dogs.

If so, don't bother to read the rest of this article. It is not for you; and you would only go to sleep over it. I am not writing it to try to convert you to dog-liking. Either you like dogs or you don't. Something less than one percent of mankind does not; although more people do care for them than care for all other animals combined.

There is a queer and age-old bond between Dog and Man; a bond shared by no other beast. The dog alone has taken his place voluntarily at Man's side; refusing to desert him and defending him against any fellow-animal. Your horse and your cattle and your cat—especially your cat—have not done that.

Only the Dog, out of all the animal kingdom, is Man's willing and adoring chum. I don't know why. Nobody knows why. Always it has been so; always it will be so.

Fossil relics of prehistoric days—perhaps more than a million years old—show that dogs shared the caveman's hearth and home; and that no other animal did so.

I wish I could have written this article thirty years ago. At that time I knew everything about dogs that could be known.

Today, after thirty years of constant hard study of dogs, I find I know almost nothing about them. I am learning—or trying to learn—a very little more concerning them, every year. But I am making scant progress.

Yet here are a few rules that I am positive on:

If you are living in an apartment or a hotel in a big city, don't keep a big dog. He is as out of place there as a hawk in a canary cage.

If your dog falls sick, send for the nearest good veterinary. Don't try to save a \$2 vet fee by giving home treatment to a valuable chum.

But, first of all, if anything seems wrong with your dog, give him two tablespoonfuls of castor oil (half or less than half the dose if he be a small dog). Three times in four, this unlovely remedy will cure him. The fourth time is a case for the best procurable vet.

If you grab your dog's jaws and force them apart to pour medicine down his throat, you are likely to have a struggle in which a goodly part of the medicine will find its way on to your clothes.

Hold him firmly. Then, without opening his jaws at all, turn up one side of his lip. You will find a slight gap between the teeth. Pour the spoonful of medicine in through this

gap, holding the dog's nose a little higher than his throat. Hold him thus till he swallows. If both your hands are busy with him, you can hold his head motionless, by putting it between your knees.

In choosing a dog for the house, there are dozens of things to take into account. First of all, if you prefer a certain breed of dog, don't let anybody talk you into getting one of some other breed. He is your own dog. You are the person to be pleased; not your neighbor or a dealer. Get what you think you want.

Next, remember it is squarely up to you to decide whether your dog is to be a joy or a pest to the people around you. If he howls or barks all night; if he scratches fleas all over the house or sheds his dead hair in summer on furniture and rugs and clothes; if he is ill-mannered or obstreperous or makes a general nuisance of himself, then you are supremely selfish to cause so much annoyance to others.

But you can arrange easily that he shall do none of these things, and that he shall be a loved and welcome comrade to everyone in your home.

There is no magic or mystery in the training of a puppy. The whole secret is comprised in the following formula:

"Gentle firmness. Patience. Self-control. Commonsense. (And then a little more Commonsense.)"

That is all; absolutely all. If you expect your pup to know every rule of home and of social life by instinct—if you beat or kick him or yell at him for real or fancied faults—you are going to have a worthless dog.

If you will use gentle firmness and commonsense and patience and temper-control with him for the few months before he has been able to learn every thing that is expected of him, then your reward is sure and it is great. During all the rest of his life you will have a perfect pal.

One of the oldest folk anecdotes in the world hails from India and dates back almost to the Flood. It tells of a valuable horse that strayed from his master's stable and could not be found.

When all experts had failed to locate the lost steed, the Village Idiot set forth in quest of him. Soon the idiot came back in triumph, leading the horse. He was asked how he had known where to look for the stray. The idiot replied:

"I figured out what I would do and where I'd go, if I was a horse. Then I went there and I found him."

His answer was perfect wisdom; and it applies to a million situations in modern life. Most of all, perhaps, it applies to puppy training. For example:

Your puppy has chewed off the fringe of a costly rug or torn up one of your best hats. Now if a man should come into your house and destroy valuables, he ought to be sent to jail or to an asylum.



Throbbing with urgent vitality that craves outlet a young dog should be treated with patience and commonsense if he is to grow into a perfect pal.

But not only is a puppy a mere baby, throbbing with urgent vitality that craves outlet in any form of activity, but his permanent teeth are coming in and they yearn to ease their discomfort by gnawing at something.

He has forty-two teeth, you know; not thirty-two like yourself; and every one of those forty-two teeth is itching and sore. Give him some toy of his own to chew on, and the chances are that he will become so fond of it that he will exercise his teeth on the toy rather than on the rug.

A hard rubber bone, a hard rubber doll, any of a score of chewable playthings, will do. It will amuse him and it will keep his teeth busy. Also, such a toy can serve a practical end. By means of it you can teach him to guard any object left in his care.

Our big merle collie, Sunnybank Gray Dawn, had a mischievous love for chewing up newspapers and magazines, even after he had passed his first puppyhood and when his teeth no longer needed such employment. I bought him a canton flannel elephant, about the size of a large cat, and gave it to him to play with. Instantly, he transferred his affections from paper to canton flannel. For weeks he carried the elephant everywhere with him and was foolishly devoted to it.

Just now I have a big and gawky ten-months-old collie pup, Sunnybank Sandstorm (a son of Gray Dawn), that I am training for a chum and housedog. Not long ago he hit on a right gruesome way of showing his affection for me. He would patrol the lake-edge until he could find a large and excessively dead fish, on the shore. This he would pick up with tender care and bring to the house.

My first knowledge of the gift (especially if I happened to have a cold in the head) was when Sandy laid the fish carefully across my feet as I sat writing. Then he would step back and wait in happy anticipation for the praise and thanks he never got.

After he had done this once or twice, I made him understand that a wellbred dog does not touch decayed fish. But his generosity still demanded an outlet.

Next day, as I sat at lunch on the veranda, Sandy hove in sight, proudly bearing a giant rat he had slain. He dropped it with a thud on one of my boots, and looked up gleefully to note my rapture at the present.



I did not scold him for spoiling my lunch by such an abominable offering. If I had done that, the chances are that he would have thought I was rebuking him for killing the rat; and henceforth he would have been useless as a rat-killer.

So I thanked and petted him. Then I took the rat down behind the stables and buried it. I wanted no more lunch; but went to my study to work. As I came out of the study, a few hours later, there lay the earth-encrusted rat, directly in front of the door. Sandy had dug him up and brought him back to me.

I bought the puppy a really alluring white-and-yellow cotton rabbit. Gladly he accepted this substitute for the carrion he had favored. He carries it around, by the hour; shaking it and growling at it. Ten times a day he lays it across one of my boots; or at the threshold of my study.

IF YOUR puppy destroys things around the house you must catch him in the act, if a scolding or a punishment is to do any good. It is the same with any other misbehavior of his. To scold or punish him, later, is worse than useless. Ten to one, he won't have the slightest idea what he is maltreated for, and he will lose faith in your justice. Treat him as squarely and as gently as you would treat a two-year-old child you were trying to teach. Above all, like the Hindu Village Idiot, try to put yourself in his place. That is the key to the whole problem.

Of course there are dogs that are naturally clever, and dogs that are naturally stupid; dogs that are born fearless and dogs that are born timid or cringing; dogs that are born to be mere playthings; and dogs that are born to be staunchly loyal guards.

It is the same with them as with humans. At school, there were fifty types of boys and girls. Well, among dogs there are almost as many differences in character and intelligence.

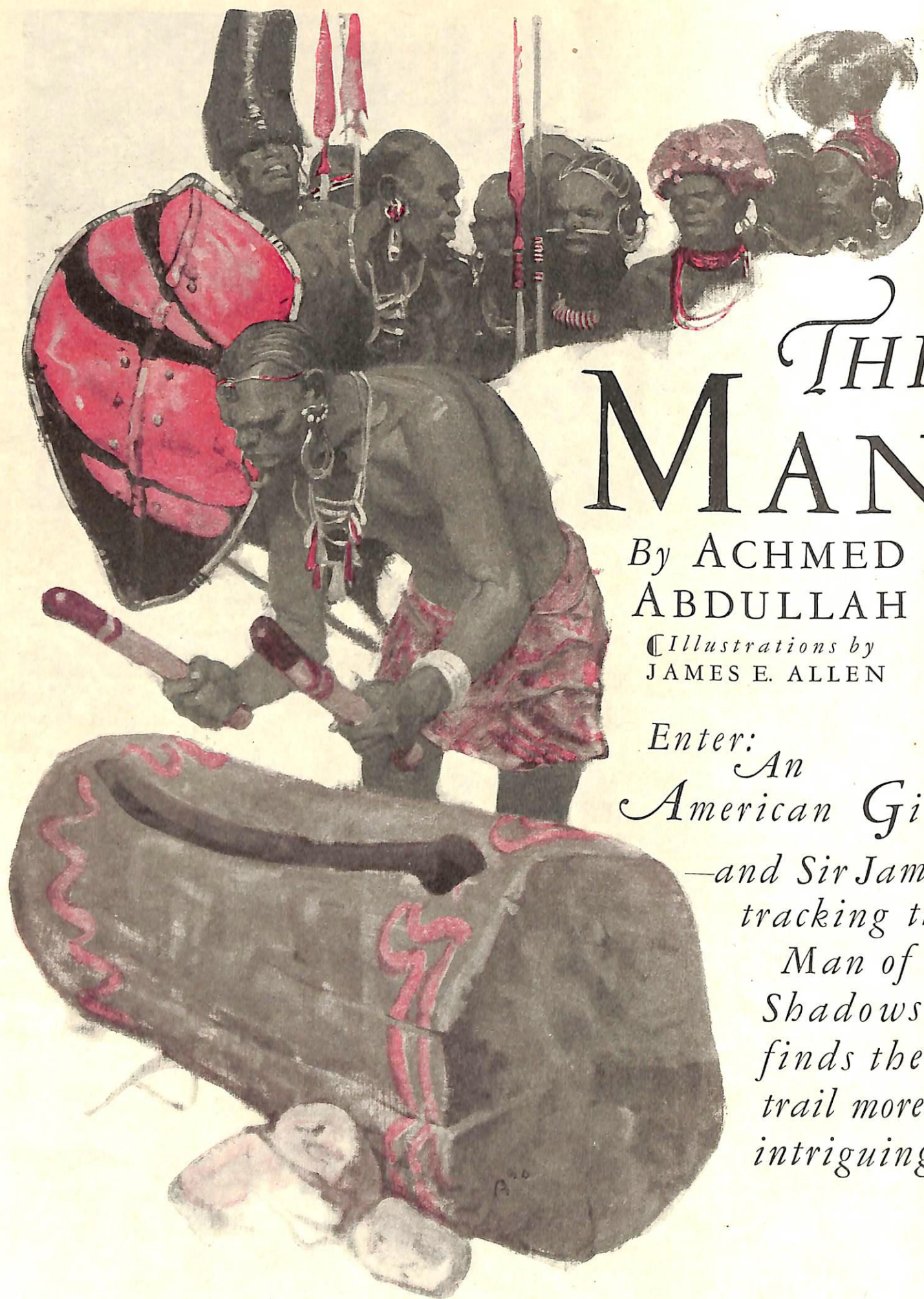
But the dog has this advantage—taken young enough and brought up rightly, he can be cured of cowardice and of his seeming stupidity. Practically anything can be done with him, by the use of sane commonsense and patience.

On the other hand, the cleverest and pluckiest and most devoted puppy can be ruined by wrong upbringing. The dog's future is all in your own hands, you [Continued on page 83]



Albert Payson Terhune feeding some of his famous collies at his home "Sunnybank" at Pompton Lakes.





THE MAN

By ACHMED
ABDULLAH

Illustrations by
JAMES E. ALLEN

*Enter:
An
American Girl
—and Sir James
tracking the
Man of
Shadows
finds the
trail more
intriguing!*



IN THE HALF-LIGHT

What Has Gone Before —

ON THE veranda of his little wattle-and-daub house, so pompously called the "governor's palace," Sir James sat alone at night. He said to himself that the throne he had ascended that day as representative of his King's Majesty in Saharistan, last and loneliest British Crown Colony in Africa, had been his ambition for twenty years.

But now suddenly it occurred to him that the taste of success was bitter to his tongue. He had paid for it by sinking the man in the official. Still, he told himself, he was not old—only forty-two, with his best years ahead of him.

He could hear the far off drums throbbing out rumor and gossip all over Africa, while they awakened dangerously pleasant memories in him—the new governor, despot in scarlet and gold! The country was "getting under his skin" again as it had done two decades ago, when he had come to Africa as a penniless younger son. He had loved it all instantly. Here in this same town he had lived the life of the natives. Nobody knew that the young British clerk and Ali el-Andalosi, the Moroccan, who occasionally drifted in to the town, were one and the same. But this was twenty years ago.

Remembering it all now he suddenly decided he would be Ali el-Andalosi again for one night. From an old trunk he swiftly made himself over into a desert Arab, even to the ring of a secret Order—the Bi Sharai, to which he had belonged and which since had been dispersed because of political intrigue. He passed quickly out of his house into the African night, past the traffic of bazaars, and almost subconsciously his feet led him to the old lodge door of the Bi Sharai.

He gave the signal for entrance and to his amazement was admitted by a withered old woman, a member of the Order, who confounded him by her recognition of him as Ali el-Andalosi. She was Sitt Miriam, a sweetheart of his early days. She led him to where a secret political meeting of the Order was being held to pass along the instructions of their leader, the mysterious "Man in the Half-Light," a man about whom nothing was known, where he came from, whether he was black or white, but whose power was supreme. Africa was to be freed from the yoke of the British, and that very night the Governor of every Colony in Central Africa was to be killed.

Sir James, joyfully hailed as Ali el-Andalosi, apparently entered into their schemes and learned their secrets. Later when he and the woman, Sitt Miriam, were alone she told him she alone knew he was the Governor of Saharistan and that she had been the one selected to take his life. She couldn't do it she told him because she still loved him, and rather than break her vow to the Lodge she killed herself.

SIR JAMES was appalled. There was pity in his heart; grief; remorse.

Why—came the brooding, black question—what was there to life? Just a silly or brutal swing through the appointed span of time, then death: a struggle without hope, without reason, without logic.

That was life—that was Africa.

Then another idea projected itself across the morose confusion in his brain: the idea, so simple, so trite, of duty.

Duty, too, was part of life, perhaps the cleanest, the most unselfish; and he remembered his own duty as he thought of the Man in the Half-Light, sitting in his hut south of Lake Tchad like a gigantic spider weaving a poisonous web; as he thought of the dervishes of many Lodges who obeyed him blindly, the assassins, the tragic clowns who, for the glory of a perverted Faith, meant to destroy what his own people had builded here.

Had builded for the sake of the dollars? Doubtless. But not altogether for the sake of the dollars.

For, too, they had brought peace. They had planted corn and olive and vine; had opened up the rubber and mineral wealth; had irrigated the desert; had erected schools and hospitals; had brought organization, justice, cleanliness—the things worth while. And these dervishes, merciless as only visionaries can be merciless, shrewd in their way as only fanatics can be shrewd, meant to tear down this building of white civilization, to bury half the world beneath its ruins; and there was only he who knew of their plan, to realize its sinister possibilities, to do—what?

He shrugged his shoulders. He was prosily English. One step at a time. The first was to get out of this house and back to his own.

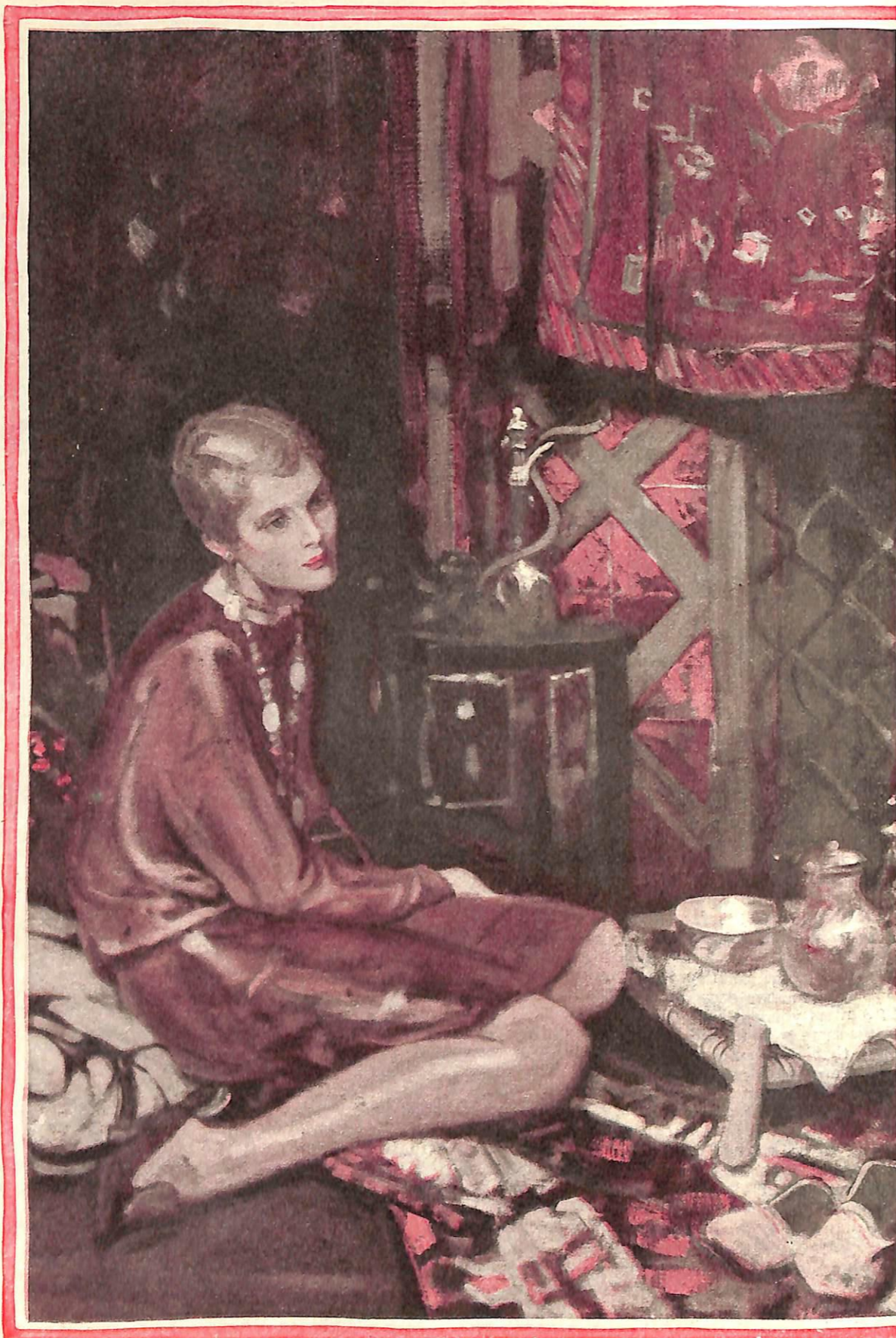
He would rouse his aide-de-camp; send for the prominent men of his staff; talk over the situation; declare martial law: cable to London. He would . . . "No!" he said to himself, suddenly. He would do nothing of the kind.

It was too late to warn the colonial officials whom the Man in the Half-Light had condemned to death; and, suppose he cabled London, what would happen?

Great Britain was a democracy. Democracy meant red tape. It meant unpreparedness, talkativeness, sentimentality.

Self-styled humanitarians would bellow forth their protests against "this barbarous and unnecessary slaughter," meaning not the murders committed by the dervishes, but England's punitive and preventive measures. Pacifists would swell the chorus. A pro-dervish party would be formed. It would be weeks before the ponderous, imperial machinery jerked into action with troopships, soldiers, guns, tanks, airplanes.

Secrecy was out of the question. The signal drums would



whisper the news from Cairo to the Cape. The Man in the Half-Light and his dervishes would flit away into the wilderness, like shadows, and bide their time.

There was, furthermore, the danger that the British—since this, too, is a way of democracy—might become panic-stricken, and jail or execute the innocent with the guilty. It had happened before, in India, Egypt. Then revolt, civil war throughout Africa; doubtless the very thing the conspirators desired.

Should he warn the French that it was their turn next? What good would it do?

A nation can face another nation in arms. But how can it guard against an army of assassins, striking from the dark?

Before this, crowned head or president of mighty republic has been hedged in by detectives. Yet the murderer's bullet found his heart.

What was he to do?

Incongruously the memory occurred to him of home, England, his friends back yonder, envying him because fate had cast him into the far countries. They imagined Africa as a sort of lucent, magnificent, color-shouting vagueness, a glorious indefiniteness filled to the brim with a lot of bully adventures.

They did not know the wrath of Africa—the wrath of this stinking, coiling land which was often exhausted, thus dormant, but never appeased.



"A sheik are you?" asked the girl of Sir James disguised as Ali el-Andalosi. "Just what I came to Africa to see. They're all the rage now back home. But between you and me you could knock any of our film sheiks for a row of geraniums!"

What was he to do?

Then, all at once, he knew.

There was one way. Just one.

For he remembered that, in the lands of Islam, it is never a nation in ferment and travail, but always One Man who pulls the strings. One Man. Dreamer or doer. Visionary or criminal. Buddha or Nero. And perhaps the former more dangerous than the latter.

It was so in this instance. There was this One Man—the Man in the Half-Light.

Buddha or Nero, saint or devil, he would have to find him. face him. And then . . .

"Well," he said to himself, "I'll have to—right-oh—murder him. Damned un-English. But I fancy it's rather up to me."

Nor would it be an impossible undertaking. He knew from Daoud where the man lived. He would go to him as a dervish, bearing an important message.

Sitt Miriam, the only native who knew his identity, was no more. Tomorrow morning, when the news of the wholesale killing of British officials would stagger the world, his own disappearance would be debited to the same murderous score.

He did not dare risk a return to his house for money or change of clothes. On the other hand, he had no need of either.

For, throughout Islam, the dervish is the free, chartered vagabond, to whom all Moslems, for reasons superstitious or altruistic, lend a helping hand.

He made up his mind. As governor of Saharistan he was dead. From now on, until the end of his self-appointed task, he was Ali el-Andalosi.

He would start tonight, at once, into the interior, toward Lake Tchad.

"I feel exactly," he told himself, not altogether ironically, "like that bally ancestor of mine must have felt—that crusading chap who followed Richard Coeur-de-Lion to the Holy Land. All right. Carry on!"

He turned to go; looked down at the dead woman. She lay there, like a tiny, brittle toy smashed by fate. A smile curled her lips. Quite a peaceful, happy smile.

Bury her? How—where—without attracting attention? Let this underground hall of the Mother Lodge be her tomb. It was fitting. It was decent.

By this time the Bi Sharai dervishes, obeying Daoud's orders, were on their way to Timbuctoo. None of them, after tonight, would enter this building. Perhaps, a month or two from now, some snooping policeman would wonder about the deserted house; would enter, search the place, find a little heap of bones—would mark it down as another unsolved mystery of the tropics.

He covered Sitt Miriam's face with a fold of her burnoose. "May the earth be light to you!" he spoke the Moslem prayer for the departed. "May the Prophet Mohammed open wide to you the gate of the Seventh Paradise!"

And he left the room; left the Mother Lodge.

IT WAS past midnight. The streets were deserted. High up, a coppery moon rode the skies, with the clouds, as they passed over her face, giving the curious impression of driving her, like a scudding ship hull-down before the wind.

He remembered, a few miles west of town, a small oasis, no more than half a dozen palm trees and a shallow pool of brackish water, where daily, in the early morning, passed cameleers bound from Kasambara for the farther Sahara. He would spend the night there and, in his character as a dervish, join the first caravan.

So he walked straight on, through the sleeping town, presently stepping into the desert that reached out at him suddenly from the tangle of hectic, encroaching bazaars.

In the distance the drums spoke: Rub-rumbeddy-rub Africa—he thought—the night, the drums!

He hated it all—he said to himself—and, too, he loved it. For it was the endeavor, the trial, the final test of his life.

On and on he walked, until he reached the little oasis, hours later. He stretched himself out to sleep, wrapped in his burnoose. The moon was guttering out like a tallow-dip. The drums thumped again, with vibrating, minor cone waves. But he did not mind the sound.

It seemed to him that, vibrating, his self was soaring up, nervous, sensitive, amazingly receptive, whirring as with the whirl and brush of wings.

This Africa—he would tame it—and it would obey! The Man in the Half-Light?

"Go on!" he cried, defiantly. "Go on, you drums! Thump! Thump! Thump! Go on with your thumping—and tell him I am on the way!"

The night towered, black, immense. He slept.

Bang! sobbed the far drums in his dreams. He slept soundly and awakened to the jingling of headstalls, the soft thud-thud of camels' padded feet, the creaking of saddle leather. He looked. On the eastern horizon, where already morning was beginning to loom with a golden, wedge-like gesture, he saw a caravan ambling along.

It drew near. It was a small caravan, half a dozen pack animals laden with salt, printed Manchester cotton, and dried apricot paste, and three Bedawins, rifles slung across shoulders, their jaws bound mummy-fashion against the driving sand. They told him they were bound for the little town called El-ma Bared, or Cool Spring. There the wilderness trail split in two, one leading straight west toward Timbuctoo and the walled cities of the farther Sahara, the other dipping south-west to the jungly lands about Lake Tchad.

They were about to whip on their animals, with guttural shouts of: "Zid! Zid!"—"hurry, hurry!" when Sir James stopped them. Trading on his traditional privilege as a dervish, he asked for a lift, food, water, tobacco.

His demand was shamelessly oriental: "Alms—for the love of Allah the Merciful! Am I not a holy man? Give alms, O Moslems, and I shall intercede in your behalf on the Day of Judgment with the Prophet Mohammed—on Him the salute!"

They tossed him a few copper coins. Again they were about to ride on. Again he stopped them:

"Let me go with you!"

He was astonished when there was not the generous response, at times good-naturedly jesting, but always respectful, which is usually given to those of his supposedly saintly calling.

Instead they grumbled; seemed afraid.

"Be on your way," exclaimed one whom the others addressed as Amin Shujah, "and let us be on ours."

"My way is the same as yours."

"Then let your own two feet carry you."

"Across the desert? Without water or food? Are you Moslems or, belike, Christians or Jews—eaters of impurities, accursed by the Lord God—that you refuse charity to a dervish?"

"Dervish—are you?" sneered Amin Shujah. "By my beard! Before this have I heard of a dervish robe hiding the glimmer of naked steel! Before this have I heard of a harlot calling herself a virgin! Begone, O creature!"

It was only after Sir James had cursed them roundly in the dervish fashion—"Cursed be your bones, your pride, your blood! By the face of Abraham! By the light of the Prophet! By the horns of the Archangel Ishrafeel—cursed be your fathers and mothers! By the symbolism of Kamber! By the altar and the pulpit! By the flame, the mace, and the sword! By the breath of the three, the five, the seven, and the forty-seven True Saints—cursed be you and yours to all eternity!"—it was only then that the cameleers allowed he was what he claimed to be.

For who, except a dervish, a man familiar with the many amazing mysteries, would know such curses—would dare pronounce them?

Ancient superstitions coiled in their primitive souls. They jumped from their camels; kissed the hem of his burnoose.

"Be graciously pleased to forgive us," stammered Amin Shujah. "But we were afraid."

"Of what?"

"The sahebs."

"Why? What crime have you committed?"

"We? None. We are honest, peaceful men, trading into the west. But last night the governor was kidnapped—doubtless murdered."

"Oh?" asked Sir James. "What makes you think so?"

"Because all over Africa fatality is stalking the great ones who serve the British Raj. This morning the devil-wires zipped with news. At midnight the sirdar of Egypt was murdered in his bed. The saheb who rules the Sudan was stabbed in his heart—Allah, Allah!" he went on, while the Englishman bit his lips, and while the exclamation of horror—horror in spite of his foreknowledge of the tragic events—died unuttered and transformed itself into a sort of greasy, sickly taste, like a nauseating drug which his throat refused to swallow—"a bomb was thrown, shattering both his legs, at the saheb who governs Nigeria."

"Don't forget the saheb of Uganda," interrupted another of the Bedawins. "He is dying from poisoned coffee."

And the third chimed in that all the sahebs in Kasambara were running about "like mad, frightened jackals—biting right and left—suspecting everybody—chiefly, if you will forgive me, men like yourself, O dervish. Men who are alone—unknown—and who can show no due reason for their coming and going."

"The more reason for taking me with you," suggested Sir James. "Let us be gone, O Moslems—and may the Lord Allah requite you!"

They made one of the camels kneel down, unloaded its pack, distributed it among the others, and helped him mount. It had been years since he had straddled one, and the first sensation was not altogether pleasant: with himself in the hard saddle and the camel, grunting pessimisti- [Continued on page 55]

WHILE spending a summer at Readfield, Maine, I got acquainted with Ed Strout who has made a big success and a fortune from the discovery of the simple fact, already well-known, that pastures are greener over the fence.

Edwin A. Strout, through the Strout Farm Agency, has been selling more than six thousand farms a year, in every state in the Union. But he made his start right around his native Readfield, Maine, selling farms that had been on the market for years with no takers—sold 'em to folks from distant states who didn't care to buy the kind of land that they knew most about. Many persons crave a farm and since Maine farms were cheap they nibbled readily at Strout's advertisements in the big city papers.

But I learned that Ed Strout has more assets than his discovery about pastures being greener over the fence. He doubtless would have been equally successful at something else if he hadn't taken up farm selling. Nothing could stop a fellow with so much tact, thoroughness, and patience.

He telephoned me from his old homestead to invite me to go fishing with him.

"I'd like to go," I said, "but I'm compelled to make my living by writing little pieces for the magazines and haven't time this afternoon to dig my share of the bait."

"I'll attend to that, and to everything," he offered.

When I reached the wharf at Torsey pond, from which we were to embark after bass, I was shocked at the extent and variety of Strout's preparations.

To begin with, he had four different kinds of bass bait—small green frogs, grasshoppers, ordinary "wums," and bacon rind. The frogs were in a wooden box that Strout had made that morning in his father's tool-shed—a box having a cute little door with spring attachments, that permitted taking out one frog at a time without releasing the others.

"You can never tell which kind of bait they will want," remarked Strout.

Then I noticed that he had three fishing rods, each fully equipped with reel and line. Yet only two were going.

"Haven't you been fishing when somebody broke a rod and couldn't have any more fun?" asked Ed. "It's well to carry a spare."

He had pneumatic cushions, besides little fold-up trick backs for each seat in the rowboat. Also, thermos bottles of drinking water and hot coffee. Oh yes, and sandwiches.

"If the fish shouldn't bite until toward evening," he said, "of course we'll have to forget all about dinner. So I brought plenty of sandwiches."

Likewise it isn't fun fishing if the air turns cold, or if it



He Sells Pastures Over the Fence By Fred C. Kelly

rains. Ed had thought of that and had both sweaters and raincoats.

When I supposed we were all ready to start, he walked over to his automobile, lifted out a motor not much larger than a child's toy, and clamped it to the rowboat. He didn't intend to row four miles to the fishing place, when out-board motors are available.

When we reached the shoals, Ed sighted a spot where an imaginary line crossed another imaginary line between a dead spruce tree and an old barn on opposite shores. Then he dropped anchor. But a moment later he pulled up the rock that was our anchor and moved the boat about seven feet.

"Now I think we're in the exact spot," he said, as he sank back in his seat and started to light his pipe.

We waited nearly four hours without a bite.

"I know they're here," was Ed's only comment, "so if you don't mind we'll just stay on until dark."

Sure enough, about sunset the fish began to take more interest in us and we yanked in nine nice ones.

I have gone into this fishing excursion somewhat in detail because it seems to me to tell all one needs to know about the character of a man sure to succeed at something else besides fishing. With that instinct to bestow painstaking care on whatever he undertakes, is it any wonder that Ed Strout is prosperous?

When a mere boy, he went to a county fair to sell little rubber stamping outfits for marking one's laundry. But he couldn't sell them. Then it dawned on him that people in that crowd did their laundry at home and didn't need to have their clothes marked. Each fellow could just go and pick out his own shirt or socks. But Ed had already invested in a considerable number of the stamping outfits and had to sell them somehow. The next day, he added a package of gold leaf to each outfit and showed the populace how to make their own gold monogram letterheads. Then the outfits sold in a jiffy.

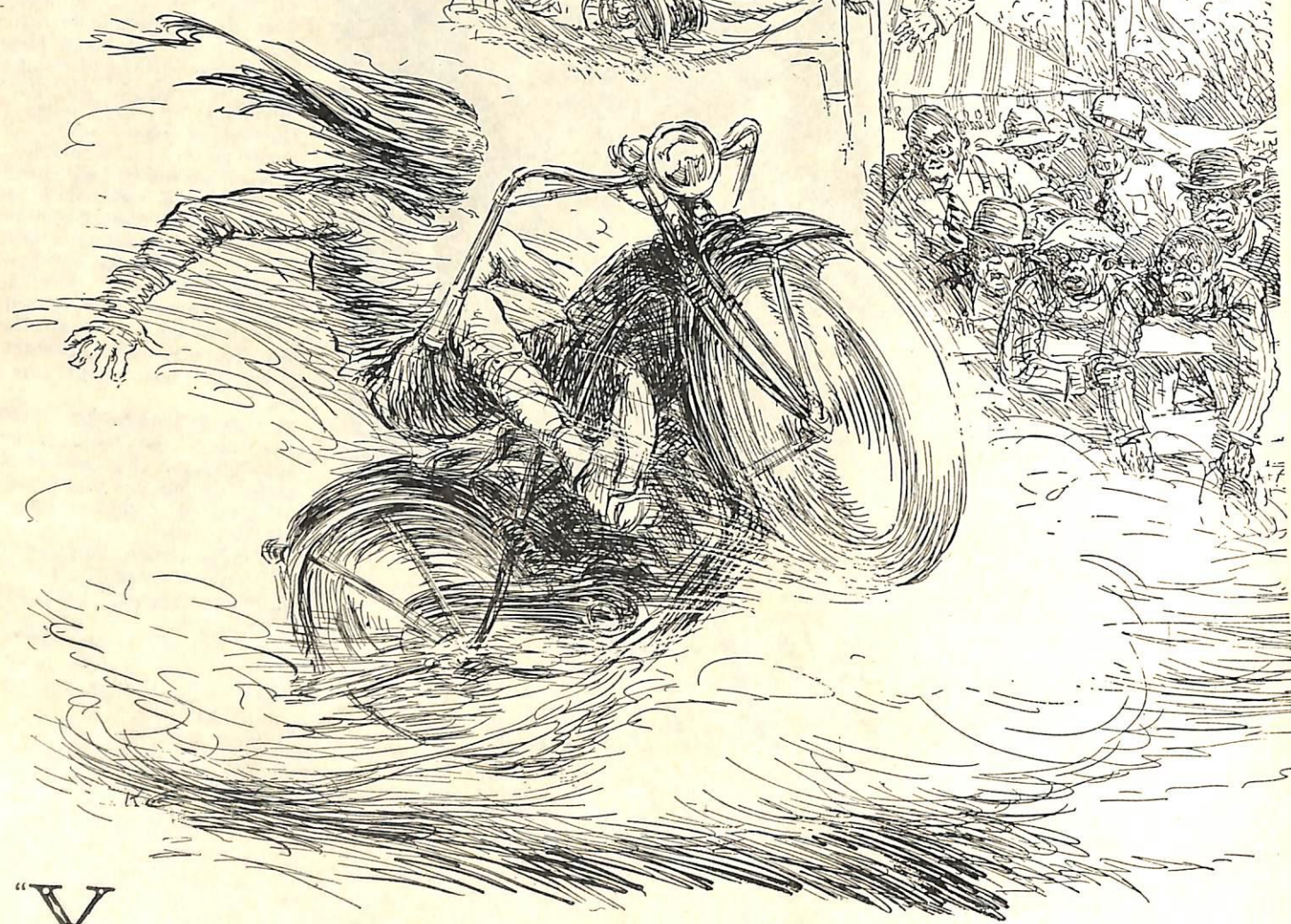
Later he noticed the great number of farms right in his own neighborhood for sale and went to their owners seeking permission to have the exclusive handling of them for six months.

All the neighbors laughed heartily when they heard of Ed's plan to sell farms that had been on the market for years.

His advertisements in Boston papers actually brought two or three prospective buyers all the way to Readfield. Within thirty days he had sold every farm on his list, all to men from a distance who came and couldn't conquer the human love of a bargain.

Strout then wondered to himself: "Gosh, how long has this opportunity been slumbering? If it's this easy, I can sell all the farms in the world." And he [Continued on page 64]

NOT TO



"YAS suh!" Mistuh Smelt breathed lovingly on the four karat beerbottle ruby that graced the fourth finger of his right hand. Then, with a few practiced passes of a purple silk handkerchief, he proceeded to restore its colorific brilliance. "Yas suh," he opined with finality, "wuz they truer words t' speak, Ah'd speak 'em. When you loses gamblin' am a vice. An' when you wins, hit's a science!"

"Science!" As Catmeat Yamley snorted the word it dripped with disdain. "Is gamblin' a science, 'stead o' jes' plain luck, den pigs talks Chinese!"

"Might be," quoth Mistuh Smelt. "Might be. Whilse in de A. E. F. Ah meets up wid Fawgs talkin' French; an' did you travel, mebbe you meets hawks whut jabbbers laundry langwidge. But de fack remains dat, when gambled right, gamblin' am a science. Fo' zample, see dat hawssfly settin' thah on mah desk? De fat one wid de green back? Ten bucks t' five dat when he flies, he lights on de ceilin' befo' he lights on de floor." He placed a ten spot on the desk. "Pry loose fi' bucks, Catmeat. Heah's a two t' one shot on luck versus science."

Producing the five with alacrity, Catmeat sat back to watch the horsefly which basked immobile in a spot of sunlight. A tedious minute passed.

"Goose 'im," suggested Catmeat. "Le's have some action." A flick of the purple kerchief sent the horsefly zooming off

into space where he wheeled thrice, indulged in two nose dives and landed on the south wall a foot above the floor.

"Git down, hawssfly," cajoled Catmeat. "Ambilate twoads de floor."

"Doan' coax de contestants," warned Mistuh Smelt. "Let science git in de scientific licks. Start 'im ag'in?" he inquired, the handkerchief poised.

"Sho', he done gone sleep."

Again the handkerchief shot out. This time the fly whirled out from the wall, coasted toward the floor—then suddenly shot upward and came to rest on the ceiling above Catmeat's head.

Mistuh Smelt calmly pocketed the two bills. "Thah you is. Science."

"Thah you is," retorted Catmeat. "Luck! Wuz it rainin' gin, you'd be de on'y man in town wid a barr'l an' dipper."

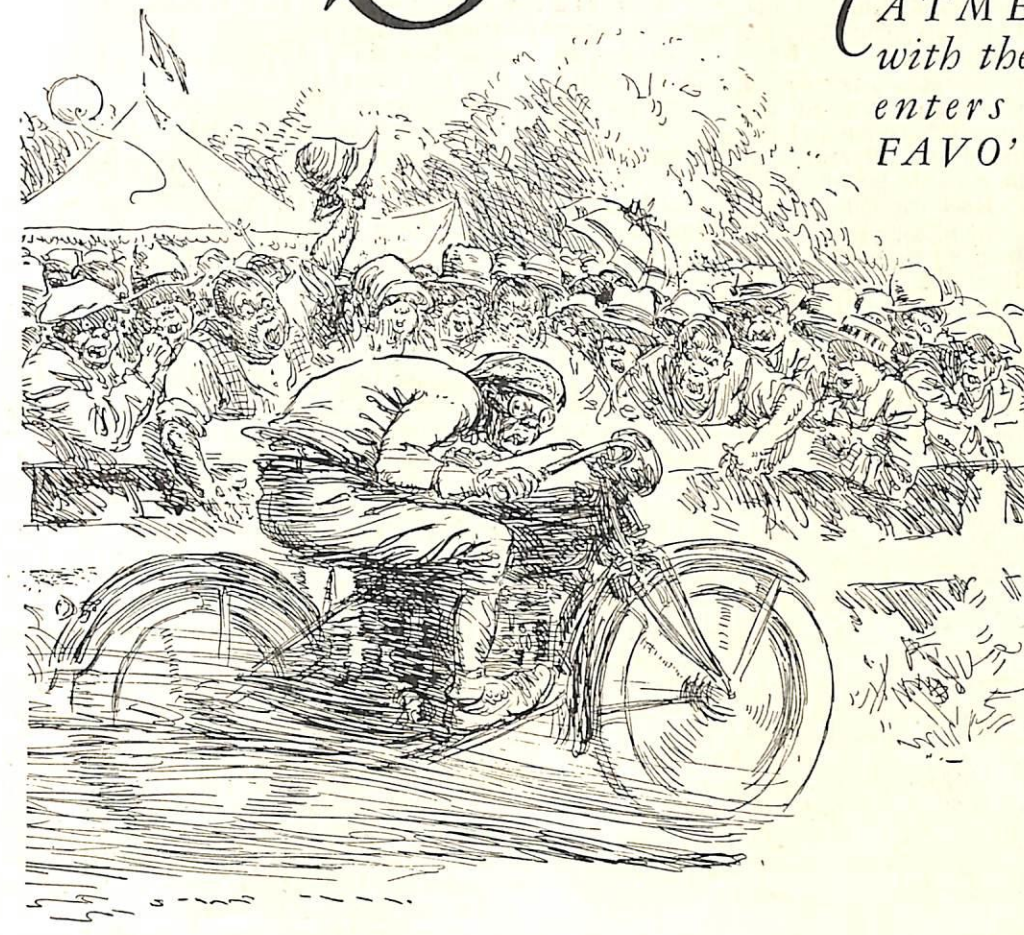
"Science," reaffirmed Mistuh Smelt. "Fo' three days Ah been subjeckin' dat same hawssfly to de closes' kind o' scientific obse'vation. An' nevah onct did he go walkin' round on de floor whah de traffic am heavy. When Ah gives you two t' one. Ah knows dat de odds is hundred t' one mah way. But you, knowin' less about de habitat o' de hawssfly dan does a fish about pitchin' hawss shoes, yo' jes' rams ahead, plays yo' luck an' gits fi' bucks wuth o' scientific eddication."

Catmeat sniffed disdainfully. "A sho' thing better!"

THE SWIFT

By W. A. P.
JOHN
Illustrated by
KERR EBY

CATMEAT YAMLEY
with the odds against him
enters a race FO' TH'
FAVO' UV A LADY



The flimsy scarf which Palestine had given to Wild Bill to wear as her colors was snapping like a rattler in his face, half blinding him and reducing his speed, so that Catmeat Yamley crept up past him, praying loudly, "Oh, Lawd, jes' keep dat rag a-flappin' an' leave de res' t' me."

"She been out wid me three nights dis week an' sez she laks hit 'cause hit's diff'rent."

"Diff'rent? Sho'! Wuz they evah anybody whut could ride a motorcycle wid one hand an' put de othah 'round a gal whut's on de seat behind? On'y thing could do dat am a snake—an' Ah ain't nevah yet seen a snake ridin' a moto-cycle!"—triumphantly.

"Whom's evah an' whyfo' all yo' wishes," said Catmeat with an air of finality, "but de fack remains dat Ah is de on'y boy whut Palestine Mokely goes out wid three nights in de week."

The four weeks of June dripped sweetly from the calendar as did the first three in July. Honied days. Saccharine nights. Days during each of which Catmeat Yamley spent several hours performing minor operations on his motorcycle with a wrench, screwdriver and emery paper. Nights, on each of which said Yamley astride said motorcycle would roar up to the curb in front of Palestine Mokely's home where Palestine, nattily clad in red tam-o'-shanter, knickers and plaid golf hose, would clamber on the tandem seat. Then once aboard the lugger, they would speed up Clay street, Palestine clinging to her escort with a studied air of nonchalance, and her escort, when passing the Idle Hour Pool and Billiard Parlor, slipping his clutch and racing his engine, thus to flaunt the success of his suit to those gentlemen of color who lounged about its doorway.

Verily, it was too good to be true. Catmeat, an insignificant pint of blackness, had reappeared in Barbours astride a motorcycle whose age had not been camouflaged by a coat of canary yellow enamel. Introduced to the bewitching and popular Palestine Mokely by his former comrade in arms, Mistuh

"Sho'ly," agreed Mistuh Smelt amiably. "At's whah de science comes in. An' at's yo' main trouble, Catmeat. You nevah figgers things out."

"Nevah figgers things out?" demanded Catmeat with considerable heat.

"Eggzackly," proceeded Mistuh Smelt. "Ah could set heah an' disclaim fo' hours on yo' amazin' ability t' do the right thing de wrong way and vicey versa. But fo' jes' one l'il 'luminatin' eggzample, theah you is, wastin' yo' time foolin' round wid dat Mokely gal."

Catmeat snorted. "An' as for one l'il 'luminatin' eggzample o' you not knowin' nuthin' 'bout nuthin', Ah sets ace high wid dat gal an' holds all de face cyards in mah hand."

"Dream on, blackboy," retorted Mistuh Smelt. "Dat high brown am a stepper. Does she ride in less dan a limmyzine, she's slummin'. Does she drink licker lesen ten yeahs ol', she's condescendin'. An' as fo' de gimmies—doan' stroll dat gal past a show winder in which dey is draped wrisk watches an' musk perfume. 'Cause right then is when you is gwine spend c'nsiderable moh dan a few happy hours."

"She's pop'lar," countered Catmeat.

"Sho'," admitted Mistuh Smelt. "Ev' night she stumble ovah fo', five boys whut's out front honkin' de horns on theah bosses' ottermobiles an' cravin' t' blow in theah jack. An' ev' night you sets 'mongst 'em on yo' moto'cycle, aimin' t' look lak a dashin' aviator an' hopin' she'll climb on de hind seat an' go spine joltin' ovah de county roads. Mah 'vice t' you am t' lay off. Wh'n a gal kin ride in a Cadillac, she doan' fumadiddle fo' long roun' no two wheel rut roller."

Smelt, he had proceeded to drive the opposition to cover with ruthless speed. Where they had held forth the inducements of multi-cylinder sedans and divers black-and-tan cabarets, Catmeat had proffered Palestine the lure of the great open spaces and the ineluctable thrill of jazzing down the pike at 55 with nothing between her and the roadbed but three feet of none-too-solid air and the dexterity with which Catmeat hurdled the ruts.

And if the truth must be spread in the public prints, the arrival on the scene of this two cylinder Lothario laid not lightly on the chests of those who had been stepping Palestine around and sharing the sunshine of her smile.

"Thah he goes," exclaimed one Limey Sanders, a personable gentleman whose chocolat au lait complexion showed the results of an Elite Tonsorial Parlor Special Massage and the sleekness of whose hair bespoke liberal dosage of anti-kink, "a two-wheeled sport whut 'magines he runs de Standard Oil 'cause his clothes whiffs o' gasoline! How dat gal kin fall fo' a flathaid lak dat am beyon' mah powers o' comprehension."

Now this Limey Sanders was more than a person of passing importance. In addition to a large local following, a mean eye had Limey. And a cool, steady eye that kept the boys from evincing their exasperation in aught but words when

the dice went wrong or the little ivory ball refused to behave in a certain well guarded third floor establishment.

A sniff of disdain by Limey boded more bad luck to the sniffee than a brandished brickbat on the part of a more vociferous and loquacious gent. And tonight Limey sniffed. Not once. Nor even twice. But thrice.

"Fo' thutty cents," he continued for the benefit of those about him, "fo' thutty cents Ah'd chase dat googoo eyed tar baby back f'um whah he come."

"If theys a boy in town whut kin do it," came a deferential opinion from the fringe of the group, "you am it. But doan' fo'git dat dis Yamley boy am a ol' friend o' Lloyd Smelt's. In de same regiment in France."

"Smelt!" Limey sniffed again. "Nevah did lak him neither."

"Mebbe. But doan' fo'git dat he stands ace high wid de folks whut counts, which same includes Inspectuh Murphy ovah to de Fust Precink, t' say nuthin' o' de Mayor fo' de way he line up de votes de last two 'lections. An' anyhow, wuz Ah huntin' round fo' a body to whittle wid a razzuh, Ah 'fesses dat Ah knows plendy folks whut Ah'd rather hone up on dan Lloyd Smelt."

"Hol' on thah," disclaimed the astute Limey, "hol' on. Ain' nobody talkin' 'bout a cuttin' ruckus. Ah been out to de Workhouse fo' one 90-day trip and they is lots o' things Ah'd liefer do dan massage boulders wid a sledge. No, suh! You kin run a gamblin' house in dis town widout foul'in' de law. But git t' whittlin' on folks, an' wham!—you's ridin' a taxicab whut clangs a bell."

"Den de meanin' o' whut you wuz sayin' am which?" came the query.

Limey cogitated rapidly. "Hit's—hit's—well, whut Ah means am dat they is plendy ways t' keep dis Yamley fum m'nopolizin' dat Mokely gal an'—"

"Fo' zample?"

With a show of irritation, Limey Sanders turned on the innocent baiter. "Big boy," he said shortly, "Ah is got a p'fessional position an' you is still rollin' hawgsheads 'cause

Ah knows when t' wiggle mah lip whilst de school-house burned down befo' you got dat fur. Now git me—an dis goes fo' all. In foh weeks Yamley'll be settin' wid Palestine lak a dirty deuce—an' when Ah ain't steppin' out wid her, mebbe, p'raps, poss'bly some o' you flathaid's kin 'semble round on de night when Ah is busy an' yell 'me too!'"

Whereat Limey Sanders, he of the cool, steady eye, pushed his panama into a careless cant and began to heel and toe it down the street.

SERENELY oblivious to the fact that an invisible black cat had crossed his path, Catmeat Yamley coasted up to the curb in front of North African Lloyds, Ltd., Lloyd Smelt, President, Proprietor and General Manager. He twirled the throttle to announce his arrival in an ear splitting roar, kicked up the wheel rest and strode inside.

The labors of the day finished, Mistuh Smelt languished in a chair, his feet atop his battle-scarred desk. In his hand was clutched a square-jawed bottle. He lifted an eyelid. "Catmeat," he said, "how do?"

Catmeat tossed aside his cap and goggles. "Did Ah do bettah," he announced, "Ah'd bust. Um—wildeye?" he queried, glancing suggestively at the bottle.

"Drug store," explained Mistuh Smelt succinctly. He proffered the bottle. "Rinse yo' th'roat."

Catmeat rinsed. "Yah! Tetches de spot jes' lak dat ol' pay day coonyak."

Mistuh Smelt nodded in agreement. "Been doin'?"

"Oh, fumadiddlin' roun' wid de



"Mah knight," cried Palestine, with a coy and fluttering exclamation of joy, as she threw herself at the reeling Catmeat. "Ah knowed Ah would welcome de best man as de winner. Mah great big wondabful romantic lookin' knight!"

ol' yaller chariot. Done ground de walves, tightened up de chain—an' boy, how dat baby trabels! Zam!—heah Ah comes! Did Ah have a speedometer and didn't hit read eighty Ah'd throw hit away. 'At's de fastes' thing on two wheels—an Ah doan' mean mebbe!"

Mistuh Smelt cogitated. "Um," he smacked his lips. "Um—"

The while he was smacking his lips, a business like roar was to be heard, rising to its crescendo as a motorcycle zipped past the open door.

"Who dat?" queried Catmeat, leaping toward the window. "Sound lak one o' dem dude foh cylinder Merc'rys."

Seemingly in answer to Catmeat's query, the vehicle in question swung back around the corner, whereupon Mistuh Smelt likewise craned his neck.

Low, rakish, and painted a brilliant carmine, the strange cycle with its two passengers sped swiftly and with a low throated purr toward the watching pair. The driver kicked his cutout open, the air was split with a taunting multi-cylinder din—and the passenger, twisting about on the tandem seat, disdainfully thumbed his nose in the direction of North African Lloyds, Ltd.!

His eyes popping, Catmeat turned to Mistuh Smelt. "Who—who dat?" he ejaculated. "Frien' o' yourn?"

"De on'y moto'cyclin' frien' Ah has," said Mistuh Smelt, "am you. Dat long, lean boy, whut wuz steerin', Ah ain' nevah saw befo'. But de boy on behind, dat wuz Limey Sanders."

"An' whyfo' dat nose wiggle, an' den why dat gesticlatin' twoads me?" asked Catmeat.

"Dunno, Catmeat, 'ceptin' mebbe they wuz razzin' you fo' dat wreck o' de Hesperus you rides."

"Wreck?" Catmeat sprang valiantly to the defense of his transportation. "Wreck? Ain't you been ridin' behind me? An' ain' you said dat two miles moh a hour an' we'd a' been flyin'?" Wreck! Ef—"

Mistuh Smelt held up his hand placatingly. "Ne' mind, Catmeat. Ah wuz on'y kiddin'. But doan' go grievin' whilst they is sutthin' left in de bottle. Drink deep an' drownnd yo' troubles."

But the gulp that Catmeat indulged in, albeit long and deep, did not suffice even to dampen the trouble he ran slam bang into an hour later. With a devil-may-care air, he coasted around the corner of Preston and Franklin, whanged his newly acquired Klaxon to announce his arrival and then proceeded to absorb bad news. In front of the Mokely cottage stood the mystery cycle, refulgent in its four cylinders, its carmine finish and its nickelplated trickery. And on the porch of said cottage stood Palestine, chic in her cycling costume and bantering coyly with Limey Sanders and a second gentleman of color wearing goggles and burnished puttees.

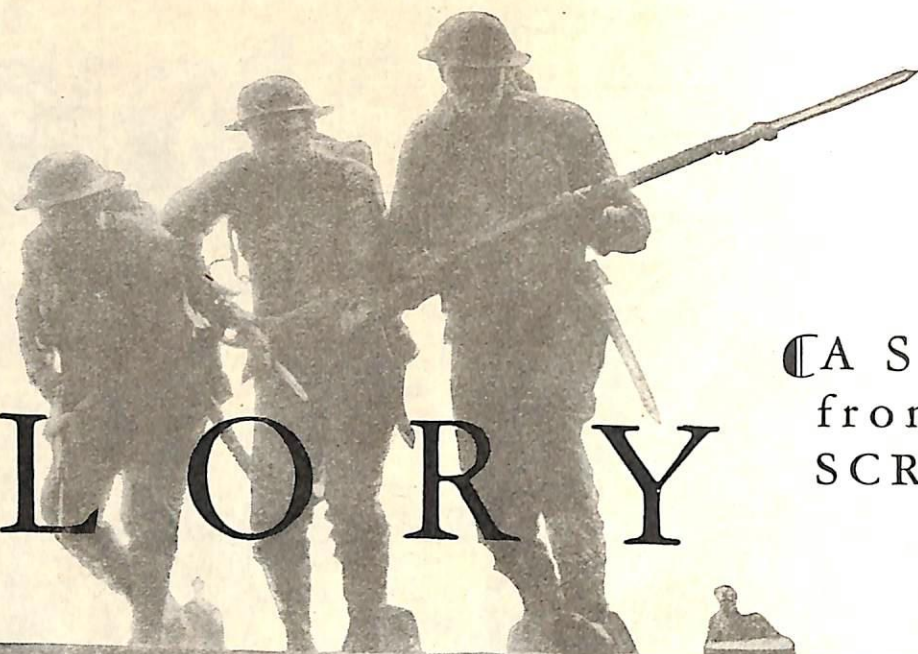
"Mist' Yamley," said Palestine, with a nervous giggle, when Catmeat reached the porch, "shake wid Mist' Sanders an' his frien' f'um ovah t' Shelbyville, Mist' Cole."

[Continued on page 74]

What Price

GLORY

ⒸA Story
from the
SCREEN



ⒸThe Great War Play and ⒸWhat Mr. Fox said to Mr. Sheehan

By Paul Thompson

WHAT Mr. Gallagher said to Mr. Sheehan, so all-important a few years ago when those two singing comedians were appearing in the Ziegfeld "Follies," is negligible compared with what William Fox said to Winfield Sheehan when "The Big Parade" was produced so successfully by Metro-Goldwyn. The reason for the film magnate's somewhat acrimonious remarks to his general manager was that he felt he had been placed in the uncomfortable position of the man "holding the bag." He had purchased some time before the motion picture rights to "What Price Glory" from Arthur Hopkins, producer of the Stallings-Anderson war play, which was the talk of the country. But as far as production was concerned his hands were tied by the stipulation in the contract that the picture version must be held in abeyance

until the play was through as a play. Meantime, his rivals, the aforementioned Metro-Goldwyn Company, had gone ahead with a picture on practically the same theme and by one of the authors of "What Price Glory," Lawrence Stallings. Incidentally, Stallings had been a marine in the World War, emerging with one leg missing as not inglorious if mute evidence that he had really been in the fight. Presumably he knew his war and his marines.

It did not make Mr. Fox any happier to recollect that he had paid a record price for the rights to "What Price Glory." Publicly it was admitted that this sum was in excess of one hundred thousand dollars. But inasmuch as this was during the period when that astute politician, ex-postmaster general in Harding's cabinet, since over-lord of the movie world, Will Hays, was trying to minimize the fabulous sums paid for



ⒸAbove: Sergeant Quirt (EDMUND LOWE)—Good-by, Charmaine (DOLORES DEL RIO). In all this dirt and muck I've found something to come back for—I guess it's—love.

ⒸLeft: Sergeant Quirt—High man takes the girl—low man takes a walk! Captain Flagg (VICTOR McLAGLEN)—You're wrong! High man gets the gun—low man gets a start from here to the door!

screen rights to successful plays and novels, one hundred and fifty thousand is nearer the mark. This was an initial investment that naturally would worry the most daring business man, and William Fox by achievement and reputation surely belongs in that category. What to do was the problem under discussion at the Fox-Sheehan conference.

David Wark Griffith, a pioneer director, and still one of the ablest men in the business, was suggested by Mr. Fox as possibly the one man who could accomplish the seemingly impossible. He could have his own terms for making the picture, either an unheard of salary, or a percentage basis of the business that would be done.

ⒸCaptain Flagg (VICTOR McLAGLEN)—Soldiering for wages; loving and fighting for the fun of it.



But Sheehan would not hear of Griffith's being hired; he himself had got the Fox company into this predicament and he would get it out or go down to a double defeat in the attempt. Moreover, much as he loved New York—and I know of no man more indigent to the city, for he has been in and out of Manhattan long since his days as a reporter on the New York World and as secretary to police commissioner Rhinelander Waldo—he would hie himself to California and personally produce the picture. Fox, naturally somewhat skeptical about the untried ability of his younger associate in this particular field, finally acquiesced, there seemed nothing else to do.

So Sheehan departed and was seen in his favorite haunts on Manhattan no more. News from the Pacific coast came seeping through from time to time telling that "What Price Glory" was in production; Stallings had gone to do his bit; Raoul Walsh was accredited director, the Walsh who had brought fame to himself and Milton Sills with "The Honor System," a reputation he personally enhanced later working with Douglas Fairbanks on that Arabian Nights tale, "The Thief of Bagdad," Hollywood version; J. T. O'Donahue had done the scenario; these things and but little more.

Then, almost one year later, with "The Big Parade" still on Broadway and being shown by "road companies" throughout the country, came the two openings. One was at the Carhay Circle Theater, Los Angeles, on Sunday, Novem- [Continued on page 68]

*The flaming satire on
MANNERS and MORALS
in which a little gutter-snipe
of a flower-girl learns the
jargon of the drawing-rooms*

PYG-

THE famous Henry Higgins (REGINALD MASON), whose hobby and profession meet in the science of phonetics, first sees Eliza Doolittle (LYNN FONTANNE) when she seeks shelter from a drenching rain one night under the portico of St. Paul's Church in London.

Henry can "spot" anyone by his or her accent, and he immediately knows, when he hears the grimy little flower girl give vent to some horrible sounds, that she hails from that hinterland called Lisson Grove which, really, isn't fit for a pig to live in.

Liza's speech is indeed low and depressing. It stands between her and her heart's desire to be a "lady in a flower shop" instead of selling at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

To Henry, speech is the sum total of life. As he listens to the terrifyingly illiterate Eliza, he says to Colonel Pickering (J. W. AUSTIN) who is also an enthusiast on the subject of phonetics and dialects:

"You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires."

A great idea strikes the flower girl. The gentleman shall teach her—make a lady of her—no favors asked—she's willing and able to pay a shilling a lesson.

The next day she turns up at Henry's house with her astounding proposition. And Henry, who believes that life is nothing but a series of inspired follies—the only difficulty being to find enough of them to commit—jumps at the opportunity of teaching Eliza. Eliza's shilling, considered not as an humble shilling but as a percentage of her income, is a handsome offer, fully equivalent to seventy guineas from a millionaire.

"By George, it's enormous! It's the biggest offer I ever had," says Henry, and so the agreement is made.

"What about the ambassador's garden party?" asks Colonel Pickering. "I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you make that good."

The little drabble-tailed guttersnipe becomes part of Henry's studious household; protégée of and assistant to Mrs. Pearce (BERYL MUSER) the forthright housekeeper; companion and pupil to the two incorrigible bachelors, Higgins and Pickering.

Henry's lady mother, who lives in a charming flat on Chelsea embankment, looks on amused. When the experiment with Liza has been in

Eliza Doolittle (LYNN FONTANNE), the bedraggled little Cockney, scrambling for the coins thrown to her, enlivens the night with her cries of delight.



Mr. Doolittle (HENRY TRAVERS), Liza's father, Dustman and general rascal.



progress some length of time, she is moved to remark: "You certainly are a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll."

Higgins—Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled . . . But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a different human being by creating a new speech for her. But, to go back a little. Before the slum accent

is tackled, Liza is scrubbed and powdered and put into a fascinating kimono by Mrs. Pearce. The change is astonishing! Henry and the Colonel gasp. By jove, the girl does look wonderful! Undoubtedly she can make come true Higgins' earlier boast—"George, Eliza, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your sake before I've done with you."

Even Eliza's father, dustman and general rascal, who has come to see the two gentlemen to

MALION By Bernard Shaw

(A STORY FROM THE STAGE)



seal the bargain with a little rake-off for himself, for after all—" . . . what's a five pound note to you? And what's Eliza to me?"—is forced to exclaim, "Well, I never thought she'd clean up as good looking as that, Governor."

Not only does the crushed cabbage leaf of Covent Garden look her new rôle, but she gets along like a house afire with her new language. Her ear is remarkable. She can mimic all sorts of people. After a few months Henry ventures to take her to one of his mother's "at homes."

Eliza has orders to stick to two subjects for safe conversation—the weather and everybody's health. All goes well at first and Mrs. Higgins' other guests find her appearance stupendously distinguished. Freddy Eynesford Hill is particularly impressed, and highly amused at what he thinks is the newest "small talk."

But, alas! Eliza's early days burst through ultimately, tinging the chatter with strange and terrifying accents. Simple Freddy adores her account of her dying aunt and her drunken father—such slang—such freedom—such swagger! Her elegant departure brings him to his feet.

Freddy—Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so—

Liza—Walk! Not bloody likely. (Sensation.) I am going in a taxi.

Of course people have grown accustomed to a great deal in the way of social jargon, but *this*, to one of the callers, is a bit too much.

Pickering— . . . I've been away in India for several years and manners have changed so much that I sometimes don't

Eliza (LYNN FONTANNE)—Garn! Don't you know your own daughter? Doolittle (HENRY TRAVERS)—Bly me! It's Liza! I never thought she'd clean up as good looking as that.

know whether I'm at a respectable dinner-table or in a ship's fore-castle.

And all through this great adventure with phonetics Mrs. Higgins is patience personified with her son and his accomplice, Pickering. The two may doubtless "pull off their stunt" with Eliza at the garden party, but to her the great question is, what is to become of the girl afterwards.

Higgins—We'll find her some light employment.

Pickering—She's happy enough. Don't you worry about her. Good-by.

The months fly past, and the great garden party day arrives. Ah! Eliza has passed the ordeal with every banner flying. It is a greater victory for his "system" than Henry has ever dreamed of. In gorgeous raiment, wearing jewels hired for the affair, Liza, the guttersnipe, has played the duchess for all it has been worth—has beaten real peeresses at their own game, so to speak. And now, late at night and tired out, they are all back in Higgins' house.

Pickering—I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Good night.

Higgins—Good night. Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs. Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea.

No one has noticed Eliza's intense [Continued on page 72]

PRISON BREAKING as

By Captain
Duncan Grinnell-Milne

Formerly of the
British Royal Flying Corps

The prison bars of Germany's War Camps couldn't hold him nor threats of Death deter him from escaping

EDITOR'S NOTE Captain Duncan Grinnell-Milne, a member of the British Royal Flying Corps during the late war, was captured December 1st, 1917, when forced to make a landing within the German lines. For the next two and a half years he was held in one or another of Germany's prison camps from which he and his fellow prisoners made innumerable efforts to escape. Now and again their plans were discovered before they could be put into effect. The severe punishment inflicted for these attempts did not daunt them. In this article he tells of the amazing plot by which he and four others escaped from Ströhen—only to be caught just outside its gates—and of the final, hazardous adventure in which he gained his freedom.

AFTER days of reflection we developed a scheme which was in many ways the most ambitious one tried by either my brother or me during the time we were in Germany. We originally thought of dressing as German officers and marching out of the camp in broad daylight, but in the entire camp at Ströhen there were only three German officers, each of whom was well-known by sight to all the sentries. To make matters worse we knew for certain that passes were required for any individual leaving the camp. Among the guards, on the other hand, changes were very frequent and a new face would surprise nobody. We would therefore have to be disguised as N. C. O.'s or private soldiers, and at this point the difficulty of procuring the necessary uniform arose.

At Ströhen not a stitch of German uniform was to be found and it was obvious from the first that we would have to make it ourselves. As this became more apparent, we realized that it would be possible to make only one uniform, and it seemed that only one person would be able to get away. We did not see how my brother could be disguised as a civilian for practically none ever came into the camp, and if, during the attempt, my brother remained in British uniform he would certainly have to be escorted by something more than a single private soldier.

The only prisoners taken out of the camp by a single German soldier were the British orderlies, a party of whom generally left the camp each morning. We came to the conclusion that one of us, dressed as a sentry, would take out the other, dressed as an orderly. We elaborated the details and decided it would be even better if there were two or three orderlies in the party, this being the usual number to leave the camp.



Our first piece of luck was the discovery that a recently taken prisoner had been provided, when in hospital, with a pair of German soldier's boots of the type that are pulled on over uniform trousers and reach half-way up the calf. The German Landsturm soldiers on guard around the camp wore similar boots over old grey trousers, and for our purpose a pair of ordinary dark flannel trousers would do just as well.

The upper part was not so easy. It was forced on us that we should have to make the service-dress coat either out of a dark blue blanket or else out of an old blue cricket blazer. The cap was a big problem, that worn by the sentries being rather tall and flat on top with a black peak and black waterproof cover. Meanwhile two main difficulties remained: the forged pass, and the rifle. We noticed that no party, however small, ever left the camp without a sentry with a rifle. Naturally enough all rifles were kept outside the camp and there seemed to be absolutely no chance of stealing one. The only solution was to make a dummy. Leaving the other problems to be solved later, we settled down to study the construction of German small arms.

My brother and I knew very little about rifles, particularly of the old-fashioned type generally carried by the camp sentries. But by dint of following any armed man who came into the camp and watching his rifle closely, we picked up the details and immediately made rough sketches of the important parts. We were neither of us much good at wood-carving, or at hammering out small pieces of metal, but we soon found a willing worker in a Royal Naval Air Service observer, named Hoblin. We showed him our sketches and explained to him what had to be done, and on his agreeing to help us we took

a PASTIME

Illustrations
by HARRY
TOWNSEND



After getting safely away from the prison we were trudging along in the dark when suddenly we almost tripped over a German sentry—only the light from his stove saving us.

him into the scheme as "second orderly," my brother being "first orderly," and I, as the only German-speaking member of the party, the German escort.

The material for making the rifle gave us much trouble and we searched the camp fruitlessly for many days trying to find bits of scrap iron which would serve the purpose. At length we came across the remains of an old wooden picket, about two feet long by four inches square. The wood seemed to be quite seasoned and hard and just the thing out of which to make the stock. A few days later one of us was in the camp's cook-house and found that an iron-rail in front of the range was not only loose and easily removable, but also was just about the length of the German rifle barrel. We carried this off in triumph one evening when no one was about, and hid it with our other possessions beneath the floor of our hut. We soon unearthed another good piece of wood to form the support under the barrel, together with several bits of iron which might come in handy. We began by carving the stock out of

the larger piece of wood. This was done mainly with table knives and later on we obtained a few small wood-carving tools, which the Germans had allowed one of the prisoners to retain. When the stock had taken shape, we finished it off with bits of razor blades, finally polishing it up with bits of broken glass.

We worked next on the dummy barrel, filing and smoothing the muzzle and scraping and polishing the whole tube. It was extremely difficult to get the right kind of blue appearance on the barrel, as we had neither sufficient heat nor the right kind of oil for the required treatment. It was not a matter of very great importance, German rifles being very old and worn. The breech proved very troublesome, for in the real rifle the barrel swelled suddenly to almost twice its average thickness, and in order to get this appearance we had to drive a short piece of thicker piping on to the dummy barrel, and then file down the edges so as to give an appearance of tapering. The stock and the extension under the barrel were screwed together and wired to the barrel. The skeleton of the rifle was now com-

plete, but the most intricate parts such as breech mechanism, sights, trigger and trigger-guard still had to be made.

Hoblin suggested that the breech mechanism could be made out of tin. He proposed to do this by first of all making wooden models of the various parts, copying them from the rifles we occasionally saw in the camp. Eventually he completed the mechanism in wood and started to cover each piece with thin sheets of metal taken from food tins. It was essential that each piece of tin should be bent absolutely smoothly, and that no dents or kinks should appear on the surface; each strip of tin being secured to its piece of wood by small French nails driven in underneath where they could not be seen. When the complete breech mechanism was assembled, after many days of hard work, the bright tin was filed off each piece leaving the metal underneath exposed.

When it was completed, polished and slightly oiled, it was quite impossible to tell the tin dummy from the real thing. The appearance of the rounded and sand-papered pieces of tin-plate was exactly similar to that of heavy pieces of solid steel, and the remaining details of the rifle were soon made from wood or tin.

Meanwhile my brother had been set to work on the task of collecting suitable material with which to complete the German uniform. He was also to try and find out details of the pass carried by every German leaving the camp. I think it was Darcy-Levy, recently arrived from Zorndorf, who discovered what the pass looked like. One day he asked to see the official camp permit and the corporal showed it readily enough. It consisted of a small piece of pink paper, about four inches long by three inches wide, bearing the name of the camp, the soldier's company, regimental number and name, and words to the effect that the bearer could enter and leave the camp when on duty. It was signed by the commandant and bore the usual rubber stamp.

We thought this piece of paper would be quite easy to duplicate, until we found that there were no typewriters of any description in the camp. After a closer examination we even discovered that the passes were not printed upon pink paper at all, but upon a sort of oiled fabric, rather similar to the stuff out of which a linen envelope is made only thinner and with a very smooth shiny surface.

The information about the pass and the fact that Darcy-Levy owned a complete set of maps led us to offer him a place as "third orderly" in the scheme.

With the exception of the sling the rifle was now completed and, when we had assembled all the different parts, we showed it to my brother and Darcy-Levy. They had been engaged on other business for several days and had not seen the progress made, so now when they first caught sight of it they were absolutely astounded, and for a few seconds I believe they thought that we had managed to get possession of a real rifle. The last detail—the sling—was made out of an old leather belt and the rifle was then carefully wrapped up in several old shirts and buried under sand beneath the floor of our hut.

By this time my brother and Darcy-Levy had finished the sentry's uniform. Only two things gave much trouble in this connection, one being the cap for which a black water-proof cover could not be found, and the other the bayonet and scabbard. The actual cap did not matter much provided the peak was black leather, but the cover was unobtainable. After many experiments it was found that several thicknesses of brown paper, glued together and painted black, made a cover which would deceive even the sharpest eye at close range. The large brass "Iron Cross," affixed to the front of the cap, was the only thing which we purchased from our German, and he let us have it with no suspicion of our intentions.

A bayonet scabbard was made out of wood covered with leather which was sewn on and carefully darkened, but the guard of the bayonet hilt was quite another matter. In the real article the hilt consisted of a bar of steel, about four inches long, curving down at one end and up at the other, curling at each end into a sort of spiral knob. We were unable to find a piece of iron which would answer the purpose, and in any case we had no suitable tools for making the curves. The only way was to cast it out of soft white metal. The required material was always at hand in the shape of white-metal spoons. We melted down a sufficient quantity of these and made a sand mould, into which we poured the molten metal. The result was quite satisfactory.

At the last moment we found that one other article had been forgotten, namely the ammunition pouch. This was

hurriedly made, a block of wood taking the place of the ammunition and the leather covering being cut from an old flying coat. Some three weeks' work saw the German uniform completed and stowed away underground.

The disguise for the other members of the party was easily obtained from the orderlies, exchanged for some of our clothing, and we turned our attention once again to the question of the pass.

Among the prisoners was an excellent draughtsman, who thought he might be able to imitate the print on the pink pass. But before he could start work we had to procure some sort of material which would closely resemble the peculiar pink linen previously described. One bright member of the "gang" suggested the red linen cover of an ordinary cloth-bound volume. The color was much too bright, but after sponging it over with water it toned down to the right shade of pink. The linen was very thin and in consequence the small piece we needed was far too flabby, but we found that a thin coat of varnish had the desired effect, and by ironing it out while it was still damp we got a dead smooth surface. The pink square was then handed over to the draughtsman who in a few days produced an almost perfect forgery. He had written all the print with indelible pencil, which, when slightly steamed, turned to a faint violet tone imitating perfectly the color of typed ink.

During this time we had been endeavouring to cut out a good rubber stamp. The draughtsman again came to our rescue and drew a stamp, complete with eagle, on the pass itself. This again he did with indelible pencil, well rubbed in and steamed rather longer so as to make the color deeper than the type. The whole thing when finished could not have been done better.

One important question still remained to be settled: how to get our civilian clothes and food out of the camp. We knew that parties of orderlies were often sent down to the station with parcels or luggage belonging to prisoners who were leaving the camp, and that there would be nothing strange in our taking out some fairly bulky packages. We decided that it would be best for all of us to put our kit and provisions into one large canvas kit-bag, and have this carried out by one of the sham orderlies.

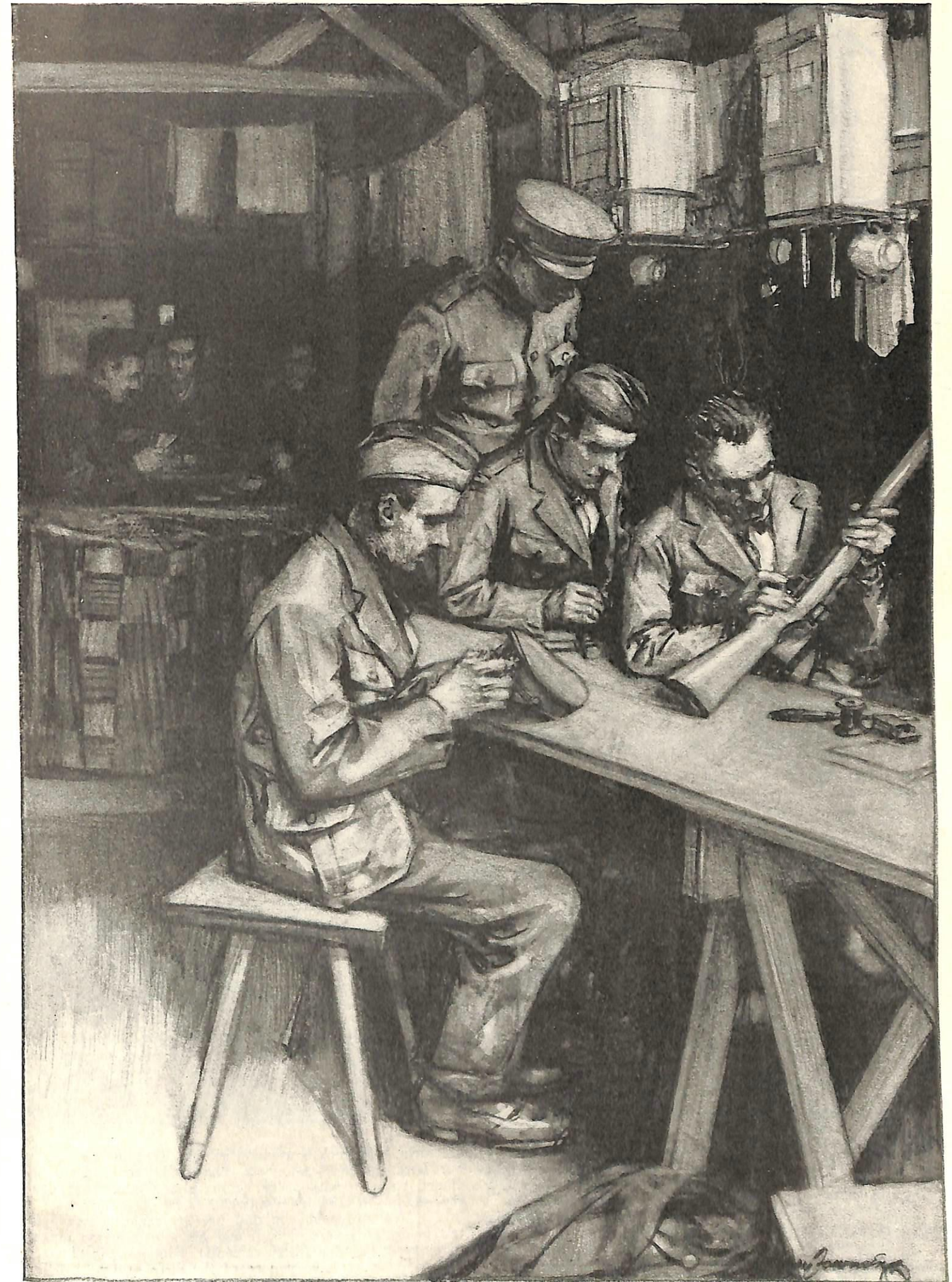
A FEW days before the attempt Darcy-Levy suggested bringing in another man named Parish, who had helped us in collecting indispensable articles of equipment. We agreed and he was allotted the place of "fourth orderly."

One day we heard that several new men had been drafted into the guard stationed at Ströhen and it was obvious that we would stand a better chance if we made the attempt before these men became well-known.

Immediately after the nine o'clock Appell on a certain morning in October Hoblin and I crept underneath our hut and dug up the German equipment. It was then carried piece by piece, covered up with overcoats, to another hut not far from the entrance to the orderlies' quarters. Darcy-Levy's room was in this hut so that we were perfectly secure from outside observation. The rifle was given a final touch-up and I donned the kit for the last inspection by the other confederates. An accomplice stood on guard to give me warning of the approach of any Germans, while my brother and the other three went back to their huts and put on their orderlies' clothes.

At this time of the morning various orderlies were continually passing from their section of the camp into ours, and, although there was a sentry on the gate whose duty it was to see that none of the officers got through into the orderlies' section of the camp, discipline was rather lax and the sentry usually handed the key of the gate to one of the orderlies. On this day the orderly who got hold of the key gave it to one of the confederates, who opened the gate and went in. The key was then returned to the camp by means of another orderly, who gave it to the next one of the party, and so on until all four were inside. The kit was a more difficult affair, but with the help of the orderlies we had managed to smuggle part of it out on the previous day and the remainder was taken into the orderlies' hut that morning.

As soon as all the members of the "gang" were inside the orderlies' compound, I was warned by the accomplice who was keeping watch. The sentry on the gate had walked off a little way into the camp and it looked as though I should be able to pass him without any difficulty. I put the finishing touches to my uniform and the [Continued on page 69]



"For days and days we worked on the rifle which one of us, disguised as a German sentry, would have to carry. It was made from tin cans, razor blades, and bits of old wood and iron."

ROMANCE ON HORSEBACK

By
Phyllis Duganne

Illustrations by
William Meade Prince

PHOEBE FREEMAN awoke reluctantly from the heavy sleep of youth. She stirred in her pineapple four-poster bed and turned over, burying her face in the pillow, lying so that only the back of her shingled brown head and one white arm, reaching out toward a bed-post, were visible. For a moment she lay still, but regretfully she was forced to admit the fact that she was wide awake; she raised herself on her elbows and stared at the wallpaper at the head of her bed. Blue and gray stripes . . . ? With a volcanic upheaval of the bedclothes she sat up, bare feet swinging over the little hooked rug.

She was in Dorset again—and it was Spring!

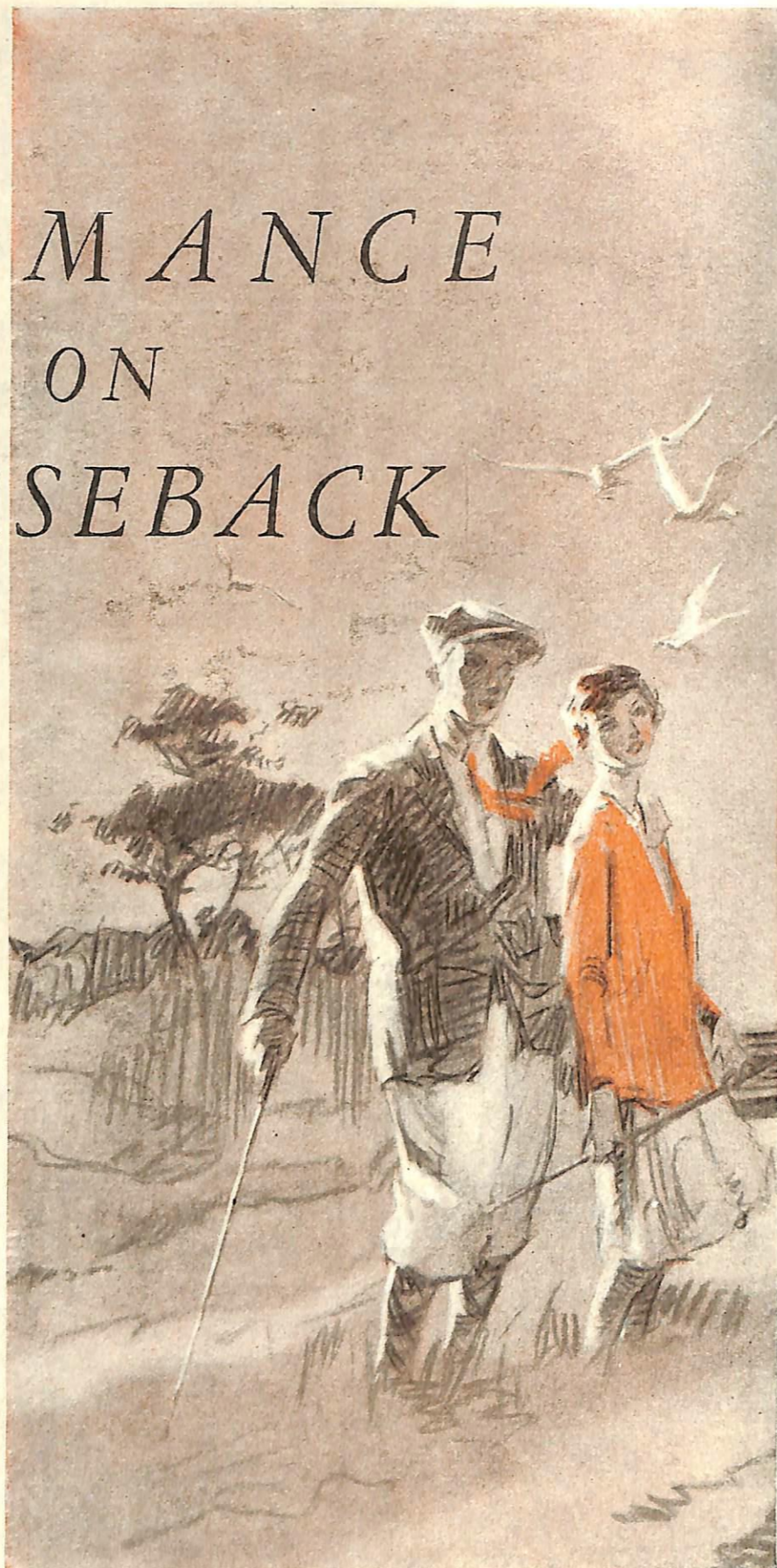
Through the open windows of the room, drifting through a whole acre of apple-blossoms and sifting across the great lilac tree that half hid the view from the west window, the wind entered, and Phoebe bent back her head to sniff it. Spring—gosh! She tucked her bare legs beneath her and sat, like a small eager Buddha, eyes moving about the familiar room, making half furtive darts to the open window between inspection of her things, her furniture, her books, her pictures.

There was no denying, no forgetting even for a minute, the fact that it was Spring. It was as though everything in the outside world, trees and grass and wind and sky, were shouting it at her, in a deafening roar. It was one of those days . . . One of those days whose memory makes one forgive poets their paeons of a season which every New Englander knows is cold and raw and rainy; one of those days when middle-aged men tell their wives that they love them madly; one of those days when anything may happen and a surprising number of things do.

"Gosh!" breathed Phoebe, reverently, and sank back, in utter surrender to it, against her pillow.

On the opposite wall, an old lithograph of her childhood caught her eye: a languid Lancelot, on a white horse, riding beside a smiling Guinevere.

"Romance—on horseback!" murmured Phoebe to herself, and chuckled at the picture. But the chuckle sounded a trifle hollow, clashing against the soft wind that circled about

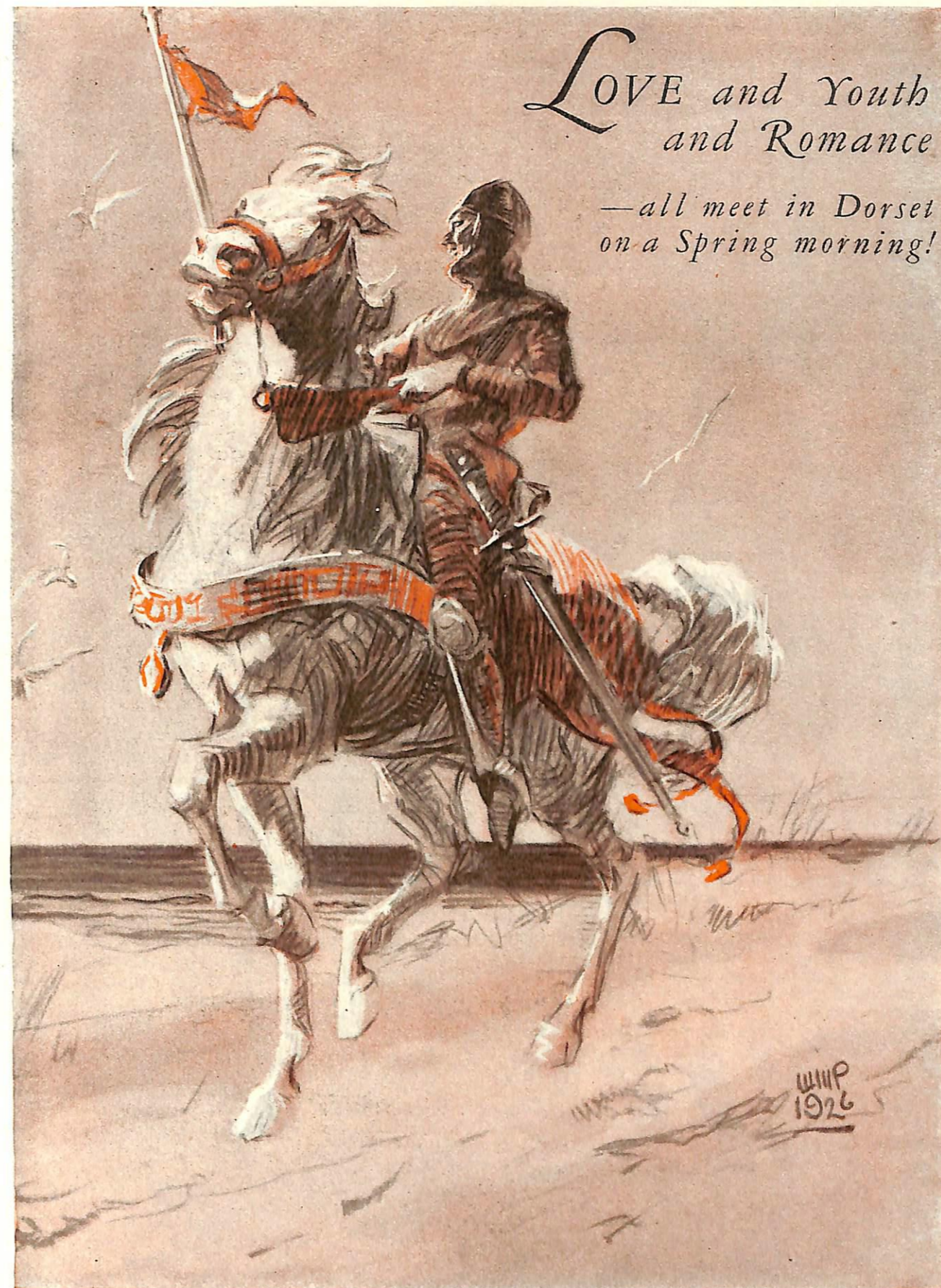


the room. On such a morning as this, even in the year of our Lord, nineteen-twenty-six, one could contemplate undiluted romance without an accompanying grin. But could one—really—in nineteen-twenty-six?

A pretty story, Phoebe told herself, experimentally—the tale of Arthur's young queen and his most favored knight! Ages ago, it may have been romantic. But now, in nineteen-twenty-six . . . have you heard the dirt? Why, that bird that Arthur hand-picked to deliver Guinevere to the castle—Phoebe did not smile. It was awfully sloshy, of course, the picture, but there was something appealing in the smile of the girl who was so soon to be Arthur's queen, something

LOVE and Youth
and Romance

—all meet in Dorset
on a Spring morning!



infinitely pathetic in Lancelot's eagerness, in their snatching at their own bit of spring and romance. Perhaps it had been a day like this

"Romance-on-horseback—with plumes waving!" whispered Phoebe, and the sound of a slamming door in the room across the hall reminded her that Nathan Hunt was in the house.

The thought of Nathan stirred Phoebe to action; she got up and began dressing methodically. Yesterday it had been fun to have Nathan motor down with them from Boston; she had been delighted that his illness, caught in this spring of which poets sang, a really spring-like malady, taking in bronchial tubes and lungs, had made it possible for him to come with

them, to Dorset. Yesterday—why, yesterday it had seemed glorious to have Nathan with her! Dorset wouldn't be so dull, she had said.

She looked belligerently at the languid Lancelot.

"Darned old lawyer!" she spluttered.

But Phoebe knew as well as anyone else, that Lancelot had been admitted to no bar.

Everything in the world seemed to be blossoming. Down the main street of the village, horsechestnuts held erect their cones of blossom like candles on Christmas trees; lilacs made fragrant masses in front of every house; scraggly fruit trees, twisted and bent by the winds which lashed from Bay to

Ocean during the winters, bent down their ruffled branches in preparation for the loads of apples and pears which would, in time, replace the butterfly-wing petals.

Phoebe, at Nathan Hunt's side, was sulking. "You two go out and take a walk," her mother had ordered.

You two! She avoided Nathan's gaze furiously. You two. Phoebe and Nathan. How could one make even a pretense at romance, when the whole world was coupling one's name with another name, when the universe of their friends and acquaintances spoke of them in one breath? Page and Shaw, Barnum and Bailey, strawberries and cream—Phoebe and Nathan! And they weren't even engaged! It was merely that everyone—and fairness forced Phoebe to admit that "everyone" included him and herself—had, almost from the instant of their meeting, six months before, accepted the fact that one day they would become, instead of Phoebe and Nathan, the Hunts. She slashed with her walking stick at a beechplum bush.

"Phoebe?" said Nathan, softly.

"What?"

Nathan Hunt grinned. He was an attractive young man, typically New England in the angularity of his features, the tall boniness of his body, with the firm mouth of the Pilgrim fathers and those lines of humor about the eyes with which the Pilgrim mothers must have regarded their lords and masters. Exeter, Harvard, Harvard Law—his had been the conventional mould for his birth and ancestry—yet Nathan was not a standardized product. Because his father and grandfather had been lawyers, he had submitted cheerfully to following in their footsteps; the firm of Hunt and Hunt must continue. But as his own leanings were toward architecture, he had chosen the only course open to a Hunt. He studied architecture along with law, and his admission to the bar had been synchronous with the acceptance of his plans for an office building. He had the happy faculty of complying to the wishes of others without retreating an inch on his own ground—excellent attribute for lawyer, architect or lover.

"Needn't bite me," he told Phoebe, now. "I was going to ask you something."

SHE met his gaze defiantly. "Don't!" she said.

His grin broadened. "You don't know what I was going to say."

"No, I don't know," she admitted, "but I imagine it wouldn't surprise me much." She looked at him, suddenly earnest. "Oh, Nathan, I like you a lot, but don't you see that's just the trouble? I always know what you're going to say and do. It's so darned—unromantic!" Her voice tripped on the word, but he was listening attentively, and she went on, encouraged. "Don't you ever want a little bit of romance? It's so awful to be born and grow up and get married and die, without ever having had it. Nathan, I just won't!"

"Won't what?" he asked.

She laughed, reluctantly. "You darned old lawyer!" she said. "But I mean it! That's why I couldn't marry you. I—"

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Who asked you to?" he inquired.

For an instant, a flash of interest rose in her eyes; then it flickered and died. "You must have been reading somebody's book on courtship," she said, ungraciously. "The value of suspense!"

She looked ahead, down the road that wound between sandy hills to the ocean. A lazy, fragrant day, the concentrated essence of a whole season poured into a small vial of twenty-four hours.

She drew in a deep breath of it and, without any particular volition, her arms went out as though to gather it to her breast. Spring was here, a perfect, poignant spring, but romance?

Over the crest of the hill, a white horse came galloping.

His rider, one hand holding the reins, the other resting on his knee, was bare-headed, and the sun shone full on a mop of thick brown curls. White teeth flashed on a swarthy young face as he checked his steed and smiled at Phoebe, and brown eyes gleamed through a screen of heavy lashes.

"Hi, Phoebe!" he said, and turned to stare at Nathan impudently, as he passed.

Phoebe did not answer but her mouth curved into a smile which remained, as though she had forgotten it, long after man and horse disappeared; beneath the yellow sweater, her breast rose and fell swiftly.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

"There's a handsome laddie!" said Nathan. "Young Doug Fairbanks, himself! Portygee?"

She nodded.

"What's his name?"

She looked up vaguely. "Lance—Manuel Silva," she replied, dreamily.

Nathan Hunt's brows drew together at a quizzical angle; the lines at the corners of his eyes were like exclamation points.

"Ho!" he said. He thrust his hands into his pockets and began to whistle, reflectively.

PHOEBE FREEMAN knew the town of Dorset from the granite stone on the north that divided it from Easterly, to the sprawling cranberry bogs that made the boundary of Hendon, on the south. Freemans had lived in Dorset when there were no roads; there was even a Freeman in that gallant company which had walked, with Captain Miles Standish, the shore of Massachusetts Bay from Provincetown to Plymouth, and back again. The Freemans were one of those Cape families whose allegiance to the homestead had never faltered; the decline of sailing ships had removed their business interests there, but the months between May and October found them where their dead lay buried.

For nineteen summers, Phoebe had known Dorset, so she knew, this afternoon, that gold-dusted pussy-willows would be growing near the ice-house pond, on the sandy road that led to Dorset Light, just as she knew that the weathered house beyond the ponds was the home of the Silvas.

Chokecherries, heavy with blossom, drooped over the shore, and Phoebe took off her shoes and stockings and girded her blue linen skirt about her hips.

The afternoon sun beat upon her brown head; her yellow sweater glowed bright above the roll of sky-blue skirt and the flashing brown legs. It was spring in Dorset—spring!

"Ain't you scared of water snakes, Phoebe Freeman?"

She started and flushed, as she recognized Manuel Silva watching her from the shore.

For an instant, while his challenging brown eyes held hers, Phoebe tried to fathom her own subconsciousness. Had she come here, she demanded fiercely of herself, just because she knew that Manuel might pass by? Startled she had been, at seeing him, but not surprised. There were pussy-willow and chokecherries by the pond behind her own house. And what should she care for Manny Silva, anyway?

"Of course not!" she said, and held out her armful of blossoms, looking at him over the fluttering petals and furry tips of the willow. "Aren't they lovely?"

"Real pretty." He was smiling, and she approached him slowly through the water, as though he had called her.

On the shore they stood, shoulder to shoulder, her eyes on a level with his. Manuel Silva was not tall, but his shoulders and arms were muscular and there was strength as well as arrogance in his browned face. In the swing of his stocky body, when he walked, was an almost self-conscious virility.

"It's nice to be back here," said Phoebe, lowering her eyes.

He still smiled and said nothing, and she smiled back.

"What are you doing these days, Manny?"

"Oh, amusin' myself. I'm in the coastguard, now."

"Really?" She buried her nose in the blossoms. "I ought to have noticed your uniform. Do you like it?"

"It's all right."

She was embarrassed by the silence that fell between them, embarrassed because he was so confidently at his ease.

"Who was that fella I saw you with this morning?"

She blushed, and could have sunk into the soft ground for blushing. He watched her so closely, seeming to notice every change in the rhythm of her breathing, the beating of her heart.

"Name's Nathan Hunt. He's visiting us."

"Do you like him?"

"Why, of course I do! Like him, you know, I mean—"

Manuel's eyes gleamed at her confusion. "Oh, don't be silly!" she said.

He watched while she put on her shoes and stockings. When she was ready, they turned up the road, side by side.

"Well, so long!" he said, at the fork where the main road turned east into the village, westward toward her own house.

"So long," said Phoebe.

At her gate, she turned back to look at him. As she watched, the figure of a girl emerged from the side of the road



(Nathan's face was very red and he seemed to be avoiding her eyes. Then suddenly he sat down on the step and ducked his head against his hands. "Gosh, Phoebe, you're so beautiful. I love you so much," he told her.)

and joined him. Phoebe shrugged her shoulders and slammed the wooden gate behind her, while flower petals fluttered to the ground.

The aromatic odor of the yellow spice-bush was heavy in the dining-room. The yard was like a bouquet, and Phoebe, across the supper table from Nathan, sighed and twisted her napkin and pecked at her food.

"Do you know, Phoebe Freeman," said her mother, "that you haven't been still one minute since we sat down?"

Phoebe flushed and bit her lip. Why couldn't they leave her alone?

"Spring fever," suggested Nathan, laconically, taking another biscuit.

"She ought to have a tonic!" said Mrs. Freeman, her eyes searching her daughter's face sharply. "Sulphur and molasses—now what's the matter?"

Phoebe had risen impatiently and crossed to the open French doors that led into the garden. Perfume . . . spring . . . and her mother talked of sulphur and molasses!

"I'm not hungry," she said, and turned away from the sunset. "Nathan Hunt, how can you eat so?"

He smiled. "If there isn't romance in hot biscuits and honey—" he began, and paused at her impatient exclamation. "Spring fever, Phoebe. Want to go to the dance at the town-hall tonight and shake your feet a little?"

Her eyes brightened. That was nice of Nathan! She'd been thinking of the dance and wondering how to suggest it. She wouldn't want him to think that—well, that there was anyone in particular she wanted to see!

Up the long road, beneath elms that arched their branches like a church aisle, Phoebe and Nathan walked, and pairs of shadowy shapes, men and girls, like figures in a spring pageant, emerged from side paths and joined the sauntering procession.

"Don't you feel it at all, Nathan?" she asked, softly. "The loveliness, the—oh, I don't know!"

"Sure, I feel it!" He tucked her arm in his and smiled. "Makes the world go round, doesn't it?"

She shook her head. "No, that's love," she answered, seriously. "This is spring that I mean. It—"

"What's the difference," he asked, and laughed. "Oh, Nathan!"

They danced with the ease and pleasure of two who have danced often together, and Phoebe's lashes hung low over her eyes and her mind was vacant of thought.

"There's your handsome coastguard, now," said Nathan. "Going to dance with him?"

"If he asks me," she answered, carelessly.

But when Manuel Silva came swaggering across the floor, to ask her, she was self-conscious, almost awkward. When his arm slipped about her, her heart thumped an accompaniment to the beat of the orchestra.

"I thought prob'ly you'd be here," he said.

"Really?" When she danced with Nathan, she had to look up to meet his eyes; Manuel's cheek was close against hers as he spoke, and she lowered her lashes to keep from looking directly into his face. "We didn't decide to come until after dinner," she added, trying to make her voice sound casual.

"Did you expect to see me here?" She felt his breath on her cheek, and color mounted in her face.

"Why—" She wanted to say that she hadn't thought of him at all, but somehow, with his brown eyes so close, she knew he wouldn't believe her. He knew! He had a most disturbing way of showing that he knew, of making an ordinary conversation significant, almost intimate. "You come to most of the dances, don't you?" she evaded.

He laughed at the evasion. "When I can get off. Now that you summer people are comin' down, there's lots of boot-leggin' along the coast to keep us busy."

Her eyes opened wide, at that. "Isn't it dangerous?"

He shrugged magnificently. "Tony Corria ran into a bunch of 'em last week, landin' stuff over by the pier at Indian Head Inn. They didn't see him, and he went on back to the halfway house and got a bunch to go out after 'em."

"Did they catch them?"

"You bet they did!"

Her breath caught. How could any real man spend his days reading stupid law books or drawing ruled lines on blue paper, when there was still action and adventure in the world?

"You oughta come out an' see the station some day," he told her. "Lots o' girls come out."

Lots of girls! She looked at him curiously. She wondered

how many of them came to see him! As they danced, she was conscious of the eyes of the town girls upon them; the music stopped, and his arm tightened about her for an instant, before he released her.

Dancing with a mere lawyer of architectural leanings seemed dull after that, and Phoebe's eyes sought the buoyant, laughing figure of the young Portuguese as he brushed past, holding some clinging girl in his grasp. But walking homeward, with the moonlight drenching the town, shining on little white houses and white picket fences she began to talk.

Spring, said Phoebe, while the beat of it surged in her veins, was to the rest of the year what youth was to life. She waited an instant for that to sink in. Spring and youth—glorious, thrilling periods, and one shouldn't waste them! Romance . . . adventure . . . in the darkness, the words dropped unashamed from her lips.

"It's nice to be able to talk to you like this, Nathan," she told him. "You're—I like you so much. And I felt that I wanted to tell you. Do you understand at all how I feel?"

The night that hid her brooding eyes from him concealed, from her, the smile that played about his lips. Spring and youth and romance . . . Nathan Hunt was an old gentleman of twenty-seven!

"Why, I think maybe I do," he said quietly.

"It just makes me into a different person!" she continued, in a low, passionate voice. "Why, Nathan, I might do anything! Run away with the gypsies or join the circus or—"

He moved toward her, breathing the fragrance of her own perfume—at eighteen dollars a bottle.

"I suppose you couldn't pretend that I was a he-gypsy, or a tight-rope walker, Phoebe?" he suggested, lightly.

"You!" She was honestly surprised at the suggestion, and he winced as her hand patted his arm solicitously. "Nathan, I'd never possibly like any other man as much as I like you. But romance—"

"I see," he said, and was silent. Then he put his arm around her and kissed her gently. "All little girls should go to bed with kisses on their lips on spring nights," he told her gravely. "Now toddle on up the path and go dream about d'Artagnan or Poodles Hannaford or anyone you like. I'm going to take a walk."

SHE smiled and went obediently into the house, not seeing through the darkness, nor even suspecting, the droop of his shoulders. But she didn't dream of anyone, though her lips were soft from Nathan's kiss. She thought of what a "good egg" he was, and of how really noble the coastguards are, and she wondered, drowsily, as she drifted into sleep, why the men one couldn't possibly marry were so much more exciting than the ones who were eligible, and whether there wasn't somewhere in the world, a cross between Nathan Hunt and Manuel Silva.

She should have waked up happily to the radiance of another spring morning, but she didn't. As soon as she opened her eyes, a tremendous depression closed in on her. Why couldn't reality live up to the promises of spring? Romance . . . she eyed her Lancelot, still hopelessly escorting his king's lady, with a bitter gaze.

What was the use of being young and pretty, she asked herself, if one were to step from an unstirred girlhood to sensible marriage? Guinevere had had her lover, before she entered the chill halls of Arthur's castle. And she—

"I won't!" said Phoebe. "I won't—I won't—I won't!" And just what she wouldn't was something she could not have named; after all, she was not engaged to Nathan Hunt.

All day, he ignored her petulance with enraging good temper. She wouldn't play golf with him, though they both knew that she wanted to play, and he went cheerfully alone to the links. Restless and threatening, like the air before a summer storm, she moved about the house beneath her mother's puzzled regard.

"I've got a job!" Nathan told her, that night at dinner.

"A job!"

He nodded. "Ran into Dick Kirby on the links. He's bought the old Snow house and wants it done over—and I'm to do it! Be nice to play about with blueprints and stuff, while I'm resting."

Phoebe looked at him, half in envy, half in contempt. It was wonderful—but stupid, too!—to be able to quell one's restlessness by work.

[Continued on page 65]

Unlocking the WINTER

(By Lawrence PERRY)



Our snow covered hills—once grim and deserted—are now SPORT CENTERS

ALONG about this season of the year in sections of the United States where snow lies, there arises upon the easterly horizon a suffusing light of rarely delicate quality. In color it is amethyst and it invests the hills and valleys and the stark black trees with a tone of soft serenity that inspires the soul and inclines the mind to poetic reverie.

It is only in recent years that Americans have gone forth into the snows to seek inspiration that lies in the heart of winter. And they have found it; they have found, too, health and all the joys that come from the release of pent-up energy.

The unlocking of winter is a subject little known and little discussed by the vast body of Americans and yet it is one of the most significant manifestations of out-door activity in respect to recreation that has characterized our national life in recent years.

Formerly winter was looked upon as a closed season save by small groups of tobogganists made up of the hardier members of wealthy country clubs. Nature for the most part was viewed through frosted window panes by all except boys and girls equipped with sled and skates, or those bent upon necessary journeys in the open, and thought generally was concentrated upon the time when the snows would vanish from the green earth and the icy shackles would be broken.



(A fair spill.)

Last winter in the course of a hike in Northern New Jersey the writer chanced upon an immense throng gathered at the foot of a snow clad hill of the Preakness Mountains.

Winging down the slope came a ski-jumper in the picturesque garb of his kind and after him another and then another. Ski-jumping in New Jersey! Five years ago a ski-jumper in Jersey was as rare as a wisdom tooth in a turkey gobbler. Now, whenever the snow is right, ski-jumpers, boys and girls and men and women, may be encountered almost anywhere in the state. And so with other northern states wherein until recently the principal winter activities were confined to shoveling snow-covered walks and stoking the furnace.

In the colleges and universities it has become the fashion to organize activities on snow and ice on a definite basis. The number of institutions taking it up in this way is increasing year by year and intercollegiate meets in which the expert snow-shoers and ski-runners and jumpers meet in contest are constantly growing in number. No longer is it necessary for young men to journey to Lake Placid or Saranac or across the seas to the Tyrols or Switzerland to indulge in thrilling competitions or to view it as spectators.

At Dartmouth, Colgate, Williams, New Hampshire State, Middlebury,

the University of Vermont, Amherst, Cornell, the University of Wisconsin, the University of Minnesota, and of course the Canadian educational institutions' winter outing clubs provide the students with outlet for energy scientifically devised which makes for conditions thoroughly wholesome. The time is surely coming when winter sports will be organized on a comprehensive basis of intercollegiate competition.

At present the winter carnivals at Dartmouth, Williams, Colgate and Minnesota and Wisconsin draw many representatives from sister institutions. Once a beginning is made in the project of winter sports enthusiasm rises spontaneously. For the sheer beauty of the winter hills, the joy of conquering them, the bravery that is involved in overcoming distances, in negotiating the sheer descents of mountain and hill, the breath-catching rush of the mile-a-minute ice boat, the sturdy attainment of snow-covered distances—in all this there is a lure, an impulse, an inspiration which once felt is not willingly abandoned.

The writer well remembers his first experience of the winter unlocked to young men. He stood in that most wonderful of all winter valleys, the Vale of Tempe in Hanover, N. H., a silent domain deep in snow, guarded on all its steep declivities by great brooding pines—a valley lovely in its contrasting notes of white and green, majestic in all its perspectives.

Through this valley came, Indian file, a long line of sturdy Dartmouth students in many colored toques and mackinaws and sweaters, bound for a trail cabin

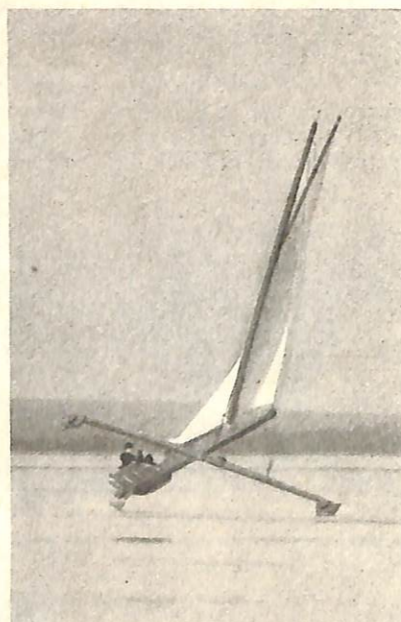


(Above)—The ever popular toboggan slide is one of the oldest of the winter sports.



(Above)—No sport, not even football, holds a quarter of the thrill of the gliding ice-boat.

(Right)—The ice-boat is temperamental but only an airplane can exceed its speed.



some ten miles away where the night would be spent and then on again to another objective nearer the foothills of the White Mountains. And what men they were, youth at its best, clear-eyed, lusty, full-chested, legs driving with the indomitable plunge of piston rods!

Fortune so decreed that some time later the writer had the privilege of participation in the first leg of one of these hikes, had the extraordinary satisfaction of attaining the first of the string of cabins under a mighty hill.

Here were blankets, cooking utensils. A crystal spring defied the zero temperature. In an instant, as it seemed, the logs

laid in the great fireplace were roaring, the smell of coffee exhilarated the senses and when was added the delectable odor of frying bacon and broiling steak, all mingled with the pungent aroma of pipe smoke, it seemed as though life could hold nothing more.

The evening wind began to sigh among the pines outside, the logs creaked in the falling temperature; soon the tendency to song and story died as the pine beds with the double piles of blankets exerted their subtle appeal. Sleep? Never doubt we slept and when we awoke, the writer is certain that never before in his life were his eyes clearer, his body so surcharged with blood and song.

Dartmouth has made much of her winter out-door life and takes pride in it. Well she may. In her high, northern latitude winters used to be intolerable seasons of boredom for Dartmouth students. As late as the winter of 1910 a solitary ski-jumper used to fare forth from the university in the rosy morning of a day when he had no classes, winging down hills, herring-boning up ascents, returning at the end of the day when the sunset was painting a long crimson band across the dark green tops of the pines.

This solitary runner was Frank H. Harris and he came to marvel that in a university of more than a thousand sturdy young men he was the only one to take advantage of the opportunities for splendid exercise which winters in this region afforded.

It was Harris who sounded the call to the ice-locked, snow-bound out-doors and it is principally to his credit that today the Dartmouth student who is not an expert on skis is an absolute anomaly.

Dartmouth opened the shackled trails and in the course of the years other colleges followed and more are going to follow.

Since throughout the country where snow lies in winter a pair of skis has come to be an essential part of a youngster's outfit, it is easy enough to obtain testimony that the ski is not a difficult thing to negotiate. A teacher helps; perhaps a teacher is necessary if one aims to be an expert, but for all ordinary purposes of travel or even mild jumping, say over a rail fence at the bottom of a hill, practise is all that is necessary.

Skiing goes back to the sixth century, to the day of Procopius—at least in his writings he refers to it—and the inhabitants of northern Norway have employed the ski longer than any historian can trace. But it was not until the late seventies when peasants from Telemark came to a winter meet at Christiania with their skis that this nation became a nation of ski-runners, ski-jumpers, and ski-jorers, the last being a sport in which the

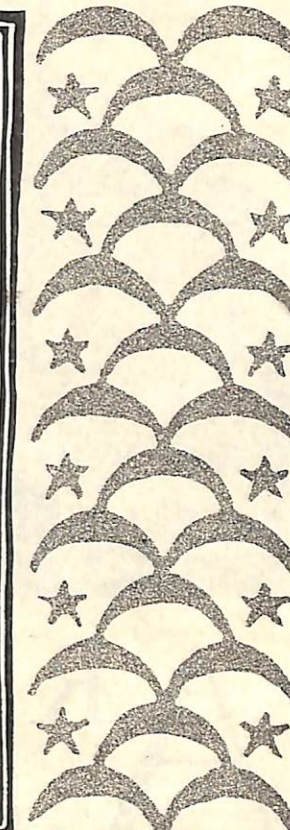
ski-runner is drawn by a horse or team of horses.

There came then a lapse; not until the eighties did the sport spread to other lands and now the ski is used not only for recreation and competition but for the sheer necessity of locomotion over the snows. In many cases it has supplanted the snowshoe.

The writer used snowshoes long [Continued on page 72]



THE SHRINE'S OWN DEPARTMENTS



round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



AS ONE lamp lights another nor grows the less."

I have been back tracking a grouch to find its origin.

Like a river, grouches are made up of half a dozen little tributaries uniting in deep flowing peeve!

This morning I cut my chin with a safety razor. My fault, of course, but it started me wrong. The cook was late and the coffee as weak as the stalk of a hothouse flower. A man blocked the alley with a load of coal and I had to drive over it to get out.

By the time I reached the street I got to thinking about Everyman's bigaboo . . . overhead. The overhead in my office is too great. That confounded flapper who secretaries me lost the carbon of a manuscript and a publisher had lost the original. I decided to fire her and get another one who would probably be worse. I share offices with a buddie. He gets on my nerves. I concluded to work in that office building without a cell mate. He disturbs me at times. Darn it all I was going to get off to myself.

My road down town passes a school. Among the school children the police have organized a Safety Patrol. A little fat boy in a white Sam Brown belt and a big nickel badge stopped my car so a group of children could cross the street. I sat in the car nursing my grouch and did not notice the fat boy's gesture to go ahead. Other cars had stopped behind me. Suddenly I heard a shrill cry from the fat kid.

"Hey there, Big Boy, let's go! Step on it! Other people want to ride if you don't!" I looked up. There he stood waving me on and grinning. I laughed aloud and drove on.

What a fool I was! There are a lot of people in the world besides me. I laughed about the cut on my chin, which was my fault. I grinned at the pile of coal and the weak coffee. I had caught that kid's laugh.

" . . . as one lamp lights another nor grows the less."

Yes, that girl in my office knows every telephone number in town. She can handle insurance salesmen and people soliciting contributions with a smiling pretty face and save me a lot of trouble. She knows when I can be disturbed and when I am busy and do not want to see anyone. She knows all my Shrine friends and that they are always to be admitted.

What a fool I had been to think of letting such a treasure go out of my office. I arrived to find her looking sad and forlorn. She had just finished another search of every nook and cranny of the office, but had not been able to locate the missing carbon.

I told her to forget it. It wasn't such a whale of a story anyway. I could write another one. When I saw the smile on her face and listened to the assurances that I was a mighty kind man and very good to her I realized that I had passed on that fat boy's smile.

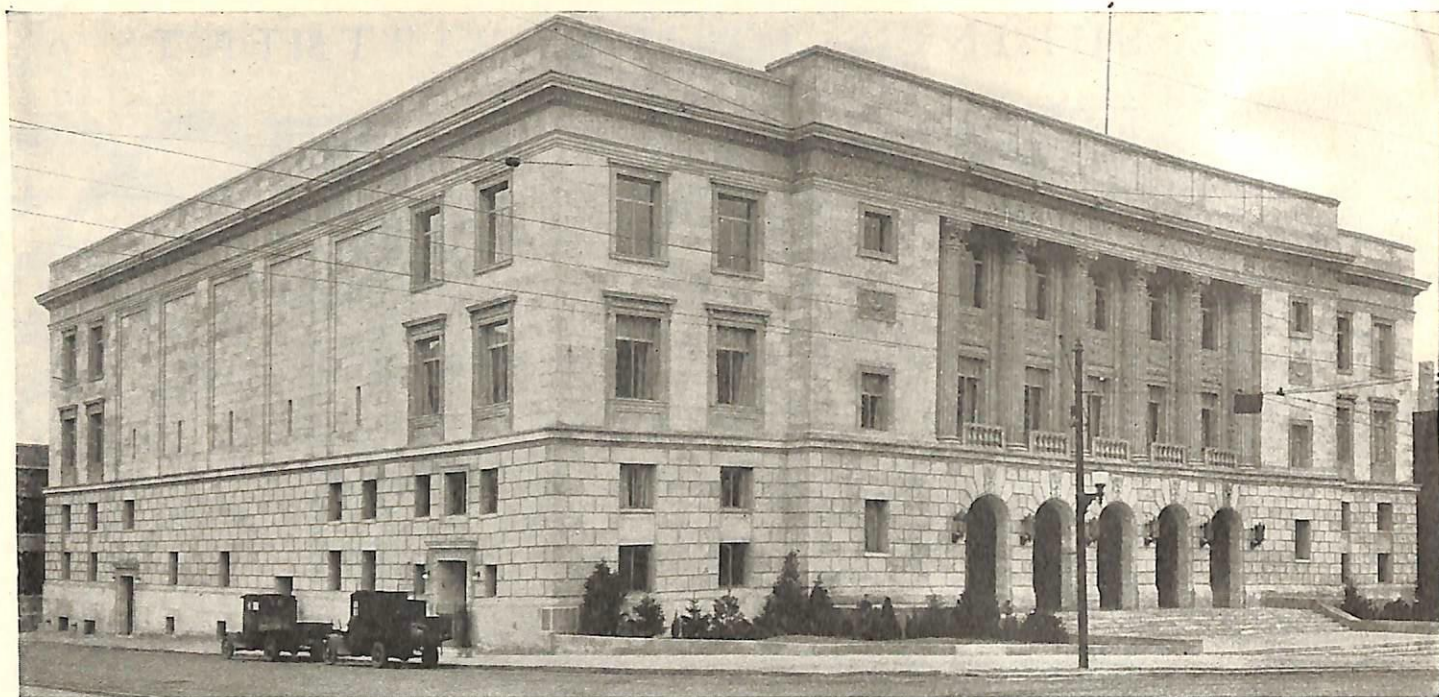
" . . . as one lamp lights another nor grows the less."

About this time my cell mate came in. The effect of the smile was with me still so I greeted him cheerfully. He barked at me like an abused dog. I laughed again, asking what was his chief trouble of the morning. He said he was getting darned sick and tired of being ridden like a pet goat.

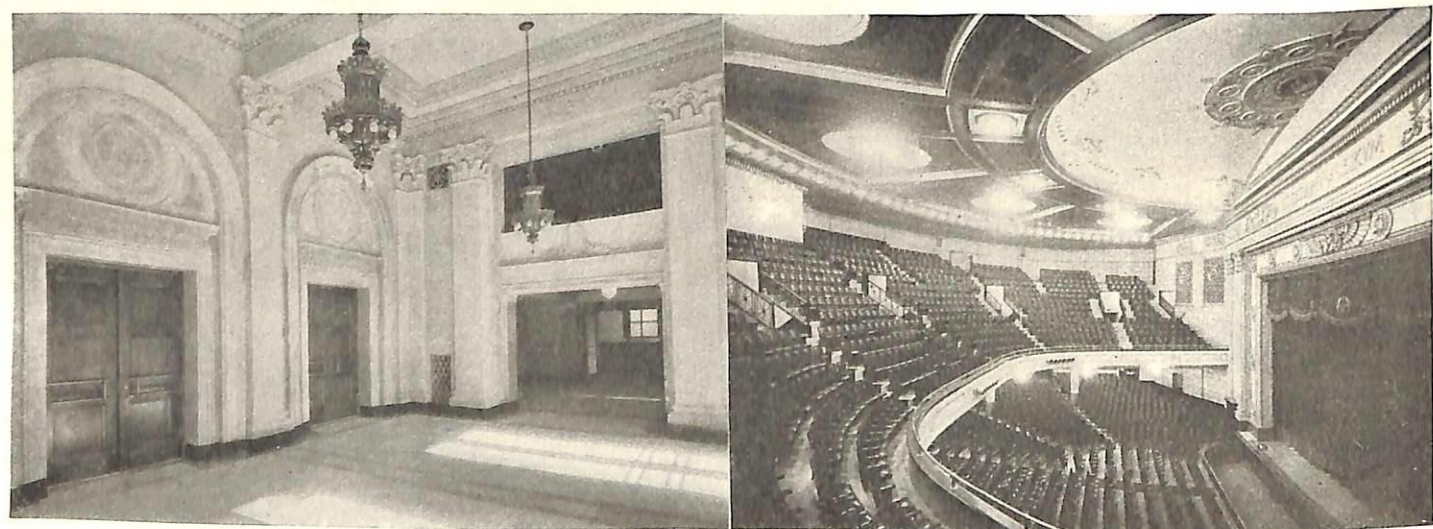
Jim Sparks of our lodge owed him a hundred dollars he had loaned to Jim when his wife was sick. Jim promised to pay the first of the month and here it was the sixteenth and he hadn't paid. Jim must think he was a bank! The next guy who asked him for a loan on fraternal grounds was going to be referred to the bank.

He was going to call Jim up and bawl him out. Jim had to come across with that dough. I laughed some more and asked him if he was in any particular need of money. If so, I suggested, I would loan him a hundred. I further advised that he step a little carefully with Jim, who is an honest fellow and would surely pay him.

[Continued on page 64]



ARARAT'S New Million-Dollar MOSQUE



(The beautiful main lobby of Ararat's new Mosque.

THE Dedication Ceremonies made Kansas City look as if it were entertaining a Shriners' Convention. In striking contrast to the gaily bedecked streets, the hordes of smiling Shrine visitors and the gorgeously garbed Bands and Patrols, the simplicity of the actual dedicatory ceremonies was markedly impressive.

The dream of those Ararat Shriners who have worked hard toward the completion of this new home is something they may well be proud of, not only as another tribute to Shrinedom but as a benefit to the entire Southwest for entertaining big conventions and staging huge productions of all kinds. The auditorium of the new Mosque seats 3,000 people, with a stage in proportion. According to Russell F. Greiner, Potentate of Ararat, the



(Left—Clifford Ireland, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master.

(Right—Russell F. Greiner, Ararat's Potentate.



(Past Potentate Fred O. Wood, Chairman of the Building Comm.

(A glimpse of the auditorium with its vast stage.

Kansas City section of the country has for a long time felt the need for such a building.



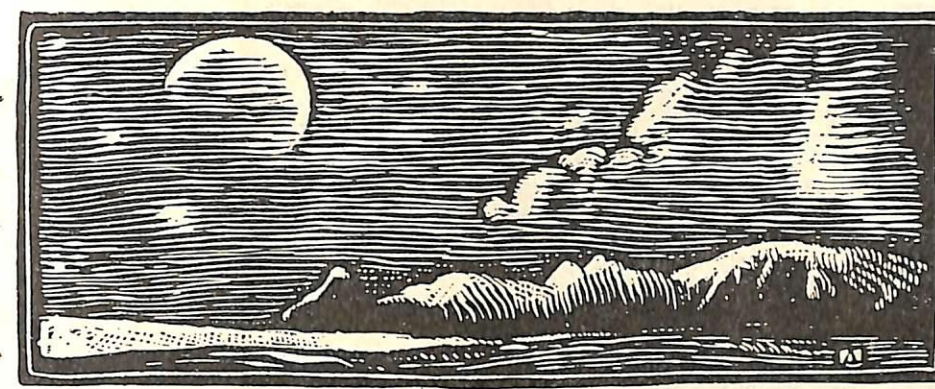
The Parade was arranged so as to reach the new Mosque in time for the dedication. Neighboring Temples sent their bands, patrols and chanters to add color and gaiety, and real camels provided a proper Arabic atmosphere.

The dedicatory services began shortly after three o'clock Saturday, December 18th; Clifford Ireland, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master of the Imperial Council, representing the Imperial Potentate, David W. Crosland.

Dr. John Pickard, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. of Missouri, dedicated the new Temple to Masonic use. Judge Merrill E. Otis, Grand Orator, spoke on [Continued on page 61]



WITHIN THE SHRINE



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

ALL SHRINE TEMPLES SHOULD HAVE THEIR VETERAN NOBLES ORGANIZED INTO A LEGION OF HONOR

MYSTIC Shrine membership is the cream skimmed off of every good community. Leading citizens in all lines are its workers and lovers. Of these, thousands went overseas to do their duty to their flag. Shrine loyalty to the flag has been proved. Thousands of its members died on the fields of France.

Of those who came back to Canada and the United States there have been organized guards of honor in many Temples, under the name of Legion of Honor, units which should be with us on every public appearance.

A keen appreciation of these men and their valor abides in the heart of every Noble. We are proud to have our organization show in public the number of our veterans. Such units serve to keep us in touch with other less fortunate veterans who from time to time we may be able to help.

Along the border of four thousand miles between Canada and the United States no gun bristles; on the waters between the two nations no war vessels or submarines patrol. These two great nations have always lived side by side with perfect understanding. Such international organizations as the Mystic Shrine in which the members mingle back and forth across the border have done much to foster this good feeling. If Legions of Honor under the Union Jack march intermingled with Legions under the Stars and Stripes at Imperial Council meetings this brotherly feeling, this perfect understanding which has always existed will be still further nurtured between us.

By all means organize the veteran Nobles of your Temple into a Legion and let us show the world that we, too, remember; that we, too, are patriotic in deed as well as word and that the flag of our country comes first, before the flag of the Shrine.

THE DREAM OF THE SHRINERS HOSPITALS IS MATERIALIZING IN UPSTANDING BOYS AND GIRLS

THE romancer who wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" supplied the ideal which later crystallized into the submarine that was such a factor in the Great War.

The "queer old Quaker" with his kite and key was laughed at but his dreams come true every day in telegraph, telephone, radio and electric lights.

The dreams of an Italian with two spectacle lenses and a piece of lead pipe have crystallized into the knowledge of modern astronomy.

The idealism of a couple of supposedly cracked bicycle dealers in Dayton, Ohio, crystallized into the airplanes which now promise to replace train and motor travel for the world.

Idealism is never as impractical as it sounds. The realities on every hand are the materialized idealism of the past. The dreams we dream today will be realized by our children's children in the none too remote tomorrow.

The task of straightening the limbs of the crippled children of this continent may seem to us herculean, a mere dream. There may seem to be no end to this Shrine task we have undertaken. It may seem too idealistic for this practical world.

No effort which looks toward the betterment of human conditions is wasted. No work done for the benefit of humanity is wasted. No idealism with the objective of adding to human happiness can fail.

Let us water and nourish carefully this seed which has sprouted in the Shrine and grown into the children's hospitals scattered across the continent. Let us cling close to this idealism even though our results seem small compared to the total of human suffering. The day will come when all this idealism will crystallize into an accomplishment which will make the historian see in our efforts an elevation of civilization as a whole.

A TEMPLE THAT USES ITS HOME TALENT WILL HAVE MORE SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENTS

IT IS a splendid custom for Temples to produce an entertainment for the Nobility at the end of the degree. To make these entertainments a success one of two factors must enter into them; money or brains. The easiest way is to send to the nearest vaudeville house and hire talent. This is, as a rule, good entertainment, but it is entirely lacking in Shrine spirit, in Shrine application, and in Shrine lore. Artists who can be seen by any of the Nobility for a dollar or so in many cases have already been seen by them.

The more difficult but by far better way, is to originate something inside of the Temple and put it on for the amusement of the crowd. This may be a farce comedy, musical skit, dialogue or theatrical production in any form, that permits the introduction of local color and the use of local conditions in Masonry or civic affairs.

The most sought after invitation in the country is one to the famous Gridiron Dinners, where the guests of the occasion have their fads and foibles held up to good-natured ridicule and where every skit is put on by members of the club.

In every Shrine Temple are men of histrionic ability, men with theatrical experience, men who can act and men who can sing. If an organization inside the Temple is formed to put on such sketches it is surprising how readily they will respond, how hard they will work and how much joy they will bring to the meetings.

The Shrine is second to no organization on earth in the brains at its command. Only encouragement is needed to lift these after-entertainments from the level of hired vaudeville to the high plane of enjoyable hits at local men and things. Just a little encouragement and a sum one tenth of what the vaudeville would cost and any Temple can be known far and wide for the high type of delightful entertainment it furnishes.

In a contest between brains and money the Shrine should ever be on the side with brains.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE A. G. ARVOLD
*Past Potentate El Zagal
Fargo, No. Dakota*

Past Potentate A. G. Arvold, of El Zagal Temple, Fargo, North Dakota, is an educator of originality and great force. His passion is the theater, and he has played an extremely important part in the development of the little theater movement in the country at large—a movement that is the great hope of the theater in these days when moving pictures and high railway fares have so greatly lessened the number of attractions on the road.

Culture and entertainment represent, really, Noble Arvold's life work. He organized the Little Country Theater at the North Dakota Agricultural College. From this all sorts of activities have spread out. Plays are staged, and sent out into the far corners of the state. Illustrated lectures are given; community singing is organized. Country life everywhere in lonely regions has been made brighter and fuller through Noble Arvold's work.



NOBLE J. W. HARRELD
*India Temple
Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Senator J. W. Harreld, of Oklahoma, is, appropriately enough, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs. Though long a member of India Temple, Oklahoma City, Senator Harreld has never held Shrine office, owing to the pressure of public affairs. But he takes every opportunity to mingle with the Nobility, wherever he may be.

Once Almas Temple, of Washington, was holding a ceremonial, and Noble Harding, then President, was to be a guest of honor. So was Senator Harreld, and he happened to enter the box reserved for the distinguished guests before the President. The box was dark, and as a figure was seen to enter it a storm of applause shook the building. Then a spotlight turned toward it and it was seen that it was not the President who had come in. But the Senator got an ovation of his own when he was introduced.

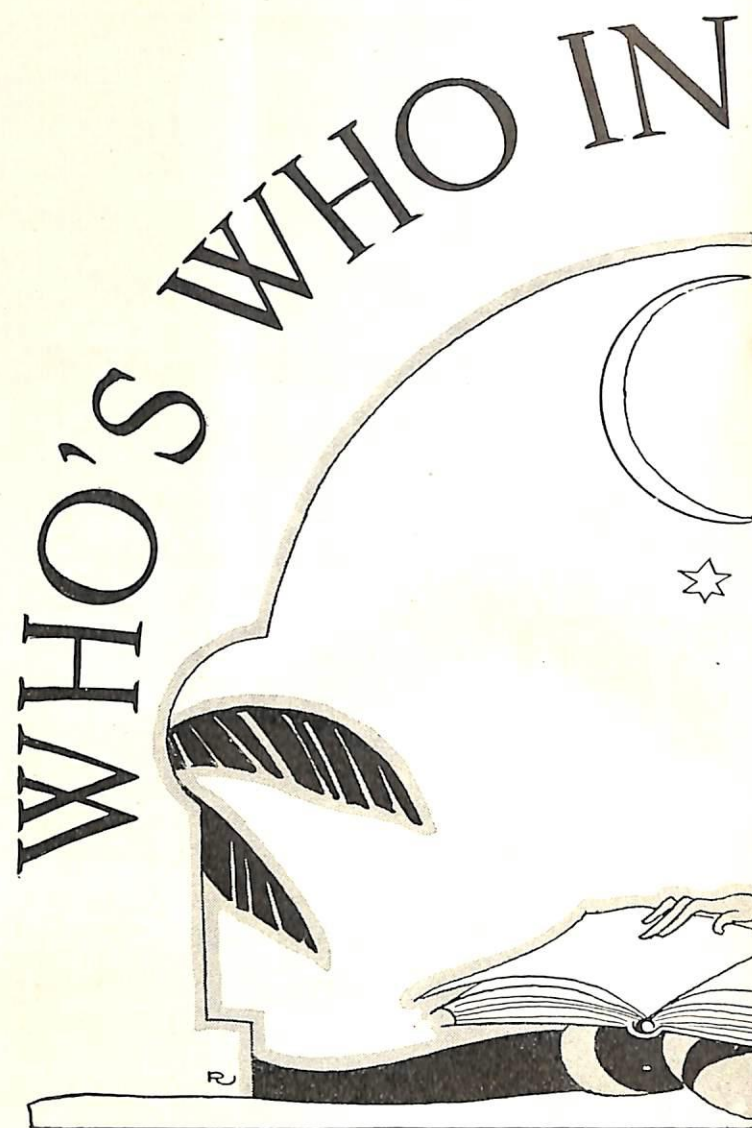


NOBLE BEN S. PAULEN
*Mirza Temple
Pittsburg, Kansas*

Noble Ben S. Paulen, a charter member of Mirza Temple, Pittsburg, Kansas, is at present governor of his state. He is typical of the men Kansas has always chosen to honor. Born on a farm in Illinois, he was brought to Fredonia, Kansas, when he was only three months old, so he may be regarded as a real Kansan. Never doing anything spectacular, he has stayed home and

sawed wood, as it were, and the result is his steady, irresistible movement to the highest office in his state.

He began work early on the family farm. Later, while he finished his schooling, he clerked in the general store his father had opened. Later still he became associated with the Wilson County Bank, rising to its presidency in 1918—an office he still holds. He was Mayor of Pittsburg for three terms; served for eight years in the state senate and became lieutenant governor in 1922 and governor two years later.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
*Mecca Temple
New York City*

Some men attain, in their lifetime, the standing of figures in a legend. One of them, in America, is Chauncey M. Depew. The chances are that anywhere in the world today the word America will bring two names to the lips of anyone you meet. One would be Thomas A. Edison—the other Chauncey M. Depew. He is the great story-teller of all time. It is, in his case, literally true that

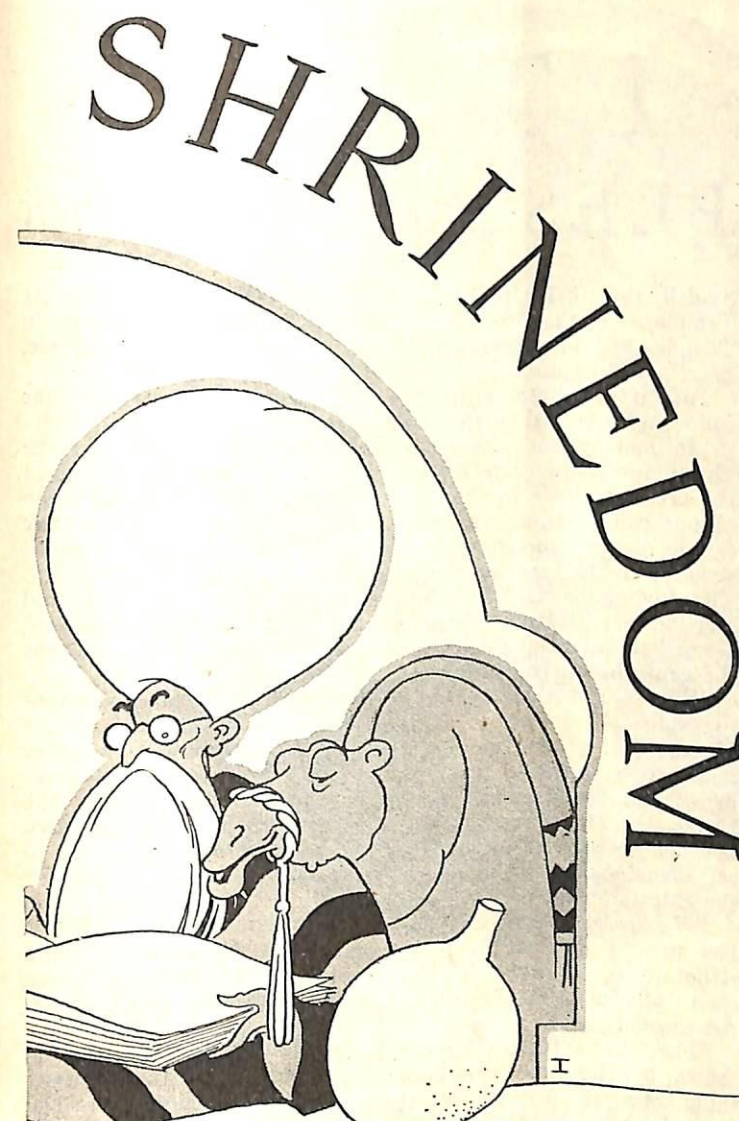
age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. He was ninety-two years old last April, but he can still tell, and does still tell, a better story than any living after dinner speaker.

Yet, in a sense, Chauncey Depew is the victim of his own fame. He might once have been president of the United States. He received ninety-nine votes for the nomination that finally went to Benjamin Harrison in 1888—but he had placed Harrison in nomination, and he would make no fight. Harrison named him as Secretary of State after his election, but Depew declined the honor—as he had declined, years before, appointment as Minister to Japan, even after his confirmation by the Senate. He could have been elected United States Senator in 1885, but refused—although he did serve as Senator from New York from 1899 to 1911.

A great lawyer, Senator Depew always hid the light of his legal talents under a bushel. So great and shrewd a judge of



WITHIN THE SHRINE



In LuLu Temple Noble Grakelow has been extremely active. He is a famous and eloquent speaker and one of the most popular of all Shriners. He has played a decidedly important part in civic life, and is, under Mayor Kendrick, in charge of hospitals, playgrounds and public welfare.

NOBLE R. E. COONTZ
*Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.*



Noble R. E. Coontz, of Almas Temple, Washington, is better known to the nation at large as Rear Admiral R. E. Coontz, one of the navy's most distinguished officers, who, during the world war, commanded the Seventh Division, co-operating with the British Fleet. His career in the navy has been singularly brilliant. Commandant of Midshipmen at Annapolis in 1909-1911, he was Governor of Guam in 1912, and became Chief of Naval Operations in 1919, serving for four years in that all important post.

Admiral Coontz served in Philippine waters during the Spanish war and the subsequent insurrection, took part in the landing at Vera Cruz, and has many medals, including the Distinguished Service Medal of the World War. His Masonic and Shrine activities have been limited by his professional duties but he is a Past Master of his Blue Lodge.

NOBLE WILLIAM R. ELLIS
*Hella Temple
Dallas, Texas*



Past Potentate William R. Ellis, of Hella, Dallas, Texas, is as active a Mason as ever became a Noble of the Shrine. He is a great drill master and a volunteer fire fighter of statewide fame—perhaps because he is in the insurance business and has a distinct prejudice against allowing anyone, even a fellow Shriner, to have too many fires.

Bill Ellis, as they know him in Dallas, found the home life of a big city cramped his style too much. So he created a community of his own in which to live—University Place. He is both police and fire commissioner, and as police commissioner directs a force of one patrolman.

He was the first chairman of the board of the Hella Hospital for Crippled Children, and is active in many civic and charitable affairs. He likes to let people know he is coming, and one of the ways he does it is to drop his cane as he enters a Shrine gathering. That sounds reasonable—but the joker is that the cane contains a .44 cartridge. He is popular with the nerve specialists in his part of Texas.

NOBLE THOMAS L. FEKETE
*Ainad Temple
St. Louis, Ill.*



Noble Thomas L. Fekete, first Potentate of Ainad Temple, East St. Louis, Ill., is one of the large number of Shriners who are, in private life, important financial figures in their communities. For more than half a century a real estate man, Noble Fekete is an officer and director of several banks, and a leading figure in local transportation companies. He has filled many Masonic offices and has been a leader in Ainad from its beginning.

NOBLE C. H. GRAKELOW
*LuLu Temple
Philadelphia, Pa.*



Noble Charles H. Grakelow, Chief Rabban of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, is the new Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—which adds just one more link to the old and strong chain of friendship binding the Elks and the Shrine together.

The Elks are certainly assured a brilliant administration under Noble Grakelow. His record as

Exalted Ruler of his lodge was unrivaled and the superb club, costing four million dollars, is almost a personal monument to his abilities.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES

OF THE TEMPLES *and Other News*

COMING EVENTS

Feb. 2d—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
 Feb. 4th—Potentate's Ball, Aladdin, Columbus, Ohio
 Feb. 11th—Bal-masque, Damascus, Rochester
 Feb. 11th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
 Feb. 11th—Ceremonial, Saladin, Grand Rapids
 Feb. 17th—Ceremonial, El Karubah, Shreveport, La.
 Feb. 17-18-19—Ninth Annual Meeting Shrine Directors' Association at Shreveport
 Feb. 18th—Ball, Saladin, Grand Rapids
 Feb. 18th—Dance of Orlando, Fla., Shrine Club
 Feb. 19th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 Feb. 24th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson, Miss.
 Feb. 25th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
 Feb. 25th—Terrace Garden Revue, Mizpah, Ft. Wayne
 Feb. 25th—Ceremonial, Medinah, Chicago
 March 4th—Informal dance, Aladdin, Columbus, Ohio
 March 11th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
 March 19th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 March 19th—Dance of Orlando, Fla., Shrine Club
 March 25th—Ceremonial, Medinah, Chicago
 March 25th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
 April 16th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 May 11th—Ceremonial, Alcazar, Montgomery, Ala.
 May 12th—Ceremonial, Zamora, Birmingham, Ala.
 May 19th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson, Miss.
 May 27th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 June 13-14—Meeting of Recorders' Association at Atlantic City
 June 14-15-16—Imperial Council Session at Atlantic City
 Nov. 17th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson

SHRINE DIRECTORS' MEETING

When the Shrine Directors' Association meets in Shreveport, La., on February 17, 18 and 19, they will be received with real Southern hospitality. Elaborate plans for their entertainment have been made by El Karubah Temple, under the direction of Nobles Sam W. Mason, Potentate, and James H. Rowland, Recorder. One feature will be a real Ceremonial in the spacious Colosseum, at which the Directors will show their spectacular stunts in actual practice. Noble Earl N. Swan, Chairman of Stunts, is attending to the entries and will see that prizes are awarded.

The Directors' Association is only eight years old, but in that time it has done much to improve the work of the Second Section. Nearly every Temple in North America is now identified with the organization, and from these annual sessions, many novel forms of entertainment have been developed.

The officers are: Robert A.



Robert A. Sindall of Boumi Temple, Baltimore, President of the Shrine Directors' Association.



Louis C. Fischer of Omar Temple, Charleston, Sec'y-Treas. of Shrine Directors' Association.



Sindall, Boumi Temple, President; Percy E. Hoak, Za-Ga-Zig Temple, 1st Vice-President; Theo. C. Treadway, Al Amin Temple, 2nd Vice-President; Louis C. Fischer, Omar Temple, Secretary-Treasurer.

Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy has written the following in regard to the work of the association:

"In looking back over the work in the Temples of the Shrine for more than forty years, I am often reminded of the progress made in the development of the Second Section of our work. In the early eighties, when the Temples were few in number and membership small, there was not so much required in the way of entertainment to interest the Nobility. The foundation laid in the Second Section for mirth and merriment and from which radiated the smile and laughter, seemed to fill a long felt want in a Fraternal Order and was the cause of our rapid growth.

"With a largely increased membership, it became apparent to Noble Al Smith of Moslem Temple and some of the Directors of other Temples, that getting together in a closer union with exchange of ideas and stunts would be of great benefit to the Temples. So in the spirit of co-operation, the Shrine Directors' Association was formed primarily to give every Director present at the Annual Meetings a chance to see demonstrated some new feature, which he could use for the entertainment of his membership.

"The first meeting was held in Chicago in 1919. That it has proved a great help to make the Ceremonials more elaborate is apparent in the interest now taken by more than 140 of the Temples having Representation in the Association.

"That the Directors have taken seriously to their work is shown by the time and labor expended in preparing something new to present at these Annual Gatherings. The Association at its first meeting went on record as indorsing only clean wholesome fun and has been commended by the Imperial Council for the work they are doing."

The following is the tentative program as arranged by the Executive Committee:

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.

Committees meet incoming trains and register delegates and visitors at Scottish Rite Cathedral, Cotton and Common streets. Delegates receive badges.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH.

8:30 A. M.—Registration and Reception.

9 A. M.—Opening Session Shrine Directors' Association of North America at Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Invocation:

Louisiana Welcome—Noble O. H. Simpson, Governor of Louisiana.

Shreveport Welcome—Noble L. E. Thomas, Mayor of Shreveport.

El Karubah Temple Welcome—Illustrious Potentate of El Karubah Temple, Sam W. Mason.

[Continued on page 52]

FEBRUARY 1927

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In my concert work, I must, of course, give first consideration to my voice. Naturally, I am very careful about my choice of cigarettes as I must have the blend which is kindly to my throat. I smoke Lucky Strikes, finding that they meet my most critical requirements.

Reinold Werrenrath

Werrenrath's Thrilling Voice

How He Safeguards it by Smoking Lucky Strike

—Because "It's Toasted"

VAST audiences enjoy Werrenrath's marvelous voice. They are always delighted at his clear, perfect tones.

Lucky Strikes have become the favorites of men whose priceless voices thrill their audiences, as they have with the millions, because, first, they afford greater enjoyment, and second, they are certain not to irritate even the most sensitive throat.

In smoking, he prefers Lucky Strikes because they give the greatest enjoyment and throat protection.

The world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged, perfectly blended, give them their richer flavor.

But in addition, a costly extra process—toasting for 45 minutes—develops the hidden flavors of the choicest tobaccos and at the same time removes all "bite" and harshness.

Smoke Lucky Strikes. They give added pleasure—you'll like them.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection





WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 50)

Response:
R. A. Sindall, President Shrine Directors' Association of N. A.

Introduction Imperial Visitors.
J. H. Rowland, Chairman.

Opening services.
El Karubah Band, Chanters and Chorus.

Business Session.
12:30 P. M.—Luncheon, Dining-room Scottish Rite Cathedral.

1:30 P. M.—Street Parade.
2:30 P. M.—First Section Ceremonial at Scottish Rite Cathedral.

3:30 P. M.—Visit to Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children.

7:00 P. M.—Second Section Ceremonial at State Fair Colosseum.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1927.
At Scottish Rite Cathedral.

9:00 A. M.—Business Session.
12:30 P. M.—Luncheon.

1:30 P. M.—Business Session.
8:00 P. M.—Entertainment for Nobles and Ladies at S. R. Auditorium.

9:00 P. M.—Shrine Directors' Ball at S. R. Ball Room, S. R. Cathedral.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1927.
At Scottish Rite Cathedral.

9:00 A. M.—Business Session.
12:30 P. M.—Luncheon.

1:30 P. M.—Automobile Sight Seeing Tours.
8:00 P. M.—Directors' Banquet at S. R. Cathedral.

WAHABI VISITS ZAMORA

Wahabi, Jackson, Miss., has a justly earned reputation for putting on a splendid first section and so impressed did the powers of Zamora, Birmingham, become with it that Wahabi was invited to be their guests and put on the entire work of the first section at the winter Ceremonial. So twenty-five of the Jackson Nobility boarded the train and made their way to Birmingham.

The team was composed of Past Potentate Wiley P. Harris, Potentate; Potentate C. E. Klumb, Chief Rabban; Chief Rabban W. N. Cheney, Assistant Rabban; Past Potentate Thos. P. Sparks, High Priest and Prophet; Longstreet Cavett, Oriental Guide; Fred Thrasher, First Ceremonial Master; W. M. Mounger, Second Ceremonial Master; T. Mitchell Robinson, Orator; Chanters—W. T. Merritt, A. D. Wicks, W. A. Edwards, Jr., H. N. Eason, B. T. Loflin, A. G. Villeg; Orchestra—R. M. Philp, A. P. Philp, W. T. Head, Jr., E. W. Robinson, L. E. Pullo,

L. G. Allen, W. E. Godfrey, E. S. Atkinson, Jr.; Specialty—George R. Powell. Potentate Wheelock and Divan met the traveling Bedouins at the station, escorting them to the hotel and taking them on a tour of inspection through the steel mill of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. The Ceremonial was

a splendid one, one hundred and twenty-two Novices hitting the high spots. The second section was handled by Zamora's own trained and skilled wreckers, who left nothing undone which could add to the misery and apprehension of the class. Later Recorder George B. Power, Wahabi, talked on the hospitals, while the views were being shown and one result of the showing was the donation of a check for \$100 by one of the Nobility who asks for the withholding of his name. It was a great day for Shrinedom, exemplifying the delightful spirit of good fellowship which exists between these two Temples.

IMPERIAL COUNCIL PROGRAMME

Crescent Temple has announced the following tentative program for the Fifty-third Imperial Council Session to be held at Atlantic City, N. J., June 12 to 17.

Convention Headquarters, Central Pier, Room 19.

Director General, Earl E. Jeffries.

Assistant Director Generals—Milton S. Lindsay, Wilmer J. Houpt, Carroll W. Brown, P. E. Howard, Walter S. Jeffries.

Sunday, June 12—
Special Church Services, Band Concerts.

Monday, June 13—
Free Automobile Rides, Band Concerts, Visits to points of interest.

2 P. M. Annual Session Recorders' Association.

6:30 P. M. Annual Recorders' Dinner.
9 P. M. Reception and Ball to Imperial Potentate, Officers, Representatives and Ladies.

Tuesday, June 14—
9 A. M. Parade of uniformed bodies.
11 A. M. Imperial Council Session, Hotel Chelsea Auditorium.

Luncheons, sight-seeing trips, boating, vaudeville, bathing, golf, patrol drills, concerts, serenades, dancing.

7 P. M. Banquet for Imperial Potentate, Officers and Representatives.

Wednesday, June 15—
10 A. M. Imperial Council Session.

All attractions of the previous day, with added features, throughout day and evening.

8 P. M. Mammoth Night Parade.

Thursday, June 16
10 A. M. Imperial Council Session, and continuous entertainment for Nobles and ladies, with open house at Clubs, free Exhibits, Floral Displays.

8 P. M. Air Port. Electrical Displays.

The complete program will be announced later.

GALVESTON GAETIES

El Mina Temple was conspicuous in Galveston social activities which centered around November's two holidays.

At the American Legion's Armistice ball, the band members and other Shriners appeared in a skit entitled "The Awkward Squad," which was one of the hits of the evening. A drill executed by the De Molay patrol and several selections by El Mina band in overseas uniform were featured. Praise was given to the Shriners for their part in the success of the Legion's annual ball.

On Thanksgiving El Mina's annual Thanksgiving ball was held, and was one of the outstanding social events of the day. Hundreds of the Nobles and their ladies, followed Potentate and Mrs. W. H. Calvert in the grand march and enjoyed the dancing that followed. The band under direction of Past Potentate Bill Schneider played a half-hour's concert before the dance commenced.

At El Mina's fall ceremonial, the second under the regime of Potentate Calvert, a class of fair size was guided across the torrid sands of the desert.

Potentate Harry S. Coombs, Kora, Lewis-ton, Me., wound up his term in a blaze of glory, his last official doings being the night devoted to the Shriner Ladies. The notice advising of the event was extremely artistic in style, and the committee in charge of the affair was as follows: George H. Davis, Chairman; Ernest L. Wellman, Secretary and Treasurer. Banquet Committee: Potentate Harry S. Coombs, F. Owen Stephens, Harvey L. Stetson, Benjamin Jones, Samuel T. Cobb, Ralph T. Rowe, G. Lawrence Winslow.

Abou Saad Temple, Canal Zone, entertained the nobles and ladies at a ball and card party in the Mosque at Balboa Heights, the Shrine orchestra furnishing the music. Full details of the ceremonials held on January 22nd at the Zone, and on the 24th at Porto Rico, will be received too late for this issue. [Shrine News Continued on page 54]

Watch the Windows of All Shrine Drug Stores During the Week of February 13th!

SHRINE druggists throughout the nation, cooperating with the Shrine Magazine, will present special window displays during the week of February 13th.

These displays will consist of the many high-class medicinal and toilet articles which are regularly advertised in The Shrine Magazine.

Go through the pages of this issue carefully, then go to your neighboring Shrine drug store and see for yourself the quality of the products advertised in our columns.

Your Shrine druggist is making every effort to facilitate your inspection of the various articles he will place on display. He wants to render you—a fellow Shriner—the best service possible. And he is particularly anxious to get to know the women of your family—your wives and daughters who, after all, make most of the purchases for your home.

Look for these special displays and ask your folks to look for them. You will find in them many suggestions for restocking the medicine cabinet with medicinal and other household necessities.

And may we emphasize one important point. All of the products advertised in the Shrine Magazine are of the highest quality and worthy of your fullest confidence.

Patronize your neighboring Shrine Drug Store and watch for the Special Window Displays during the week of February 13th



(Left to right—Director General of the 53rd Imperial Council Session, Earl E. Jeffries, and four of his Assistant Director Generals—Wilmer J. Houpt, Carroll W. Brown, P. E. Howard and Walter S. Jeffries.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52])

DOWN TO A SYSTEM

There may be other Temples with as well defined campaign committee work as the one that obtains at Zamora, but if there are they have kept their light under the bushel basket. Zamora is located at Birmingham and has a large slice of territory outside the city limits. Potentate Wheelock appointed Noble E. P. Kirkpatrick to organize a Membership Campaign. This has resulted in an organization that meets monthly at a smoker, where the lowest managers buy the smokes for the top-notchers, where prizes are distributed and where each Noble who turns in a petition is given a preferred seat at the ringside of the following Ceremonial. The committee issues a monthly bulletin, full of interesting data with the purpose in view of acquainting the non-active or out-of-town members with the personnel of the Divan, the work that they do, information about the uniformed bodies, and the stirring of interest in the various activities of a social character sponsored by the Temple. It is effective because it is good and Temples anxious to keep step would do well to get a copy of the bulletin issued monthly.

GUEST TRAVELS 1,400 MILES

Past Imperial Potentate J. Putnam Stevens of Portland, Me., was the chief guest at Sanford, Fla., when Morocco Temple of Jacksonville carried out its third ceremonial in three years at that city. Noble Stevens and Mrs. Stevens traveled more than 1,400 miles for the special purpose of attending the festivities in connection with the event and made all Floridians glad by promising to come again in three months and to stay longer next time.

The Sanford Shrine Club has the reputation of being one of the most active organizations of its kind in Florida, which is saying a good deal, as they are all alive and wide awake.

Noble Stevens was presented by the Sanford contingent with a fine traveling handbag. Illustrious Potentate Edward J. Burke of Morocco also was the recipient of a large basket of American Beauty roses, while the Nobles of Morocco, not to be outdone, gave a cut glass water set to President Edward F. Lane, to whose efforts the Sanford club largely owes its success.

SHRINE CLUBS

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
Buffalo—Ismailia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
Cleveland—Al Koran, Mondays, Hotel Statler.
Columbus—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior Street.
Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
Evansville—Hadi, Thursdays, Shrine Club House.
Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
Honolulu—Aloha, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.

Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.
Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, changing each week to a different hotel.
Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Schrom's Restaurant.
St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.
Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar
Imperial Potentate
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Chief Rabbah
LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah
Imperial Assistant Rabbah
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Marshal
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Outer Guard

Dr. Stanley Mock, a writer on Masonic subjects, gave an address on "Our Masonic Heritage" at a recent weekly meeting of the Rochester, N. Y., Shrine lunch club.

The Jackson, Tenn., Shrine Club had a Memphis night recently. John B. Vesey, Potentate of Al Chymia Temple, Memphis, and W. Percy McDonald, president of the Memphis Shrine Luncheon club, spoke, and Shrine quartet of Memphis provided music.

Dodge Brothers put on the whole entertainment for the Boulevard Shrine Club, Detroit, recently.

UNIFORMED BODIES

Hillah's Patrol, which is usually referred to as that Temple's dynamo, can probably claim the most scattered residence of any uniformed unit of the entire order, its captain being George R. Chapman of Goldhill, first lieutenant, George A. Lorentz of Melford, and second lieutenant, Rex Barnett of Grant's Pass. The other members of the Patrol are distributed as follows: Ashland, eight members; Grant's Pass, thirteen members; Melford, fifteen members. Just whether the drilling is done by correspondence course is not as yet set forth.

Mizpah Temple band and other uniformed bodies report that they had a glorious reception, recently, on a trip to Markle, Ind. The Fort Wayne Nobles have organized a Saturday Night Dancing Club and are planning a real Oriental band of twenty pieces.

A mounted patrol of 24 men is the proud possession of El Maida Temple, El Paso, Tex. They make a picturesque group as desert Arabs.

Mecca Temple's 100 piece band led the parade at the laying of the cornerstone of a \$250,000 Masonic Temple at Long Beach, L. I.

Zembo Temple, Harrisburg, Pa., captured Gettysburg in one night. The town surrendered at discretion to the visiting patrol of 65 men and the band.

Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial High Priest and Prophet, says 12,000 men will dance and compete for costume prizes at the Valentine party of Damascus Temple, Rochester, N. Y., February 11th.

Members of the Oriental band and patrol at Troy, N. Y., sponsored a theater production from December 13th to 24th, which was highly successful both artistically and financially.

Boumi Chanters, Baltimore, attended the church of Dr. Wallis recently.

Klamath Falls has a bugle and drum unit comprising eleven men.

MISCELLANEOUS

A man representing himself to be a member of Ararat, Kansas City, operating under the name of R. A. Whitmore, has been cashing worthless checks in Toledo and Detroit. He is supplied with counterfeit credentials. If he chances to come your way, the police would like a personal interview.

Reuben R. First, New York City, has been found guilty of wearing a Shrine pin illegally and is now in jail. The verdict was unanimous, following an all-day trial. Information was laid by Grand Secretary Kenworthy of the Grand Lodge of New York as to First's irregularities in connection with Masonic emblems.

[Shrine News continued on page 86]

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 24]

cally through its large-pored, flabby Hebraic nose, still kneeling on the ground, its gawky legs folding under its belly like jacknives, occasionally turning and eying him malevolently.

Then Amin Shujah's piercing shouts of: "Get up—yah bint—O daughter! Rise and on your way, O grandmother of seventeen bad smells!"

The other two Bedawins lent a hand. They pushed and kicked, with more shouts and highly spiced imprecations. The camel snarled, spat, until at last, after an unsuccessful attempt to bite Sir James in the hip, it rose suddenly on its hind legs, almost shooting him over its swanlike neck, then on its front legs, almost precipitating him across its moth-eaten tail.

Amin Shujah tossed him a pointed thorn stick. Mercilessly he used it, and the beast broke into the jambaz, the pacing, rolling gait which looks slow and clumsy, but will in the long run outdistance anything on four feet.

At first, nearer Kasambara and the river which made the town and its surrounding agricultural district possible, there was still a tangle of low undergrowth, tamarack and drin and stunted carob, twisted, tortured, nearly leafless shrubs, and here and there a clump of palm trees, each like a distinct island, single and solid amidst the ocean of the sands. But an hour later the heart of the desert came to them with orange and yellow and purple, spawning its dry, golden eternities; with a carved aridity, an enormous, sterile monotony flowing on vague horizons.

It came with an insolent nakedness, completely lifeless. For life in the desert is but a trivial incident, a negligible detail, uncared for, unessential. So when, occasionally, there was a sign of life—a carrion-hawk poised high in the parched sky, a jackal loping across the sands like an evil, gray thought, or a lonely cameleer passing with never a word of greeting—it seemed an intrusion, a weak and puerile challenge to the infinite wilderness.

The Bedawins were silent and morose, as is the habit of desertmen on the trek.

Sir James was occupied with his thoughts. More than ever was he convinced that he had chosen the right, the only path, that he must find through to the Man in the Half-Light and kill him. This unknown man was the center of the movement, the controlling energy of the whole dread thing. The limbs of the monster would die of themselves, would shrivel and wilt, once its foul heart was pierced.

They rode all day.

Evening came with a gloomy iridescence, a twilight of pastel colors, a distant mountain chain where blues and ochres of every shade gleamed on the slopes. Then the sudden tropical night dropped like a shutter.

Sir James stared straight ahead.

A sinister cloud bank of sickly olive lay athwart the moon-cleft horizon like a solid obstacle, daring him to hurtle across.

"Carry on!" he said to himself; found encouragement in the homely British phrase.

They made camp in a small oasis filled with the ghosts of forgotten caravans; ate their frugal meal; stretched themselves out; and there echoed the night noises of the desert like the slow, insistent pounding of a far surf and, slashing through, fervently, dramatically, from an immense distance, the muffled pulse of nomad signal drums whispering the gossip of Africa from oasis to oasis.

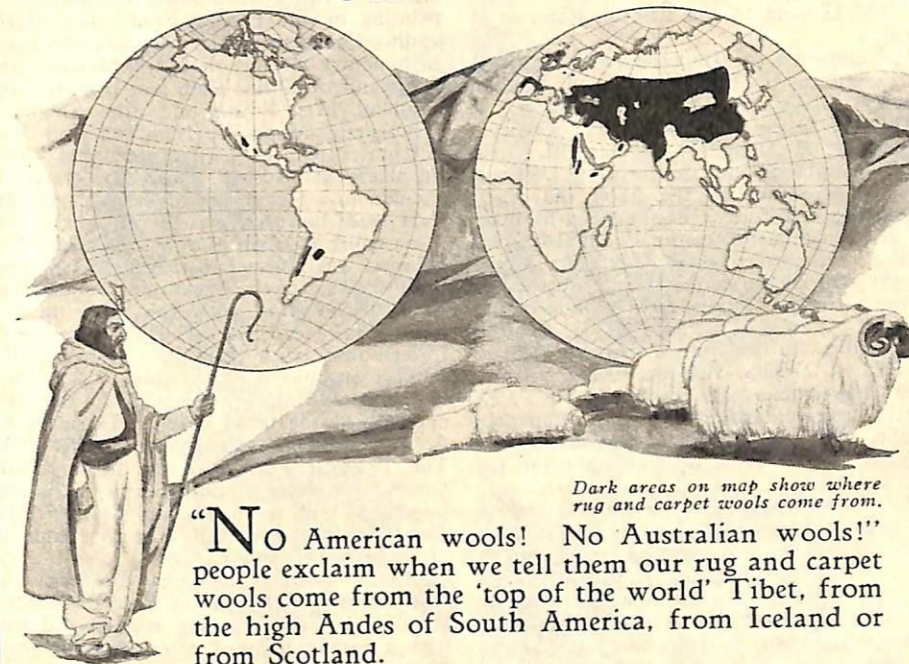
Sir James noticed that Amin Shujah was listening intently.

"You know the language of the drums?" he inquired.

"Yes. Hush! I [Continued on page 57]

The Art of Rug Making

1. Where Rug Wools Come From



Dark areas on map show where rug and carpet wools come from.

"No American wools! No Australian wools!" people exclaim when we tell them our rug and carpet wools come from the 'top of the world' Tibet, from the high Andes of South America, from Iceland or from Scotland.

"Yes, no American or Australian wools," we reply, "for these wools are soft, suitable for clothing, while rug wools must be strong and resilient. When feet tread upon them they must spring back into place and never show the mark. Only high, cold districts where the sheep are out of doors the year round produce such wools."

4,000,000 sheep are shorn each year, that their fleece clip may be woven into Mohawk rugs and carpets. These wools come to us in their crude state, full of body grease, dirt and burs. They shrink 25% in cleaning. Three hundred different kinds of cactus can be grown from the seeds found in the refuse removed!

From raw wool to finished rugs—the whole process is carried on under one management in the Mohawk Mills, giving complete control over the quality of the finished product.

The long haired fleece when combed and sorted out becomes worsted, the shorter fleece wool. We will show the difference and tell the function of each in our next lesson which will appear in The Shrine Magazine for April.

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS INC.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

W. & J. SLOANE, Sole Selling Agents, 572 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

MOHAWK RUGS



WITHIN THE SHRINE

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

IMPERIAL Potentate David W. Crosland resumed his pilgrimage by crossing the border into Canada to call first on Rameses at Toronto.

At Sunnyside the Imperial party was met by Potentate U. E. Gillen, Chief Rabban Charles Soady, Assistant Rabban J. J. Buchanan, Oriental Guide L. P. Cadieux, Marshal J. H. Doughty, president of Patrol W. N. Simpson and Counselor J. Wright. After a reception at the hotel the party visited the cemeteries, placing wreaths upon the graves of Past Imperial Potentate Harry Collins, Honorary Life Member Clyde Mowry and all the deceased Past Potentates. In the afternoon there was a parade to the Masonic Temple, Potentate J. D. Morrell of Ismailia, Buffalo, and Potentate William C. Forbes, Mocha, London, being present. Another welcome addition was Noble F. M. Rutter, superintendent of the Canadian Pacific, who placed his private car at the disposal of the Imperial Potentate for the trip to Detroit.

Potentate Gillen was responsible for a handsome testimonial in the shape of a bowl of gold, silver, nickel and copper combined—all products of Ontario. Following the speech of acceptance, Potentate Morrell of Ismailia made a short address. In the afternoon the ladies were entertained by Mrs. Gillen and in the evening a banquet was spread. This was followed by a dance at which a bouquet of roses was presented to Mrs. Crosland by Potentate Gillen. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Gillen by the Imperial Potentate.

The Imperial party stopped next at London, where Recorder W. H. Abbott and members of the Divan, including their wives, met them. Noble Harry Morgan was chairman of the reception committee. In the afternoon a visit was made to the War Memorial Hospital where Mocha provides accommodations for orthopedic cases. Dinner was served in the largest hall in the city which was crowded to the limit. Everybody appeared happy and willing to have the

fact broadcast. The Imperial Potentate was presented with a handsomely framed marine painting by St. Thomas Smith, one of the leading Canadian artists. He was also made an honorary member of Mocha Temple, and the Brantford Shrine Club sent roses to Mrs. Crosland, Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Abbott.

Potentate Albert E. Hamilton and Past Potentates Clyde I. Webster and Billy Benallack of Moslem joined the party at London to act as escort to Detroit. On arrival there luncheon was served in the new seven million dollar Masonic Temple. The occasion was unusual in that it was a combined meeting of the Caravan and Boulevard clubs, each vying with the other in the number in attendance. The Divan and uniformed units with their officers swelled the number to fully 1,500 persons.

Potentate Hamilton opened the meeting and turned the gavel over to President C. A. Reeves of the Boulevard Shrine Club. The Imperial Potentate was made a life honorary member of both Shrine clubs and presented with a handsome Chinese rug. The ladies were entertained at the home of Mrs. Clyde I. Webster.

In the evening the men attended the semi-annual meeting of the Past Potentates' association. This meeting was so different that it calls for special mention. Potentate Hamilton, who has won fame for original table decorations and service, aided by Noble H. W. Klare, manager of the Statler Hotel, had the bread line so larded with emblematic designs and the menu was so perfect that no one could help being pleased.

Past Potentate Van Sickle was in the chair as president of the association. Noble Eddie A. Guest sympathized both in poetry and in prose with the Imperial Potentate, keeping the guests laughing from start to finish, and Past Potentate Frank Lodge did one of his best monologues. A gold honorary membership certificate was presented to the Imperial Potentate by ex-Congressman John B. Corliss. Past Potentate James R. Watt and Potentate Forbes of Mocha were then

made honorary members of the association.

Then came the business of the evening—which began with the reading of the minutes of the two preceding sessions by the Secretary, Past Potentate Benallack. While the minutes may not have recorded the doings of the meetings with accuracy they certainly showed the way for improvement in the table manners of each member, commented upon the alleged reasons for absenteeism (none of which would have been accepted by the person to whom they were attributed), boasted of the gastronomic ability of the active members of the association, applauded all the speeches that were unloaded and kept the audience convulsed with laughter.

Past Potentate William A. Parrett was gracefully elected to the presidency for the coming year, despite the fact that his health is known to be so precarious that it will be impossible for him to give active service. Then enthusiastic endorsement of the candidacy of Judge Clyde I. Webster for Imperial Outer Guard was given and the meeting adjourned.

The Imperial party was escorted from here to Saginaw by Potentate William Horton of Elf Khuraifeh. A visit was paid to the orthopedic city hospital which receives an annual appropriation from the Temple, and in exchange cares for such cases as the Temple wishes to send it. A visit was also made to the site of the new Mosque, and in the evening a banquet was given. Potentate Horton called upon Past Potentate Tommy Tonks to preside, and Past Potentate E. C. Forrest represented the Temple in presenting to the Imperial Potentate a silver fruit dish. A gold life membership card was also presented to him.

The next stop was at Grand Rapids where Potentate Floyd E. Welch and Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor took charge of the party. Potentate Welch, who on account of a death in the family of Mrs. Welch took no part in the entertainment

[Continued on page 58]

FEBRUARY, 1927

[Continued from page 55]

want to hear." He pressed his ear against the ground, every nerve of his body quivering with excitement. Then he rose; spoke rapidly: "Your name is Ali el-Andalosi?"

"Yes."

"Allah!"—as the other Bedawins asked excited questions. "You must go away—quickly, quickly! Take a bag of provisions, water, the camel you rode. Go, go—and may the All-Merciful protect you!"

"But—what—why . . . ?"

"Listen!" exclaimed Amin Shujah; and thump for thump, pause for pause, beat for beat, he interpreted the sobbing drums.

It seemed that the Saharistan police, in their round-up of suspicious characters, had arrested a man who, drunk with hashish, had boasted of belonging to the disbanded Lodge of the Bi Sharai, the enemies of the sahebs. Plied with more hashish, he had mumbled something about a woman sent to murder the governor; also about her lover; had, under skilled questioning, even described the latter . . . rub-rub-rum-betty-rub—"Ali el-Andalosi is his name!" stammered the drums.

A shivering, breathless pause. Then again they throbbed a tense measure. Again Amin Shujah interpreted that, suddenly, the dervish had come out of his drugged, babbling mood and had refused to speak another word, though threatened with death.

But the sahebs had sent out desert trackers and jungle spies; east, west, north, south, to all the British settlements they had wired the order to find this Ali el-Andalosi, to arrest him wherever he was—and so the friendly drums were broadcasting their warning:

"Beware, O, Ali el-Andalosi!"

Bang—bang! . . . the hollow sounds wailed into silence, while Sir James hid a smile at the baroque thought that here he had to cut and run, lest he be implicated in his own murder.

He rose; caught his snarling, protesting camel; helped himself to provisions and a well-filled leathern water bottle; mounted.

"To Lake Tchad I must go," he said.

"But how, since, doubtless, the road to El-ma Bared is watched by the sahebs?"

"Ride straight south," replied Amin Shujah, giving him a small Arab compass.

"You see those mountains over there?"

pointing to where the moon painted the distant range with white and silver. "Skirt them close—but not too close. Five days through the desert—and weary, weary the way. No caravan trails there. No oasis. So be careful of your water. On the fifth day you will see the black tents of the Benni Sfa Bedawins. Keep away from them. Hounds of the wilderness, they—who do not like strangers—not even a dervish. Then, God willing, you will reach the eastern edge of the Lake Tchad jungle."

"And then?"

"The jungle trails? I do not know. I have never been there, nor any of my people. But it is your only way."

"Yes, my only way!" echoed Sir James. With stilted Arab courtesy he expressed his gratitude: "May the Lord Allah send you increase of great cattle!"

And he was off into the night.

Far off, the drums whispered, like the voices of lost souls astray on the outer rim of creation.

Overhead, three stars glittered green.

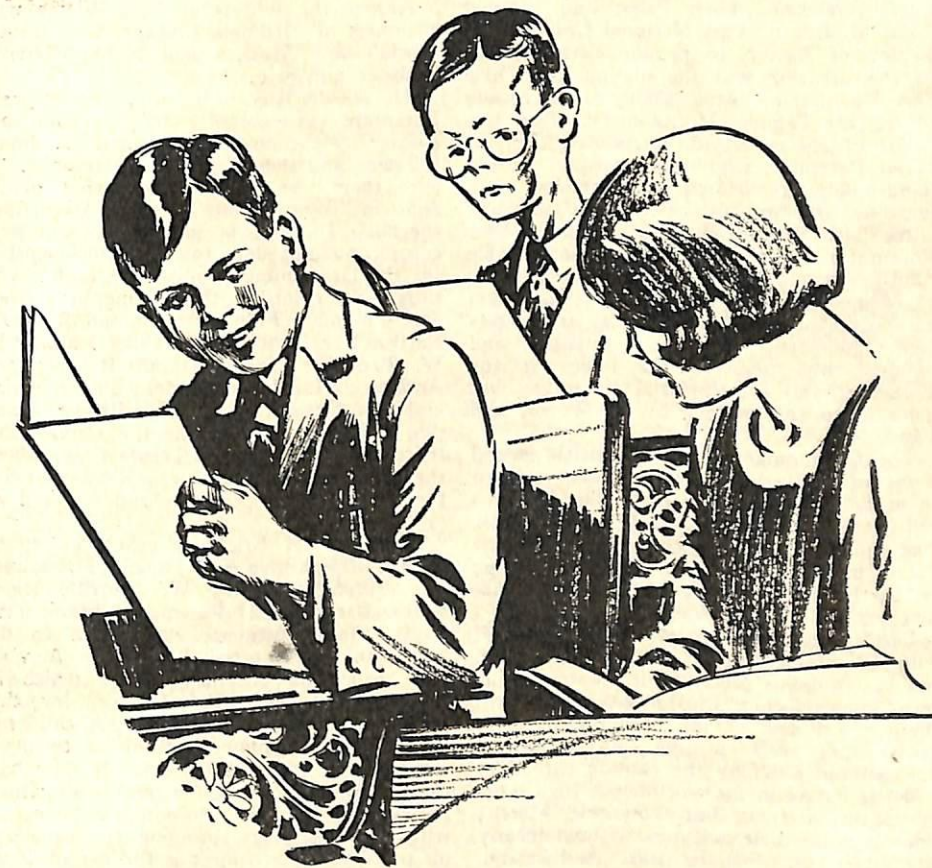
"The three stars who rule Africa," he thought. "The star of violence, the star of desire, the star of greed!"

Off into the south, skirting the mountains. Day after day, snatching short hours of rest.

The memory of these days was never very distinct in his mind. When friends, years later, asked him for the details of the fantastic, lonely journey through the heart of the desert, he would shake his head rather helplessly.

[Continued on page 60]

How to Put Pounds of Good Flesh on Your Puny, Thin Child



In the Midst of Plenty Thousands of Children Are Starving

Not starving for food—mind you—for of that they get plenty—but simply starving for the want of vitamins that their entire being is eagerly craving for.

Let us all be thankful that these vitamins can now be supplied and that right now this vast army of weak, thin, undernourished and underweight boys and girls can grow strong, robust and happy.

Nature's greatest health builder and strength giver is Cod Liver Oil. It's full of vitamins of the first class—everyone knows that.

But pity the poor children—how can they take this nasty, nauseating stuff that invariably upsets their small, delicate stomachs?

Most of them can't, and now, thank goodness, none of them have to.

For now the real benefit of Cod Liver

Oil comes in tasteless, sugar-coated tablets, that are as easy for the kids to take as candy and they surely do build up the youngsters in double-quick time.

So, Mothers, if any of your loved ones are not feeling right, just ask any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets—60 tablets—60 cents.

One sickly, thin child gained 12 pounds in seven months and now plays daily with other children.

Splendid for any run-down, weak, skinny, nervous man or woman—thousands of boxes are sold daily—but be sure and demand McCoy's

Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets—the original and genuine. Try them for thirty days and if you are not delighted with the improvement your druggist is authorized to return the money you paid for them.

Girl Gained 5 Pounds Skin Has Cleared

Gentlemen: I feel that you ought to know the great benefit my daughter, Helen, seven years old, derived from your tablets. She became very weak, lost weight and her color was very pale. I was very much worried over her condition. I am glad to say that after the third box of McCoy's, my girl has gained five pounds in weight, her appetite is better and her skin has cleared. Her father and I are very grateful. Sincerely yours (Signed), Mrs. E. Granata, 204 103rd St., Corona, L. I., New York.

60 Tablets 60 Cents

60 Tablets 60 Cents



The Potentate of Rameses Temple, Toronto, with his Divan and their ladies, escorting the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland from the station on their recent visit to Rameses.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

[Continued from page 56]

other than to open the speaking at the banquet, summoned High Priest and Prophet John M. Emery, Past National Commander, Legion of Honor, to preside. An incident of the occasion was the playing of "Dixie Dave," a march written by one of the Nobles of Alcazar Temple, Montgomery. Past Imperial Potentate Winsor introduced the Imperial Potentate who was presented with a handsomely upholstered chair, product of a local factory, and an honorary membership.

At Fort Wayne, Potentate Somers, Past Potentates Merritt and Meigs and Noble Smith, chairman of the reception committee of Mizpah, were at the station. The usual entertainment, lunches, dinners, and sight-seeing followed. Monday a reception and banquet was tendered the ladies at the Cathedral and the Imperial Potentate was escorted to the Temple by the Patrol and Band.

The Ceremonial was marked with several items of unusual interest, not the least of these being the induction of the Imperial Potentate into the Oriental Degree of Sock. The initiation was accomplished by the Patrol marching past him, each one placing on his extended arms a pair of black silk socks made in Fort Wayne.

Past Potentate Merritt eclipsed himself with the scenic setting of the first section and the prologue preceding it. Later on, he and Captain Robert Klaehn had some words about the Patrol having been ordered into its wrecking crew costume. A compromise was effected whereby the captain agreed to drill the Patrol in the costumes it then wore on condition that Past Potentate Merritt would change their uniforms without in any way interfering with the drill. And he did. By electrical projection uniforms of proper color, with scimitars and braids properly placed were shown on the marching unit. Alternately, the lights would go on and off. When on, the Patrol appeared in white costumes; when off, they appeared in full uniform. At the conclusion of the drill, the Patrol formed company front and each one turned up the flap of his coat on which was painted a letter, and the legend read:

"Mizpah welcomes David W. Crosland."

Among the visitors at Fort Wayne were members of Medinah, Chicago, who filled a special car. Moslem sent Noble Clyde I. Webster and escort.

At Toledo, the next stop, the Imperial Potentate was escorted from the station to a theater by the uniformed bodies. A dinner followed and then came the Ceremonial. If ever there was a good counterfeit of an Arab in his war paint, Potentate Page filled the bill. The various units of Zenobia were conspicuous not alone for their efficiency but for the large number enlisted in each. Visitors were plentiful, there being in attendance Potentate Frank Proctor and Recorder Barber, Syria, Pittsburgh; Chief Rabban E. W. Renney, Saladin, Grand Rapids; Dr. Ancker, LuLu Loyal Legion, Philadelphia; and Secretary of State, Thad. Brown, Aladdin, Columbus. Following the Ceremonial, there was a party at the Toledo Club, where the Imperial Potentate was kidnapped by the drum and bugle corps and adopted as their own.

Zem Zem of Erie was next. Potentate George Eisenbrown and Divan of Reading, Pa., Potentate Henry W. Merritt, Irem, Wilkes-Barre, and Potentate Frank W. Acklin, Jaffa, Altoona, were there to do honor to the Imperial Potentate. A visit was made to Sunshine Cottage which is financed by Zem Zem Temple, for the benefit of orthopedic cases among children. The building accommodates about twenty-five children and cost \$75,000. It now has the administration section and one wing, to which it is hoped addition will be made within a few years, bringing the capacity up to fifty. The project is the pet of Past Potentate Arthur W. Milne and it is to be operated in connection with the city hospital.

At the Temple the Imperial Potentate was accorded full honors by the Patrol, and his address received close attention.

The Imperial party then journeyed to Cleveland to participate in the fiftieth anniversary of Al Koran Temple. So many visitors were in attendance that it took

pretty nearly an hour to introduce them. Ismailia, under the leadership of Potentate Morrell, brought about seventy of its uniformed bodies. Potentate William R. Kissick and Past Potentate Jim Brainerd took the guests in charge. At the banquet in the evening the Potentate and Past Potentates with their wives were the hosts. Besides the Imperial Potentate, Noble Dr. Tchaji Heich, a member of Aleppo and a representative of the Chinese government, was present. The celebration was continued next day. At two o'clock the parade formed, the uniformed bodies of Ismailia and Al Koran acting as escort to the Imperial Potentate. The first and third sections were put on in the afternoon and the second section in the evening. The Imperial Potentate was driven into the assembly hall of the Mosque in an automobile to the strains of "Dixie." A class of 185 was initiated.

In the evening the real fireworks at the Temple began. Past Potentate Busse introduced the Imperial Potentate to Potentate Kissick, who presented him to the Temple. Following his address, Past Potentate Busse again took matters in hand and presented Noble Crosland with a handsome chair and whatnot. Cincinnati was the next stop.

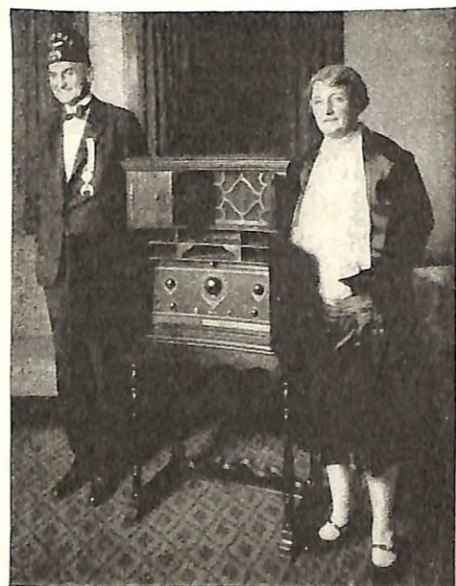
Dr. Willard D. Haines, leading surgeon and Potentate of Syrian, Assistant Rabban John Robinson, and their wives, were at the station. Past Imperial Potentate William B. Melish, the Past Potentates and Divan of Syrian Temple were present at a dinner to Noble Crosland at the City Club. Later at the Mosque, addresses were made by Imperial Potentate Crosland, Past Potentate James R. Watt of the Hospital Board and Past Potentate H. F. Carey. The Imperial Potentate was presented with a Rookwood pottery plaque.

Dayton was the next objective. Past Potentate Ril T. Baker, the Divan and the ladies took charge of the travelers on their arrival. At the ceremonial in the afternoon the Imperial Potentate presented Past Potentate P. S. Bookwalter with his Past Potentate

[Continued on page 59]



While visiting Mocha Temple, London, Canada, the Imperial Potentate paid a call at the Memorial Hospital where that Temple provides accommodations for orthopedic cases.



The Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland with the Dayfan Radio presented by Antioch Temple, Dayton.

FEBRUARY, 1927

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By T. A. BALLANTYNE

This may seem a strange question.

But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge. So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water purified by a marvelous tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus \cap . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the ENTIRE LENGTH—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result:

Germ and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practise this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 314, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

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City.....State.....

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT [Continued from page 57]

Details? At the time they had seemed so unimportant.

Had he been afraid? Of course. Only fools and Saints were without fear; and he was not sure about the latter.

But—monotony? No, no. The desert was never monotonous. There was ever a film of changefulness, a waver of surface, a shifting of colors and lights and planes—and, occasionally, a mirage; that perfect symbol of all the illusions which are called life.

Oh yes—he would reply to another question—his water had given out. His tongue had swelled and blackened . . . "right-oh! Damned uncomfortable! But here I am—still alive and kicking—what?"

Then, early on the fifth day, he saw on the horizon the black felt tents of the Benni Sfa; saw presently, incredibly, a cornfield thrown across the desert like a green scarf; heard the distant creaking of water-wheels and the bellowing of cattle; knew that here was crude irrigation, that a jungle, a river must be near.

In spite of his excruciating thirst he followed Amin Shujah's advice and avoided the village. An hour later he entered a thick growth of jungly forest. A phenomenon it seemed, this creeping, matted, oozy sea of vegetation, edging the yellow sands, stretching on and on with its throbbing, exuberant surge of green life. But he welcomed its dank shadows after the blazing desert journey; drank his fill at the first pool regardless of the crawling things it contained; watered his camel; and continued on foot, leading it through a narrow jungle trail.

At last he came to the river. He watched its current, decided that it must flow into Lake Tchad. His best plan was to follow it. On the opposite bank he noticed a fairly broad trail running parallel with the river and feathering farther on, where the jungle was thinner, into gaunt bush.

He found a ford spotted and marked by mounds of sticky, chocolate-colored mud.

Dragging his camel by the halter, he jumped from mound to mound, when, without warning, there was the snick of a breechbolt, a yellow spurt of flame, and—by this time he had ducked and dropped, his body flattened out in the slimy mud—the thud of a bullet splintering a tree a hair's breadth from his head.

His exclamation was instantaneous, automatic, profane—and in English:

"What the hell . . ."

At once, too late, he realized that he had spoken in English. He could have bitten off his tongue with chagrin. But he reconsidered the next moment when answer drifted from the opposite bank, also in English, though with a heavy, guttural accent:

"A saheb—by the honor of my nose! An Englishman here, in this stinking devil's den of a land! And I thought it was some dirt-fed desert louse of a Bedawin. Saheb, saheb! Be pleased to have no fear. See! I have dropped my rifle!"

A second later a man stepped from behind a tree; short, squat, of extraordinary width of shoulders, ruddy-skinned, ruddy-bearded, with a great beak of a nose and twinkling, humorous, blue-gray eyes.

He reached out, lent a hand with the frightened camel, and helped Sir James to his feet.

The latter knew the other's race without having to be told. He had spent many a leave in Russian Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Central Asia generally. The man's breed was unmistakable. An Afghan, hill-bred. But what was he doing here, ten thousand miles away from his northern home?

He put the question in Arabic; and the Afghan laughed.

"Speak English," he said. "I know a saheb—not always when I see one, for indeed you look like an Arab—but when I hear one. 'What the hell!' you exclaimed—and rightly—when I shot at you . . . words which no Arab would have used."

Sir James smiled. It was useless to deny his nationality. Too, on the spur of the moment, instinctively, he liked the man, trusted him, was sure that the liking and trusting was mutual.

"Very well," he admitted, "I'm English. And you—Afghan, aren't you?"

"Yes, saheb." And he added with sublime seriousness: "I belong to that most noble race of Allah's creation."

"What are you doing here?"

"Because of a misunderstanding—in horses. They sent me to jail—in India—unjustly. I decided to leave jail . . ."

"Escaped, eh?"

"Yes, saheb. Unfortunately, I cracked the jailer's head and he died. A Hindu jailer and—by the honor of my belly"—naively—"these Hindus have thin pates, easily cracked. So I took ship to . . ."

"To cheat the galleys? Right-oh!"

"And presently I drifted to Egypt, thence to Morocco, thence here. As to the horse, which I did not steal, I was at the time a sergeant in the army of Sirkar, the British-Indian government. What regiment, you asked?" he continued volubly, though Sir James had not a chance to open his mouth. "The Sixteenth Pathan Rissala. All first-class devils—and the commander is Kurunal E-shmit saheb—"

standing, doubtless, for Colonel Smith—"a brave man. Then a civilian saheb accused me of stealing his horse. It is true that the horse was found between my legs. Still—I swear it by the honor of my teeth—I did not steal that horse. So I was sent to jail and did not like it there and . . ."

He was switching again into the beginning of his tale when Sir James interrupted him impatiently:

"But why did you shoot at me?"

"Because," came the strange reply, "I am a dealer in horses."

"Whose horses?" demanded the Englishman, winking an eye.

"Anybody's horses."

"When the owner isn't looking?"

"By Allah, Holder of the Scales of Justice!" roared the Afghan. "But the saheb is a man after my own heart, of quick wit and most nimble tongue. Ah—soul of my soul!"

He drew Sir James to his stout bosom and, in spite of struggles and protests, implanted a smacking kiss upon his lips. "I like the saheb—I—Mustaffa Habi-bullah! And your name, O heart's delight?"

The 'heart's delight' did not know what to say. Should he tell who he was? The risk was too great, although he trusted the other. He hesitated; and Mustaffa must have read his thoughts.

"Never mind," he said. "I understand. You are running away from the sahebs' foolish laws, eh?"

"Yes," Sir James was glad of the excuse, quick to use it; less quick at inventing details. "I am running away because—oh . . ."

he slurred; again hesitated.

"What does the reason matter?" cut in Mustaffa. "Belike you killed a man—for the sport of it; belike a woman—for the sake of crimson passion. What difference? I personally—grandiosely—'forgive you. Hereafter you are my little brother—and the point of my sword to the throat of whoever doubts or threatens you!'"

He led the way down a miry, steaming jungle trail, explaining the while that he had recently been in Morocco where he had done—as he put it—a bit of first-class fighting in the French army. Fighting whom?

He shrugged his shoulders. Some Arab tribe. What did it matter? All blood was red when it was spilled; all people screamed alike when a dagger, skilfully handled, ripped their jugular vein.

"But," he added ingenuously, "there was small profit in the fighting since the French sahebs—whom Allah created mad—permit no looting. So I deserted, and wandered here and there as Allah willed it, and finally, last night, I found myself in this place and became a gatherer of horseflesh among the black tents of the Benni Sfa over yonder."

Sir James laughed; asked a question:

"Were you not afraid? You are one—they are many."

"I know a trick or two when it comes to the gathering of horseflesh on a fine, dark night. Am I not an Afghan? I know how to tell the father and mother of seventeen lies with the help of criss-crossed hoof tracks and false scents. Nor shall I remain long. Today I drive my horses away."

"Where are you going?"

"Through the jungle for several days. Then across the land of the Warranga negroes until I reach the town of Hamid-Abbas. Thence to the Sahara where I shall sell my horses. Come with me to Hamid-Abbas. The wines there are delightful—and the women . . . ? Ah!" He blew a kiss into the air.

"Corking prospect!" laughed the other. "But—"

"You do not dare—because of the sahebs' foolish laws in the matter of the little killing?"

"That's it."

"Have no fear. Hamid-Abbas is an Arab settlement, far in the heart of the country. No saheb has visited the place in many years. You can live there until your trouble blows over. Or, if by Satan's unlucky chance, the sahebs should hear of your being there and come after you like vultures to the reek of flesh—why—the town is close to Lake Tchad and the dense southern jungle where you can hide for a day—a year—an eternity."

This persuaded Sir James.

Close to the jungle—he thought—close to the Man in the Half-Light. Mustaffa evidently knew the country. With him as a guide he would gain time. And time was an essential element as, with every day the Man in the Half-Light was permitted to live, the conspiracy of which he was the head and heart would be gathering speed and momentum.

He made up his mind.

"I'll go with you," he said.

"Good! My camp"—pointing into the greenish gloom of the trees—"is over there. I promise you a splendid mutton stew, charmingly flavored with garlic and honey, tobacco, and a drink of fermented liquor—though forbidden the True Believer by the Prophet Mohammed—may He intercede in my behalf on the Day of Judgment! And, while we fill our bellies and pleasantly warm our gullets, we shall talk as it behooves men to talk—of women—and of horses!"

He was true to his promise.

There was a camp in a clearing where a dozen horses, the pick of the Benni Sfa's mares, were straining at their heel ropes. There was a profusion of rich, greasy Afghan food, a bottle of Algerian brandy made more potent with the help of hashish and red pepper, black tobacco compared to which pure perique is mild, and a telling of riotous, highly spiced Central Asian stories with always woman or horse the central figure.

Finally Mustaffa rose. He began striking camp, Sir James helping.

"We must be off," he said, "before these swine-fed namads [Continued on page 62]

[Continued from page 59]

The ceremonial was in charge of the Past Potentates, Noble Niedringhaus acting as Potentate. Films of the hospital were shown and some of the patients were there to show the benefit they had received. Dr. LeRoy Abbott, chief surgeon of the unit, told of the cases as they made their appearance. A voluntary contribution of \$170 was made by the Nobles on entering the hall, the proceeds to be used for the Christmas at the hospital.

A rapid fire drill by the Patrol left the audience gasping for breath. The Imperial Potentate made one of his most impressive addresses and was followed by Inspector General Cochran who has done so much to promote the Scottish Rite and the De Molay activities in Missouri.

Solles Brothers' circus then engaged the attention of the Nobility, the novices doing the stunts, some voluntarily and some under duress. A cotton field presented difficulties to the pickers not usually encountered in their home towns but Legree was there to see that there was no loafing. Noble Crosland was made an honorary life member of Moolah and presented with a beautiful gold traveling clock.

The final day of travel was a crowded one. Leaving St. Louis, the party was waylaid at Evansville, where Potentate Bicking, Past Potentate Chambers and the Divan and the ladies met the train and escorted the party to Hadi Club house for a hurried luncheon. Mrs. Crosland was presented with flowers and the Imperial Potentate made an honorary member. The affair lasted less than thirty minutes. Here, Potentate George L. Carrier, Rizpah, Madisonville, took charge of the party. The guests had dinner at Madisonville after which there was a reception at the Temple. Mrs. Crosland was presented with a silver platter and the Imperial Potentate with an honorary membership and a smoking jacket. The Imperial Potentate was adopted as one of the Rizpah family, being called Cousin Dave in all official references. Potentate Carrier presided over the festivities which lasted until train time—twelve-thirty.

On the 14th, Mr. and Mrs. Crosland arrived home at Montgomery. Up to that time some sixty Temples had been visited.

ARARAT'S NEW MILLION DOLLAR MOSQUE

[Continued from page 46]

the precepts of Freemasonry, and Dr. D. J. Evans, Grand Chaplain, pronounced the benediction.

In the evening an entertainment was held in the large auditorium for the ladies, while 6,000 Nobles assembled in Convention Hall, just a block away, to witness the initiation of a class of 160 Novices.

Clifford Ireland, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master, accompanied by James E. Chandler, Past Imperial Potentate, was escorted into the hall in a special car. Noble Chandler introduced Noble Ireland, who, as the personal representative of the Imperial Potentate, praised the enterprise of Ararat Temple in the erection of its new building. He was generous in his reference to the hospitality displayed by the entire city in the entertainment of the Imperial Council in 1924. He reminded his audience of the fact that Ararat Temple had furnished the Imperial Council with two Imperial Potentates; Noble E. F. Allen in 1898 and Noble James E. Chandler in 1924, and also referred to the thorough work done by Judge Thad B. Landon as Chairman of the Revision of Bylaws Committee, and Noble Fred O. Wood as Executive Director of The Shrine Magazine.

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AGENTS

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT *[Continued from page 60]*

read the riddle of the tracks and follow us." He produced two saddles; attended to the horses; pointed at a roan with a white star and three white stockings.

"Ride this!" he invited.
"But—my camel . . ."
"Turn her loose. Presently she will run with some camel-stallion of the Benni Sia, thus increasing their herd . . ."
"So that next year you can return and steal the foals?"

"Kalamata Ungrezy—by the word of an Englishman!" exclaimed Mustafa enthusiastically. "You are a most excellent beard. I love you dearly, saheb!"

"Mutual!" laughed Sir James; added warningly: "Forget the saheb, please."

"I understand. After today you are an Arab—a sheik—a sheik of sheiks. Wah!"—salaaming with exaggerated, clowning politeness—"be pleased to mount, O sheik!"

So they were off; and, after the camel's pacing, side-wheeling gait, Sir James was glad to straddle a smooth-trotting horse.

But he did not straddle it for long since, an hour or two later, as they entered the deeper jungle, they had to dismount and lead their horses, driving the rest of the stolen herd in front of them, Indian file. It was hard work. For the mares, desert-bred, feared the matted, corrupted wilderness, snorted and shivered and reared when unclear, bat-winged things flopped against the furry trees and slimy, nameless things squirmed underfoot.

The shadows lengthened; and the short African twilight swooned into the instantaneous African night. They stopped and camped in a clearing; hobbled their horses; slept and watched in turns.

But Sir James slept fitfully.
Time and again he awoke, prey to enormous, voiceless excitement. The problem he had before him seemed to weigh on him physically, to lie heavily on his chest, his shoulders, the back of his neck. And then he gave up sleep in despair and tried to divert thought by listening to the sounds in the jungle.

They trekked at daybreak. Both men were silent, Mustafa with that happy oriental faculty which allowed him to think of nothing whatsoever and thus clear his mind in time of stress, Sir James with a tense feeling that any moment he might stop short at the edge of the world and look down over the precipice into a black, tragic, illimitable void.

On though, chasing the rainbow of duty; on through the wilderness; day after day; until, one afternoon, the jungle ceased. It spread into brush rising in a close, flower-spotted trellis; then, gradually, fan-wise, into an enormous, cultivated plain stippled with negro kraals and crude cattle-folds; the sun slowly setting on the horizon, striking the distant hills with a transparent haze that mingled with the jasper tints of the sky and the massive jade greens of fertile fields.

"A short journey through the Warranga land," said Mustafa, "and we'll be at Hamid-Abbas."

He laughed; oiled his rifle.
"What for?" asked Sir James. "Aren't the Warrangas friendly?"
"One never can tell!"

A cryptic reply which, presently, explained itself.

For Mustafa was a characteristic specimen of his race, an Afghan of hardy soul, looking to violence and strong-thewed vitality to help his loose, lawless, riotous living; considering it his duty as a good Moslem—with many hypocritical ejaculations—to help himself to the cattle, the chattels and, occasionally, the women of all whom he was pleased to call "unbelievers."

His was a capital hand with horses, riding

and driving as well as stealing them. Thus, steadily, in spite of the Englishman's protests and in spite of several encounters with angry negroes—badly armed, therefore quickly subdued by Mustafa's bullying manner and threatening rifle—his herd, and also his good-humor, increased.

They came within sight of it the next day where it emerged out of the green African canvas as in a dead-white Arab monochrome: a point of dazzling light, a confused mass of white, flat, uneven roof-tops; above it the spire of a mosque minaret, lovely, pointed, as if lifting the massed energies of this little Arab settlement—so far away, at the back of the beyond—toward the sky where God sits in peace.

Half an hour later their horses' feet clattered on the cobble-stoned pavement.

Of the east eastern—thought Sir James—houses and gardens and mosques; and also the racial philosophy that emanated from them like the scent of strange flowers; the philosophy of a race which—

"Wah!" the Afghan's coarse bellow interrupted his reveries. "In this town I leave you—as I am for the west to sell my herds. So let us go to Yar Touati's caravanserai—a place I know well—and tickle our palates with a farewell meal of rich food and strong drink!"

He led the way; dismounted when they reached the caravanserai.

"Wait"—with a heavy wink—"O sheik of sheiks! I shall arrange for a private room and a dinner worthy of a silken-breeched Sultan—and, believe, if Allah be willing, a couple of dancing girls to wile away our sadness at parting."

He went inside while Sir James attended to the horses, giving them into the care of the half-breed ostlers.

A few minutes later there came from the inn a loud turmoil; laughter, and two voices talking in English, one with a strong Afghan accent and interjections, the other with an equally strong American accent and interjections.

"A woman after my own heart are you!" exclaimed the first voice which the Englishman identified at once as belonging to Mustafa. "Desire for you, as soon as I saw you, blighted my manhood! Give me the sweetness of your lips. Yah maki-alum, soz-i-mum—Oh moon of delight and burner of my heart!"

"Say!" cried the second voice. "Cut out the caveman stuff!"

"Delightful you are! Lithe where a woman should be lithe—and pleasantly rounded where she should be rounded! The woman for an Afghan indeed! Come, O sweetmeat . . ."

"Keep your hands off me!"

"Give me your lips, O crusher of hearts!"

"I'll give you my fist—where it'll do the most good!"

And, just as Sir James rushed in, he saw, surrounded by half a dozen laughing Arabs, the Afghan toppling over and measuring his length on the floor while near him stood, blowing on her knuckles, the prettiest girl he had ever seen. A white girl and—he knew it by a certain toss of her blond head and the cut of her clothes more than by her accent—an American.

Mustafa rose, not at all ashamed.

"And now," he said to Sir James in Arabic, "for a meal of spiced food since—" with an impudent leer at the girl which caused her to blush, yet which, woman-like, she did not find altogether unpleasant—"meal of spiced kisses I cannot have."

"Look here!" the girl chimed in. "I caught exactly one word you said: pilafi. Guess you're ordering food, aren't you?"

"Indeed."

"Well—order enough for three. You look

like one who does his inner man pretty well. I arrived here last night, and I don't know three words of Arabic, and all I got to eat, through sign language, has been ancient goat."

The Afghan salaamed deeply.

"Be my guest, O breaker of hearts!"

"Thanks!" She pointed at Sir James.

"Does your friend know English, too?"

"He does," replied Mustafa before the Englishman could speak. "Permit me to introduce him. Ah—" inventing glibly—

"this is Shareef Si Abdal Mutallib el-Yezdi, a sheik of sheiks. A most holy man given over to a life of chastity and rectitude though educated in England, by the unbelievers . . . cursed be they all—except yourself. O moon of delight!" he added gallantly.

The girl smiled at Sir James.

"A sheik, are you? Just what I came to Africa to see. Sheiks are all the rage now back home. Well—between you and me and if you get what I mean, which I doubt—you could knock any of our film sheiks for a row of geraniums." She shook hands with both men. "I'm Sally Greene—from New York—Brooklyn, to be exact . . . but don't tell anybody!"

They passed into a private room. Crossing the threshold Mustafa whispered to Sir James in Arabic to be careful . . . "Perhaps she is a spy sent after you by the sahebs because of the little killing. Otherwise, what would she be doing here—a white woman—in Hamid-Abbas?"

A question which, presently, Miss Greene explained over an excellent meal and a fair bottle of wine.

IT SEEMED that she was a feature-writer for an American newspaper which had sent her to North Africa on a roving commission. She had gone the regular tourist route, to Egypt, Tunis, Algeria; had finally become bored with the shoddy, usualness of it all.

"Too many Mid-Western schoolma'ms kicking about," she explained, "and disapproving of the Sphinx because it doesn't know the Three R's! Too many Englishwomen with canary-yellow spats, buck-teeth, and faulty adenoids! Too many Arab donkey boys spouting Chicago slang and Armenians selling you punk rugs made in Pittsburgh! So when, up in Tugurt, a French officer told me about this place and mentioned that no European had visited it in many years—well—I said to myself it was high time somebody did—and here I am!"

Not for a moment did Mustafa believe her. Several times while she spoke he winked at Sir James while his lips, noiselessly, formed the Arabic word for "spy."

Nor did the other know what to make of her. In the past he had met American women. But they had all belonged to a certain cosmopolitan layer of the social layer cake and had not differed, except in small tricks of speech and manners, from his countrywomen.

This girl was a new experience. A delightful experience.

Absolutely emancipated she was, yet absolutely feminine—with her violet-blue eyes so keen and frank and unmastered, her bobbed hair like an ash-blond cloud, her tentative and adventurous mouth; and the soul of her, the inner self, shining through like a well-tempered, fearless blade.

He liked her. He liked her—tremendously. Thus, like a man, he began to worry.

For though he was convinced that, if he succeeded in killing the Man in the Half-Light, the ultimate result would be a collapse of the conspiracy, he also knew that the immediate reaction would be a savage,

anti-European outbreak on the part of the dervishes. Hamid-Abbas, so near Lake Tchad, was doubtless filled with them; and this girl . . . at their mercy . . .

He was not a man given to dramatic speculations. But, at the thought, he gave a shudder.

So, when the Afghan had gone to look after the horses and he was alone with her, he decided to warn her; discreetly, of course, since his own mission was too vitally important.

He said to himself that she must have heard about the recent political assassinations throughout Africa. Here was a good opening.

"The news was telegraphed to Tugurt the day I left," she replied to his question. "Terrible— isn't it?"

"Very. And—dangerous! Africa is stirred deeply by the murders. Africa is in unrest."

"You mean—revolution?"

"Yes."

"How thrilling!"

"You must leave here today—return across the desert to Tugurt—at once . . . this is no place for a woman . . ."

"Why," she smiled. "For a sheik you sound exactly like my uncle, the Methodist bishop! I'll stay here—and watch the circus."

"You will not!"

"Oh—won't I?" she flared up. "And will you explain what right you have to dictate to me?" When he did not reply, woman-like she drove her point home mercilessly: "You know, you're neither my father nor my brother nor my husband!"

He overlooked her mockery; went on almost pleadingly:

"Please do what I tell you. I am serious." She relented a little.

"Of course you are," she admitted, "and I'm grateful to you. But I'm going to stay."

"No!"

"Yes. A revolution—and me on the spot! what a scoop—just imagine! I'm a newspaperwoman, you know!"

He felt like saying: "You're also a stubborn little fool!" But he did not. Instead he pleaded with her, again and again; and she refused, again and again.

Finally he grew angry. So did she. She in a cutting American, he in a slurring British way.

"Don't interfere in my affairs!" she exclaimed.

"I assure you it's nothing personal," he rejoined. "Only my ordinary human duty to—"

"Seems to me," she interrupted, "you know more about this revolution than is good for you!" She added, with chilly decision: "I'm going to stay. Now leave me alone!"

He shrugged his shoulders. He could not persuade her to go without telling her the whole truth. And that he could not do. He liked her; liked her—oh—so much. But he could not let personal considerations stand in the way of duty.

He bowed.

"I am sorry I spoke," he said.

"So am I!"

He bowed again; left.

She looked after him.

"I like him when he gets angry!" she said to herself. "How his eyes shine . . . good-looking man . . . and strong—so strong . . . oh yes—I like him . . . lots!"

[To be continued]

Troubled more than he cared to admit at leaving the American girl at the mercy of the dervishes, Sir James doggedly continued his journey to the lair of his enemy—the Man of Shadows.

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AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

(Continued from page 45)

AGE

THE Massachusetts Protective Association was organized in June, 1895, and accordingly has been transacting business for more than thirty-one years. To have attained such an age, and to have weathered successfully the financial depressions and the physical epidemics of the intervening years, means that the Association was built on firm and lasting foundations.

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(Please print name carefully)

Buddie grinned a little sheepishly. When he called Jim on the telephone instead of asking him for the money he inquired how his wife was getting on. I gathered from the half of the conversation I heard that Jim's wife was much better and that the hundred dollars had pulled him out of a tight hole. He would repay it in a couple of days.

Buddie told him not to worry about the money and that he was glad to have been of help. If it is possible to see a man smile over a telephone, I could see that Jim was smiling. That fat kid's smile was now on Jim's face just as it had lit and stuck to the rough ashler face of my cell mate.

"... as one lamp lights another nor grows the less."

I wrote this story so far. Then there flashed on me one of those sparks of intelligence even the dumbest of us have at times. I called up my home. When my patient and long-suffering spouse came to the telephone I apologized for my grouch at breakfast.

She laughed aloud, and told me not to worry about it but it was mighty sweet of me to call just the same. She told me some other things too darned nice to set down here; things busy men do not hear from wives any too often. Bless her soul, she laughed like a school girl and kidded me for making love to her. Once more that fat boy's smile was working overtime, as I realized I have the nicest wife in the world.

I bet that boy grows up to be a Shriner! I make you another bet, he will be a better Shriner than I. He was a better Shriner than I was this morning, anyway.

I wonder where that smile eventually went? I feel sure my secretary passed it on to other people. I know my cell mate handed it on to Jim. Like the time honored pebble cast into a placid pool that fat lad's smile went into ever widening circles all over my town and no man can tell the remote point it reached.

"... as one lamp lights another nor grows the less."

Think for a minute, Nobles, of a smile station with six hundred thousand branches on this continent. The measles and the chicken pox haven't a thing on a smile when it comes to contagion. Smiles are the catchiest things there are. With six hundred thousand Nobles broadcasting smiles without static this just has to be a better world!

To be a member of this organization is a great privilege. No privilege ever comes to any man without corresponding duties. It isn't a hard duty to remember that this old world is so darned full of sorrow, grouches, sadness, tears, and hard luck that we, the world's best smilers, have to keep on the job every minute to counteract these influences.

Tomorrow morning when I get up I will have the chance to start something. I don't have to wait for a fat boy. I have the opportunity to send out some smile waves from my branch station, homely as it is. What I can start will spread like a bit of gossip about a pretty woman and will make a lot of people happy.

"... as one lamp lights another nor grows the less."

HE SELLS PASTURES OVER THE FENCE

(Continued from page 25)

at once tripled his outlay for advertising. Frequently a man would come from Boston or elsewhere, and after looking at various farms decide that he would rather locate farther South, in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Strout then tried to exert his powers of salesmanship and talk him into buying in Maine. But one day he paused and asked himself: "Instead of taking the time and effort to talk a man into something he doesn't want, why not have what he *does* want?" And at once he set about having a list of farms and agencies in other states.

He first branched out by opening an office in Portland, Maine, and then one in Boston. Today his office in New York covers half an acre and his farm catalogue is almost as ponderous as Sears-Roebuck's. He has branch offices in every state, in fact in nearly every important city in the United States.

"The main secret of selling farms," Strout told me, "is to have them priced low enough to give the buyer a bargain."

"It's well also," he went on, "to sell them with stock and tools included, for most people are lazy and dread the bother of finding equipment for the place after they buy it."

Here is Strout's story of a farm that he didn't sell. He had arranged with a man to take a big place for \$10,000 cash. The money, which represented the savings of a lifetime, was all ready, mostly in \$100 and \$50 bills. While Strout was attending to final details in the papers, the money lay on a table between him and the buyer. As he was about to hand over the deed and take

the money, the buyer suddenly rose, picked up the roll of bills, and remarked quietly: "I've decided not to buy the place, after all. As I sat there and looked at all that money I realized how long it has taken me to earn it. It's everything I have in the world and I've just now made up my mind that I'll not spend it all in one place. I'll put it back in the bank and just rent a farm."

"If I had only arranged with him to pay by check, or if I had known enough to keep the money covered up, out of his sight," Strout told me, "all might have been well. I took careful precautions never to lose another sale on account of having the purchase money too much in evidence."

Many a farm sale—and this might apply to other kinds of selling also—is lost, says Strout, because the prospect is not placed at his ease but feels under obligations to the man who has taken him out to see the property. Suppose a man comes to town to look at a farm and the agent drives him ten miles into the country. But the farm isn't what the man wants. He would like to see other farms but is ashamed of himself for putting anybody to so much trouble, when he may not buy, and so he makes some excuse to get away.

Ed Strout realized that state of mind in the possible buyer and always tried to give him the impression that he was going out in the direction of the farm they were to look at, anyhow.

Ed Strout was born with a gift for thinking of just such human angles. Is it any wonder he has been successful in getting along with people?

ROMANCE ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from page 42)

"I thought I'd try out that plan we talked of doing to your mother's house, Phoebe—ripping out the partition into the old parlor and making a three-cornered living-room with the two fireplaces."

Her lip curled as she met his eyes. Often, they had talked of remodeling this little story-and-a-half house which Captain Freeman had built so long ago—but they might have meant another house! There were many little houses like it on the Cape...

"Go ahead," she said, shortly. What did she care? She wasn't going to have a house with Nathan, anyway... probably... and if he had no more sentiment than that...

His preoccupation with his work left her more than ever alone, during the next weeks. Sometimes in the evenings, she bent over his drawing-board and watched him, but it made an additional ache in her heart to see him transforming another man's house into a house they had dreamed together. Of course she had only to tell him that she didn't like it—but telling him would imply so much! He ought to know, she thought with fierce illogic! And, anyway—what did she care?

The weekly dance at the townhall claimed them again, and again Phoebe felt her heart leap when Manuel Silva approached her. She was fascinated and bewildered by her emotions. Why should she be so attracted to this boy whom she had known casually for the twenty years of her life?

"It's stuffy in here," she complained, as they danced.

"Let's go out and get some air, then." He was smiling at her, and she forgot Nathan, waiting by the window, as they stepped through the doors into the night. Manuel's arms pressed her close to his side; when he kissed her, she closed her eyes and clung to him dizzily.

"Like me a little, Phoebe?" She nodded dreamily, and he laughed as he kissed her again.

"Like me better'n that Hunt fella?" "That's different," she murmured, vaguely.

"But like me better?" he persisted.

"Yes!" she said, and at the ring of her own voice, she tore herself away from his embrace as though she had been waked from a dream and started to run back to the hall, only to be pinioned again by his arms and held close.

As though she were suddenly divided into two entities, one Phoebe Freeman demanded of a second what she was doing. And the second was dazed and deafened by the thumping of her heart.

"Someone... will see us," said the first Phoebe, in the breathless voice of the second.

"Yeah?" murmured Manuel's lips tenderly, against her cheek. "Who's to see?"

"We've got to—go back," said Phoebe. "Nathan—" She wondered, as she reentered the hall, blinking at the light after the dark depths of the evening, whether the hotness of her cheeks was translated into a flush. But Nathan greeted her casually and swung her among the dancers.

"I want you to come over to the Kirby's place with me tomorrow," he said. "I can't quite decide about the dining-room—"

She looked up at him, wondering. How could he be so matter-of-fact? Did he suspect at all?

"I'm going out to Dorset Light in the afternoon," she answered, wondering if her voice still trembled. "Manny wants to show me the station."

"That'll be interesting," he said. "Come with me in the morning, then."

If only, thought Phoebe to herself, the next day, her mother could be so calm about it!

A town of seven [Continued on page 66]



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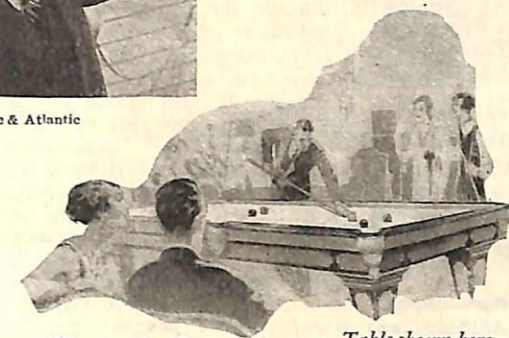


Table shown here
the Junior Grand



Photo by International Newsreels
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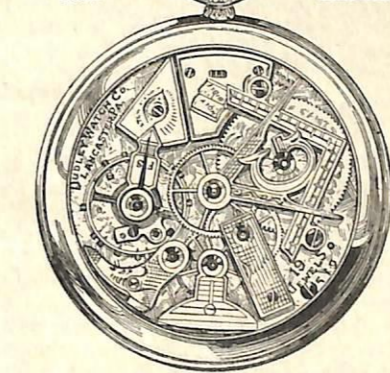
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ROMANCE ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from page 65)

hundred inhabitants has only seven hundred lives to discuss, and when one life is that of an old family and the other Portuguese, the value of interest is multiplied a hundredfold.

Mrs. Freeman was shocked, but firm. "Phoebe, did you know that people are saying you're interested in Manuel Silva?"

"Why—how silly," said Phoebe, without conviction, while her cheeks turned crimson. "Good heavens!" said her mother. "Do you mean to say that you are?"

"Of course not!" Indignation melted into tears, and Phoebe fled from the room.

"I thought I'd gone through all this once and for all when she was sixteen," Mrs. Freeman wrote to her husband, "but apparently not. I can't understand Nathan Hunt, at all; he seems utterly oblivious. Do you think we could be wrong about those two? Young people are so strange these days, but I declare they're more like brother and sister than two people in love . . ."

Nathan continued oblivious, submerged in his work, while two Phoebes fought within the body of one. She wasn't in love with Manuel Silva, she assured herself. She couldn't be! If she were in love with anyone, it would be with Nathan. She was fond of him; she could imagine being married to him more happily than to any other man. Why did she have to bother about it, at all?

But unfortunately for her, she did have to bother about it; Manuel Silva was not a paper-doll, to be moved from this side to that, in the mazes of Phoebe's mind. Nor did the town of Dorset regard him as such.

June brought the summer people, young men and women of Phoebe's own crowd, who pounced delightedly upon the gossip of her fancy for the young coastguard and teased her unmercifully. Through it all, Nathan continued blandly unaware—or uninterested—and his impassivity began to pique Phoebe's vanity, to keep him as much in the foreground of her mind as was Manuel, himself. Why didn't Nathan question her about it?

She thought that he was going to, one day in mid-June, when a noticeable and unwonted nervousness on his part resulted, merely, in the information that the Kirbys were to celebrate the completion of their house by a garden-party. They wanted Phoebe to act as hostess.

"Why, of course," she replied. "How funny you are, Nathan!"

He lighted a cigarette. "But your not knowing them—I thought perhaps you wouldn't want to. You'll help make out the list?"

"Certainly."

"I'll be going back to Boston, afterwards," he said soberly. "I—what'll you wear, Phoebe?"

"What will I wear?" She laughed at him, and then her eyes softened. Nathan was fond of her! If only he was just a little different, a bit less solemn and more romantic . . . she didn't want him to go back to Boston . . . "I'll look my prettiest," she promised.

The day before the party, she was sitting on the verandah, reading, when she saw Manuel Silva swinging up the path. What a romantic, handsome figure he was, in his blue uniform with his brown curls bared to the sun! He looked about quickly and bent down with the swift motion of a young animal and kissed her.

She sprang to her feet. "Manny, you mustn't do that!" This was the first time he had come here, and she was fearful of what her mother might say. Then she remembered that Mrs. Freeman was off with Nathan, in the car.

"Why mustn't I? You like it don't you?"

"No!" said Phoebe, and her eyes flashed when he laughed at her, impudently. "What do you want?"

He looked at her quizzically. "I like that! What do I want? Can't I come to see you?" She bit her lip. "Let's—oh, come on into the house."

Within the door, his arms went out toward her, but she backed away, shaking her head.

"Look here, Phoebe, are you ashamed of knowing me?" he demanded.

"Of course not!" How strange and alien he looked, in the little living-room, below the portraits of her blue-eyed ancestors!

"Will you let me take you to the dance next week?"

She retreated further away from the window. "Why, Manny—"

He stepped toward her and caught her arm, held it so tightly that she winced, and his dark eyes blazed in his brown face. "You'd kiss me when there wasn't anyone around, but you wouldn't go to a dance with me!" he accused, angrily.

"It isn't that!" Phoebe's lips quivered. Of course she wasn't ashamed of Manny! But if she went to a dance with him, everyone would think . . . everyone would say . . . "People—" she began, and paused. How could she explain? "I—I guess I shouldn't have kissed you," she said, lamely.

He stood before her, shoulders squared, eyes mocking her weakness. "Oh, that's it? You didn't want to kiss me! I suppose I made you!" With that abruptness which always surprised her, he jerked her roughly toward him and spoke with his lips almost touching hers. "You don't like to kiss me?"

PHOEBE FREEMAN looked resentfully into his brown eyes, and suddenly her own shoulders went back; her chin lifted, high, on a level with his. "You can't treat me like that, Manny Silva!" she told him, coolly. "If you want to talk to me, you'll have to let me go."

He looked at her in surprise, and as he backed away, a wave of triumph surged over her.

"Well?" he asked, sulkily.

"Well!" she answered, and smiled. "You know I wanted to kiss you," she admitted calmly, but in spite of the admission there was something in her voice which held him away from her. "But you know perfectly well that if I went to a dance with you, people would say—oh, you know what they'd say! Either that we were going to be married—or that we ought to be! You know how they talk!"

"What do you care, Phoebe?" he mumbled, but there was no conviction in his voice. As though he were watching her slip away from him, his eyes met hers dully. "Aw, Phoebe—"

She shook her head. "No, Manny." Her smile was a trifle sad. "We've both been silly and romantic, and we're too old for that. I—I'm sorry."

She was sorry, too. It was almost tragic for her to see their positions so reversed, to recognize herself suddenly become the stronger. She found herself wishing that he hadn't accepted her decision so readily. Where was the audacious, self-confident Manny?

He hesitated a moment. Then, "Oh, all right!" he said, petulantly, and walked away.

Phoebe stood, not like the gentle Guinevere, but with head high and shoulders back, as he went. But when the gate banged behind him, she gulped and ran to her room, flung herself miserably on the bed beside the new white dress her mother had bought for

the Kirbys' garden-party, the next day.

There wasn't any such thing as romance! For a brief spell, the spring had bewitched her, made her believe in fairy-tales. But it wasn't true. Nothing was ever really romantic! One simply was born and grew up and was married and died . . . She took the old picture solemnly down from the wall and carried it to the attic, where her dolls and nursery books were packed away.

She hung up the new dress, finding a faint pleasure in its exquisiteness. A dress that could easily have graced romance. She grimaced. A dress that was going to go, in all propriety, to a nice little garden-party, where its wearer introduced people, one to the other, and demanded, "Cream or lemon?" in silly, dulcet tones. That was what life was really like!

Her illusions were gone and her youth faded with them, she reflected—yet when she stood, the next afternoon, before her mirror, she might easily have posed for the most delicate of fantasies. The dress clung softly to her slimmest, fluttering in fragile folds about her ankles, and Nathan Hunt, waiting for her downstairs, caught his breath when he saw her.

"I got you some flowers," he said.

"Why—Nathan!" She flushed, as she took the bouquet of white roses from his hands. "You must have driven all the way to Hendon! That was dear of you."

"Oh, Phoebe!" He was nervous beneath her eyes, and his hands moved restlessly. "Your mother's gone ahead with Mrs. Lee. Ready?"

The little house, freshly painted a primrose yellow, was gay, across its fenced lawn. Print curtains fluttered in the open windows and flowers bloomed in green window-boxes. Beneath a tree, a pale green tea-table was laid with crystal cups and lustre china.

"It's so sweet. Nathan!" said Phoebe, as he swung his car into the driveway. "You've done wonders with it. Isn't Mrs. Kirby delighted?"

He mumbled something. "We'll go on inside," he told her.

The three-cornered living-room was what she had dreamed it would be, furnished now with the Kirbys' things, delicate maple furniture and gay flowered rugs. Envy crept into Phoebe's heart. It wasn't exactly romance, of course, but it would be very sweet, to have a little house like this . . .

"They must all be upstairs," Nathan interrupted her inspection. "C'mon." He moved toward the stairway that curved down, fanlike, into the narrower end of the room, and Phoebe looked at him curiously.

"Why, Nathan, what's the matter?" His face was very red, and he seemed to be avoiding her eyes. "Where's Mother? And hadn't I better wait down here—I haven't met Mrs. Kirby, you know."

Suddenly Nathan Hunt sat down on the lowest step and ducked his head against his hands, like a great lanky boy.

"Whatever . . . ?" She was laughing, as she approached him. "Nathan, dear . . ."

"Gosh, Phoebe!" He stood up and placed his hands on her shoulders, looked gravely into her eyes. "You're so beautiful and I love you so much," he told her.

She felt color rise in her cheeks and she looked away awkwardly, but his fingers, gentle and firm, lifted her chin until she met his eyes again.

"There isn't any Mrs. Kirby, Phoebe."

"What?" She looked about the room, in bewilderment, back again at him.

"And there isn't any Mr. Kirby."

"Nathan, are you crazy?"

"Maybe. I—you see—This is my house."

Beneath her stare, he grew more and more like an embarrassed, inexperienced youngster.

"This isn't going to be a garden-party, really. It—oh, what's the use?" Abruptly he leaned over and picked her up in his arms, carried her up the stair—

[Continued on page 68]



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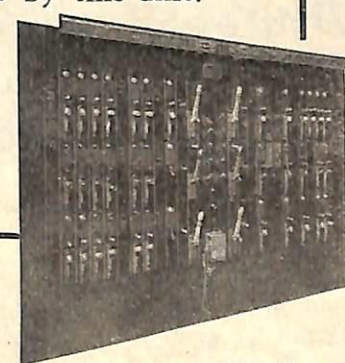
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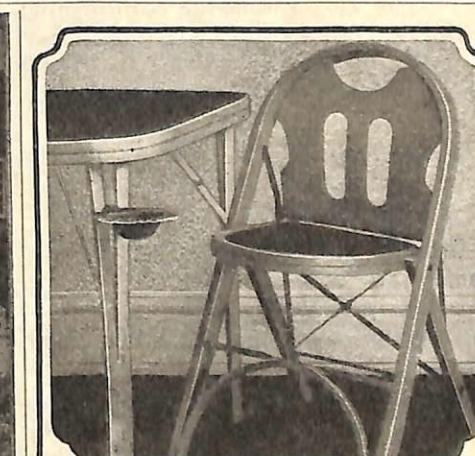
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ROMANCE ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from page 67)

case and set her down in a tiny, square hall. Through an open door, Phoebe could see her mother moving about a sun-drenched room, lifting something white and fluttering from a long box. She looked up at them, and smiled.

"Come on in here, and try this on, Phoebe," she ordered, briskly. "Land knows, I've been worried enough about whether it'd fit you! Of all the idiotic performances—"

Dazedly, Phoebe entered the bedroom, and dazedly she stood while her mother dropped down over her brown hair a wreath of dizzily sweet blossoms, from which flowed a delicate smoke of white lace.

"But what—?"

Mrs. Freeman turned indignantly upon Nathan. "Do you mean to say you haven't even proposed to her yet?" she demanded.

He was silent, and Phoebe looked from him to her mother, and then into the mirror where a slim, pink-cheeked young bride stood in dreamy contemplation.

"Phoebe, I—" Nathan looked at her, pleadingly. "I—"

She knew what he was going to say, as she turned expectantly toward him. Once, cons ago, she'd told him that that was the trouble with him . . . she always knew what he was going to say and do. Always, she'd

said! Her lips parted breathlessly, in wonder.

"What?" she asked, softly.

Mrs. Freeman bustled between them and crossed to the door. "With all I have to do!" she scolded. "The guests will be here most any minute, and the minister—you romantic imbeciles!" She sniffed, and though she knew as well as anyone that it wasn't customary, she swept across the threshold and left them alone together.

Guests . . . the minister . . . Her mother was moving about below in the flower filled room, preparing for her wedding. Her wedding! Could any girl even imagine a more romantic one! To have a house and husband all at once and . . .

"Romantic—imbeciles," repeated Phoebe, in a low voice. "I—I'm the imbecile, Nathan." Suddenly her eyes opened wide, and there was a touch of her mother's briskness in her voice. "Nathan Hunt, you come right over here and propose to me this minute!" she commanded. "Whatever are you thinking of?"

He caught her in his arms and the wind fluttered and the sun shone in the lacy folds of her veil.

"You, Phoebe," he said, softly. "No one but you!"

WHAT PRICE GLORY (Continued from page 31)

ber 23rd; the other, two nights later, at the Harris Theater, New York, creating a veritable sensation in the amusement world. The impossible had been accomplished. The moving picture version of "What Price Glory," dealing with the same theme and background—the world war—as its illustrious predecessor, "The Big Parade," had landed, landed hard, and, like its marine prototypes, "had the situation well in hand." Possibly the most eloquent testimony to this was afforded by the comment of Percy Hammond, theatrical critic of the New York Herald Tribune, who, averse to pictures as a menace to the legitimate theater, proclaimed the Fox picture as "the best entertainment of any kind now in New York." This viewpoint in moderation was seemingly shared by the majority of play and cinema critics in New York and Los Angeles.

Regarded from almost any angle the whole history of this epic-making play is fascinating. It was difficult for the student of either drama or pictures to see wherein this play by Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, as produced by Arthur Hopkins, could be transferred successfully to the screen. In the first place it was essentially a study of types, of characterizations, rather than theme. Then, too, most critics felt that much of its vogue was due to the too-true-to-life language of the marine principals, language that shocked the sensibilities of many people, aroused talk, inspired interest and resulted even in editorial comment. How could this possibly be reproduced without an inevitable dilution and a consequent weakening of the appeal the forceful language unquestionably made? The basic elements of the story itself were trite; it was merely another telling of the age-old conflict between two soldiers for the favor of the same woman. Again Helen, Menelaus and Paris, although the larger war in which the two marines, "Captain Flagg" and "Sergeant Quirt" and "Charmaine" were involved had not been the result of this competition as had been true of their predecessors of the Iliad, the Odyssey and Pro-

fessor Erskine's modernization. Yet, viewed from another angle, the very simplicity of the story was one of its biggest assets, the eternal or infernal triangle; but with such a background as is seldom granted humanity, the conflagration of a world at war. And the graphic way Stallings and Anderson handled their materials—always with a sure touch and a truthfulness seldom achieved by playwrights.

The glamor surrounding the branch of the service represented by the principal protagonists, the Marine Corps, added greatly to the interest. This was partly because, through the unparalleled publicity gained through the war, the land-sailors or sea-soldiers had become so picturesque and romantic that anything pertaining to them was bound to make an appeal on the screen. But, on the other hand, so well played on the stage had been the parts of "Flagg," "Quirt" and "Charmaine" by Louis Wolheim, William Boyd and Lylia Georgie respectively, that the question naturally arose where could three screen players be found who could even approximate the performances on the spoken stage? And yet they were found.

Victor McLaglen in Wolheim's rôle is ideal physically and mentally. His whole life, seemingly, had been a preparation for the part. He is a typical soldier of fortune who has fought in every corner of the world. The climax came in the world war. He and his five brothers, all well over six feet, foregathered from six corners of the world in London to enlist. Only one failed to return. Victor served in France and Mesopotamia. He was of the expedition which rescued General Townsend at Kut-el-Amara. Afterward he was provost marshal in that country for Sheikh Saad. A boxer of unquestioned ability, he stood up for six rounds against the negro, Jack Johnson, after the latter had won the middle-weight title from Tommy Burns. He has joined practically every diamond or gold rush in the last twenty years in no matter what corner of the globe the discovery was made.

Now on the crest of the wave, now in the trough, Victor McLaglen's whole life has been most varied and fascinating. He is the marine that "Flagg" represents.

Edmund Lowe in Boyd's rôle of "Sergeant Quirt," the omnipresent duelist with "Flagg" for the favor of the same "lady" or "ladies," lacks the personal life background possessed by McLaglen. Yet he is an excellent foil. His greater success with women—on the screen—because of his better looks and the possession of that indefinable charm that makes an appeal to all women, is explained not only through the script of the play but through Lowe's own presentment of the rôle.

For "Charmaine" a hazardous but successful gamble was made. This part was entrusted to an unknown actress, Dolores Del Rio, of a socially smart family of the City of Mexico, whose picture possibilities a director had sensed on meeting her in Paris after the armistice. It is interesting to recall that the part in the play was entrusted to the unknown Hungarian, Lylia Georgie. The hits scored by all three of the leading players more than justified the almost uncanny faith of Sheehan and the others.

We have had and will have many more war plays and pictures but none with more thrilling, effective and mentally devastating scenes. Always plausible and rarely theatrical (in the accepted sense of the word), uncompromising in its brutality and realism it drives home as few pictures have the utter futility of it all. Consciously or otherwise it preaches a far-reaching lesson in the most effective of all ways, insidiously not openly or avowedly, and leaves the spectator asking, "Why such wanton destruction of human life and to what purpose?" Echo may give forth no answer, but it will set people thinking and from thinking action often springs.

PRISON BREAKING AS A PASTIME (Continued from page 36)

moment the "all clear" signal had been given by one of the watchers I walked out into the camp. I was immediately assailed with an almost overwhelming fear of discovery and for the first few seconds I could hardly tell in which direction I was walking. Then as no shots went off, no shouts came from the sentries and no whistles were blown, I gained courage and went on to the gate. The sentry who should have been there was still standing about twenty yards off and greeted me with a smile and a "Good morning." A little further off I could see our old friend the German corporal, possibly enjoying what he may have guessed were partly the fruits of his corruption.

Just before starting I had been handed the gate key, which had been brought back once more, and I had no difficulty in getting inside the orderlies' compound. I left the key in the lock in case we had to beat a hurried retreat, and marched up to the hut. On peering in at the door I found the whole "gang" assembled, peering out and laughing at me. There was no sentry in sight for the moment and I gave them an answering grin. The first part of the scheme had worked out most excellently.

Adopting what I considered to be my most Teutonic tone, I called for four orderlies to fall in in front of me. The four confederates trooped out of the hut. As soon as they had fallen in I pointed to the large canvas bag of kit, telling them to load it on to the wheelbarrow, which was standing conveniently near, and accompanying my commands with suitable gestures to make the "English pigs" understand.

When this had been done, I waved them towards the gate and gave the order to march. On seeing us approach the sentry came up and peered [Continued on page 70]

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PRISON BREAKING AS A PASTIME

(Continued from page 69)

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through the wire. When we were close enough I produced a cloth-covered card case, opened it and showed him my pass. He glanced at it and then slowly produced the key and unlocked the gate. I stood aside while the confederates trooped out, my brother coming last with the wheelbarrow. The moment we were all clear, the sentry turned and closed the gate behind us. We were now right outside the camp and everything seemed to be going well. In another two or three minutes we would reach the cover of the trees on the main road, when we would be safe from pursuit for a considerable time.

And then I noticed that the sentry had started to follow us. We had gone barely thirty yards when he came up to me and said in a low voice:

"You ought to be careful of that party of orderlies, I can recognize an officer amongst them."

"An officer?" I said, "impossible! I know all these men by sight."

"You are wrong," he answered, "that man pushing the wheelbarrow is Hauptmann Milne. I used to be on guard in the camp prison and I know him well by sight."

"Anyway," I retorted, "I shall keep my eyes open; he won't be able to escape from me."

"But there may be other officers in the party," he insisted, "they may all be trying to escape. I don't think you should go any further with them. You must take them back into the camp at once."

I did my best to pacify him; I argued with him.

"Oh, but, come now, these men are all right, and we have to get down to the station at once and send off this luggage."

"I can't help that, you had better take them back into the camp at once and have them searched."

And he blew his whistle.

At this we all realized that the game was up. It was no use bolting. The best thing was to make an orderly retreat. With this end in view, I reassumed command of the party and ordered them to go back at once to the orderlies' enclosure. I went on protesting to the sentry that everything was all right and that he was causing a lot of trouble for nothing. Up to this time he had apparently had no idea that I could be anything but a German soldier, but now it seemed to dawn on him that something was wrong.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked. "I have never seen you before." A slight pause, during which I tried to tell him my name. "And what sort of a bayonet have you got there?" striking at the weak point in the equipment. "And that ammunition pouch looks rather different to me."

He clenched the argument by slamming the gate in my face. As there was nothing more to be said I turned tail and hurried off after the others, who by this time had safely reached the shelter of the orderlies' hut.

NEARLY a year had passed since I had seen my brother. We had both been prisoners in the Friedberg camp during the summer of 1916, but had later been separated. Now, on my arrival at the camp in Ströhen, I learned that he was in the jail there, under sentence of death. A German lawyer finally managed to save him.

After months in the jail at Ströhen and some time spent in the hospital there, I was transferred to Neunkirchen, and finally to Aachen, which place was only a few miles from the Dutch frontier.

This was April, 1918, and I had been a

prisoner for nearly two and a half years. The second day after our arrival at Aachen, Beverly Robinson and I, by climbing through the ventilation holes in the lavatory and getting into the hospital yard which adjoined our prison, were able to scale the fence and get away. We made our escape about ten o'clock at night.

The country to the northeast of Aachen is thickly populated, and dotted with mines and blast-furnaces; in between the industrial patches it is hilly and wooded. To keep on a definite course by night with an inaccurate map was well-nigh impossible, and the difficulty of the situation was increased by the detours we were forced to make round all the numerous villages. At times we were scared by the glow from one of the furnaces, suddenly lighting up the whole countryside and giving us an unpleasant feeling of insecurity—as though we were being held in the beam of a searchlight.

Although it was a dark night and raining slightly, we soon noticed how clearly white houses or white posts showed up and wondered how much could be seen of us. Our faces were easy to cover up with our woolen mufflers, but we found that, through several bad tears in our trousers, our knees were showing and could be seen some way off; our hands were almost as bad. The only remedy seemed to be to rub earth on all the places that were noticeable, so we sat down in a corner of a ploughed field and plastered ourselves with mud. It was unpleasant and messy, but it rendered us almost invisible and we went on more confidently.

We got lost several times in a perfect maze of hills, rivers and woods, often made worse by the discovery of roads and railways not marked on our map.

At half-past two we lost all confidence in the map which, after leading us to a correctly marked road, suddenly brought us to a railway line, a brightly illuminated mine and then a river broad enough to make us look for a bridge. None of these features were shown on the map, and we wondered what we should do on the frontier. I began to lose confidence in our chances of success; in fact, when we had made an almost complete circle around the mine and its neighboring buildings and found ourselves heading due south, I was on the verge of despair. But within half an hour, the country flattened out and we came across several landmarks which, with some lights we could see to the north, convinced us that we were close to the small town of Kohlscheid, only two miles from the nearest point of the frontier.

From now on we were in the frontier zone and great caution was essential. Under normal circumstances it was an understood thing that one went dead slow in this zone, and for the last two miles it was considered best to crawl on hands and knees taking advantage of every scrap of cover. In our case this was out of the question; it was already half-past three and we estimated that to reach the point where we intended to cross the frontier we had another four miles in front of us. Dawn would come between five and half-past and by that time we wanted to be more than a mile across the border; bearing in mind the uncertainty of its exact position, we had over five miles to do in less than two hours.

The eastern horizon was giving a pale warning of the approach of day. Within an hour it would be light. We trudged on and quite suddenly came upon a road. It ran nearly north and south, and, from its size and good surface, we judged it to be

the main road from Aachen to Holland. This gave us an excellent idea as to how far west we had come, but, owing to the lack of detail on our map, we had no certain knowledge as to how far north. There was no one about; the road was straight and, with its white surface, easy to see. A low hedge bound it on either side. If we were challenged we could separate and hide in the woods. We were taking a big risk, but there was no time for hesitation, and we walked along boldly for a few hundred yards. Then, as it turned and we could not see clearly around the bend, we took a track on the left-hand side. The troublesome woods flanking the road had given way to a series of fields and orchards from which we again caught sight of some lights. They now bore roughly east-north-east, showing that we had made good progress to the north-west.

We strode on as fast as we could, for the sky was rapidly getting grey; in less than half an hour it would be broad daylight. And then we almost tripped over a sentry! He was sitting in a little rough shelter down in a hollow; in front of him there was a fire in a bucket over which he was warming himself. I dimly perceived a Landsturm helmet on his head, and a rifle propped up beside him. Fortunately he gave no sign of having seen or heard us.

We retraced our steps on tiptoe for twenty yards, and then turned back toward the road. We reached it and found it deserted, but having just seen a sentry the danger of following it seemed too great and we contented ourselves with going straight across so as to avoid a house only a few yards ahead. By the time we had crawled through a hedge on the far side and crossed a small field, it was light enough for us to be seen nearly half a mile away. With a sense of having failed, we realized we could go no further that day, and began looking around anxiously for cover. The only possible hiding-place in sight was a small, sparse wood some four hundred yards further north. We walked hard for it and, screened by a hedge, even ran the last hundred yards. We reached the trees and searched for a spot where we could if necessary lie up for the whole day.

Now that it was daylight we were able to go over our map more carefully, and followed mentally, step by step, the course we had taken during the night. Very gradually I became convinced that we had actually crossed the frontier and were already in Holland. This was a dangerously optimistic view to take and Robinson disagreed entirely. He was sure we were still in Germany, rightly arguing that we had seen practically nothing of the frontier guards and that we had not yet reached the all-important railway.

Some way off we heard the puffing of an engine and we listened intently trying to make out in what direction it was going. It must be on the railway; if we could reach it we should be safe. At times the sound seemed to die down, only to burst out again closer. There was something awe-inspiring about the low rhythmic puffing. Like the beat of a war drum in an African forest. I felt almost frightened. It came nearer and nearer, and then to our amazement the engine steamed into sight a hundred yards ahead of our hiding-place, along what we had thought to be a road and which the trees had prevented us from seeing clearly. It was a goods train, and on the sides of the trucks were the Dutch colors and the word "Nederland" in large letters.

We stood up and walked to the line; on the far side of it we saw a house with a Dutch advertisement on its side, and a signpost pointing to Spekholz . . . Holland! A thousand prison dreams faded into one reality: we were no longer prisoners.

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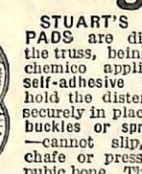
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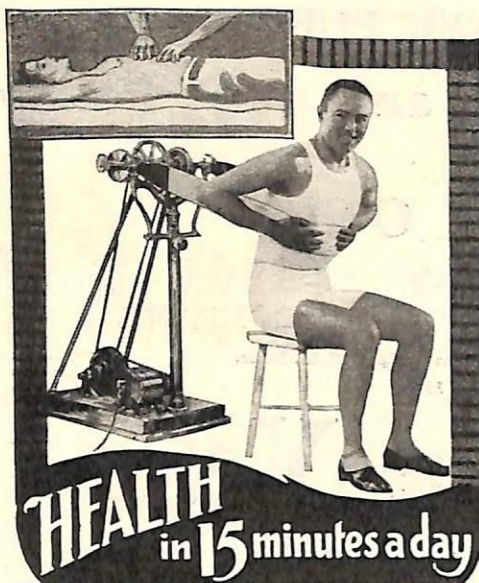
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PYGMALION [Continued from page 33]

pallor, her agitation, her taut nerves. No one, in fact, has looked at her. After all, you must remember that *Eliza* is simply a "laboratory experiment" to the two men. Left alone, the girl throws herself face down on the floor, raging.

Higgins (in despairing wrath outside)—What the devil have I done with my slippers? (He appears at the door.)

Liza (snatching up the slippers, and hurling them at him one after the other with all her force)—There are your slippers! And there! Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them.

Heavens! What's the matter with the creature! *Liza* isn't usually like this. It must be just low spirits after the strain of the day! *Higgins* advises her to go upstairs, have a little cry, say her prayers and sleep it off.

But our *Liza*'s sick mood is too deep for such medicine. The lessons are finished—her part of the transaction is done with. Now—what is to become of her! What is she fit for after this! Where is she to go!

Higgins suggests she may marry. He, of course, is beyond all sentimental thought of women. So's Packer. Still—

Higgins—I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

Liza—We were above that in Tottenham Court Road.

What does she mean by that!

Liza—I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish you'd left me where you found me.

Why must she start bothering him about such things in the middle of the night! In a vile temper *Henry* goes off, and *Liza* leaves the house, stealthily, to spend the hours until morning between the Carlton House and trying to find courage to throw her charming but frantic self into the river. Finally she winds up at *Mrs. Higgins*'—but only after the two distraught phonetists have, in terror, put the police on the task of finding their runaway for them. *Henry*'s mother reads them a lecture. They have been inhumanly inconsiderate—brutal. But at last she produces *Liza*—a sunny, self-possessed, haughty *Liza*.

Higgins—Don't you dare try this game on me. I taught it to you and it doesn't take me in. Get up and come home; and don't be a fool.

Mrs. Higgins—Very nicely put, indeed,

Henry. No woman could resist such an invitation.

But *Liza* seems able to resist it. She doesn't mind being sworn at, nor an occasional black eye, but the one thing the flower girl won't stand is being "passed over." And she doesn't have to stand it. She has a trump card up her sleeve little suspected by the impervious *Higgins*.

Liza—You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as he's able to support me.

Higgins—Rubbish! you shall marry an ambassador . . . I'm not going to have my masterpiece thrown away on Freddy Eynesford.

However, she's feeling strongly independent. *Higgins* has said that she has a finer ear than even he, himself. She has all the knowledge of phonetics that *Higgins* has poured into her. She, herself, can teach upstarts to speak properly. She can offer herself as an assistant to *Professor Nepean*.

Higgins—What! That impostor! . . . Teach him my methods! . . . You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck.

Liza—Wring away. What do I care.

So, at last, she knows her power. Happiness surges through her. And, besides, Freddy loves her. Until they can marry she can advertise the fact that the new duchess is a pupil of *Higgins*, and nothing but a flower girl. That she in her turn can teach anybody else to be a duchess in six months for a thousand guineas.

Here's a new, exciting, dangerous *Liza*. *Higgins* warms to her. But what good does it do him!

As she goes off with his mother, he calls out—

"Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eight, and a tie to match that new suit of mine, at Eale & Binman's. You can choose the color."

Liza—Buy them yourself.

Mrs. Higgins—I'm afraid you've spoiled that girl, *Henry*. But never mind, dear; I'll buy you the tie and gloves.

Higgins—Oh, don't bother. She'll buy them all right enough. Good-by.

Curtain.

UNLOCKING THE WINTER

[Continued from page 44]

before he ever saw a ski. He recalls very vividly a morning in Massachusetts when, equipped with snow shoes, he started out for a hike with a friend, a Dartmouth man, wearing skis.

There was not much companionship in the walk. Through underbrush, or when traveling on the level, the snowshoes served very well to maintain even pace with the skis and so on the up-grades. But when a hill or a slight depression appeared the ski-man would wave his hand in farewell and glide out of sight.

But then, if, as with snowshoes, the ski had proved to be only another means of locomotion, it never would have attained its present popularity in the realm of sport. Skiing is really an art and as the years have gone on it has become laden with expert frills and furbelows such as the Telemark

and Christiania swings, employed to change direction or to check swift headway, the recording of various sorts of tracks; ski-joring, ski-skating and jumping. Indeed, skiing is a science as well as an art and a number of very deep books have been written on the subject of its technique.

There is nothing that for sheer thrill approaches ski-jumping either as a spectator or an actual jumper.

The writer has never heard of any mortal accident resulting from ski-jumping, nor of many, if any, serious injuries. This is not to say that the jumpers do not fall. They do, often enough. But the fact that they land upon an inclined surface entails less danger than were the jumper to come a cropper upon the level ground.

Ski-running is not so thrilling but it affords far more pleasure for an infinitely

greater number of men and women since expert ski-jumpers seem to be born, not made. If one is not a born jumper he never really enjoys the game. Dartmouth, Williams and other colleges have established regular trails, marked by cabins supplied with cooking utensils, blankets and firewood, which lead to various beautiful objectives as, say, Mount Graylock at Williamstown and Moose Mountain, Meeting House Hill and Fairlee and Morey lakes at Dartmouth.

In the regulation sprinting and distance events at these intercollegiate winter carnivals the times turned in by ski-runners are extraordinary. Snowshoes do not begin to compare with them and the man who attempts to follow them on foot is left as far behind as a motorcar leaves a horse-drawn vehicle.

Wisconsin used the ski so long as a mere implement of locomotion by students who wished to get somewhere that it was never seriously regarded as a medium for sport until Dartmouth showed the way. As to the advances that have been made by the Madison University it need be said only that the present intercollegiate ski-jump champion, Trove, is a Wisconsin student and that Wisconsin's team won the national intercollegiate ski meet at Lake Placid in 1925.

But ice-boating has flourished for years at Wisconsin. No university is so adventageously situated for ice-boating as the Badger institution. Surrounded on three sides by lakes of adequate expanse and rare beauty, the Badger institution is a veritable home of the winged craft on steel runners.

The Hudson River in the vicinity of Newburgh, Great South Bay and the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey are other ice-boat racing centers of traditional prestige.

The ice craft is for racing and nothing else. It has no other use. When the writer was at Madison this fall the testimony of Wisconsin students was that no sport, not even football, contained a quarter of the thrill to the square inch that a race aboard an ice-boat contained.

As a piece of personal testimony it may be affirmed that when an ice-boat comes toward you head-on, sail belying, one runner kicking high in the air, it is about as fearsome a thing to contemplate as can be imagined. Here is velocity unleashed, and for that matter, nothing but the airplane exceeds it in speed.

It is temperamental, uncertain. Sometimes it grows mutinous, throws its crew overboard and goes careering and careening to destruction. The best recorded speed of an ice-boat is two miles in ninety seconds which any contemporary in these speedy times will agree is fairly fast going.

Wisconsin students, some of them at least, own ice-boats but those who do not can hire them for the season or for the day from firms in Madison. With toboggan slides having their terminus on the lake, and skating immensely popular, it is no unusual spectacle to see from twenty-five hundred to three thousand Wisconsin students on Lake Mendota at one time.

All in all the outpouring of American youth into the winter open which the last few years have seen means as much for the development of the nation in health and lusty physique as any youthful trend that one can call to mind. The old order saw winter given over to childhood with sledding and skating. Now students in the high schools and preparatory institutions and the colleges in northern latitudes are out-doors, indulging in exercise in numbers almost as great as in the spring and fall and among adults the coming of snow and ice and interruption of golf and tennis no longer means consecutive months of enforced inactivity or perfunctory exercise in stuffy gymnasiums.

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Make \$15 a day selling this wonderful new household article that has taken the country by storm. It is CED-O-BAG a moth-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof storage bag for clothes, blankets and furs. It is the greatest, fastest selling household article that has come on the market for years. Every housewife wants one, buys on sight.

CED-O-BAGS are made from rubberized fabric which has been chemically treated. They are patented. Nothing else like them. Instead of a small easily torn paper bag or a clumsy, expensive cedar chest, a CED-O-BAG provides adequate space for two to four garments. And yet, with all of these distinctive advantages CED-O-BAGS are priced for quick sale.

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There is a chance for you to clean up a lot of money in your town at once just by taking orders for CED-O-BAGS. L. H. Green went out and made a clear profit of \$12 in one afternoon. J. V. Davis took five orders in one evening and was \$5 richer. Edith Phillips made \$53 in one week's spare time (evenings.) You can do as well, or better.



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So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey \$4000 profits in two months. Alexander of Pennsylvania \$3000 profits in four months. Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Iwata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pittsburgh says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers scattered all over town. It's good old world after all." Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



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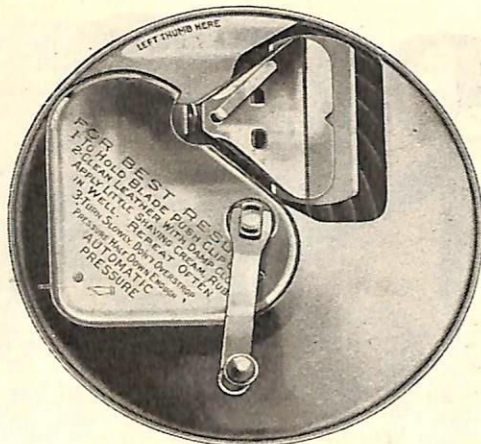
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Remarkable New Invention Makes Old Razor Blades Keener Than Brand New and Brings as High as 365—600 slick shaves from the same blade! See Generous Introductory Offer Below!

Think of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere! This amazing invention marks a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy. It is more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel file flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

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To introduce KRISS-KROSS, I am giving free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape, (2) straight (old style), (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a sliding instead of pulling stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Made of rustless metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before.

Write For Details At Once!

This astonishing offer is limited. Send the coupon for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are sold only through authorized representatives (or direct from the factory). Clip the coupon today for full details. No obligation.

AGENTS: Make Big Money

Many are making big money as KRISS-KROSS representatives. \$75—\$200 a week. Spare time workers cleaning up big. Gift razor is marvelous business-booster. We have a unique sales-plan that brings unusually sizable profits. J. C. Kellogg made over \$200 in seven days. And H. King made \$66 profit in one 8-hr. day!

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NOT TO THE SWIFT (Continued from page 29)

Catmeat shook. "Uh," he began with an air of self-possession he was far from feeling, "uh, Palestine, Ah got de yaller debbil all chuned up an' thought Ah'd drap round an' give yo' a li'l spin up t' Lexinton an' back."

"Now ain' dat too bad," said Palestine, "but Ah's jes' leavin' wid Mist' Cole fo' a li'l spin up t' Frankfort."

"—on a real motor cycle," added Limey, with a meaningful emphasis on the real.

Whereat Mr. Cole grasped the not-unwilling Palestine by the arm, escorted her to the curb, mounted her on the tandem seat, kicked the starter and zoomed away at a speed that left Catmeat speechless, while a great big wonderful aircastle came tumbling down on his head.

Catmeat's first impulse was to hotfoot it—or rather, hot wheel it—to wherever he might find Mistuh Smelt and blurt out his troubles to that imperturbable gentleman. But on second consideration he deemed it best to avoid the "I-told-you-so" by mounting his discredited charger and heading forthwith to a place where Nepenthe was to be had for four bits a throw, including a ginger ale chaser. He sat at an inconspicuous table and when he wasn't keeping the Campbells coming, he was trying to figger it out.

But the more he "figgered," the more confused the figures became. Just at what hour he quitted Jim's place, just how he managed to mount and ride his motor-cycle home, and just why he should have chosen an onion bed in the garden behind his boarding house in which to sleep were other things that Catmeat never did figure out. But when he awakened the sun was high in the heavens, his parched mouth had all the flavor of a policeman's sock and his head pounded like the engine of an antiquated flivver. With a groan he rolled over, jack-knifed slowly upright and shambled into the house. There he gulped a few cups of Java, doused his brow in ice water, and packed up his troubles in his old kit bag, which same he deposited at the feet of the sagacious Mistuh Smelt.

"Mebbe Ah ain' so hot at figgerin' things out," concluded Catmeat, "but if hit ain't all Limey Sanders doin's, Ah neva did know nuthin' an' neva will. Whyfo' should he go pickin' on me? 'Splain me, Lloyd, how come he craves t' steal mah gal?"

Mistuh Smelt tapped his teeth with a meditative gold pencil. "Fust," he opined, "mebbe cause he craves Palestine fo' hissef. But dat ain' very likely sein's he been trampin' round wid dat Harris gal dese las' two month. An' secon', probly 'cause by makin' moh of a monkey outen you dan de good Lawd Hissef seen fit to, he pins de razzberry on me who brang you t' town."

"An' what we gwine do?"

"We," said Mistuh Smelt, with an ominous note in his voice, "we ain' gwine do nuffin'. But Ah is!"

"You means," queried Catmeat with an evident air of disappointment, "you means we ain' gwine take dis Sanders on an' scrub 'im wid brickbats?"

Mistuh Smelt expressed his scorn in a single sniff. "Set heah," he said, reaching for his purple banded Panama, "an' wait 'twell Ah comes back. Ah's steppin' out fo' awhile, t' see whut Ah kin see."

After a particularly delicate massé, he glanced up to find Limey Sanders lounging in a tilted chair, observing him with an ill-concealed grin of triumph.

"Seen yo' frien' Yamley yet?" asked Limey, firing the first salvo.

"An' ef Ah has?" suggested Mistuh Smelt.

"You's had some bad news."

"An' you calls a fish face blue gum on a broke down red bicycle bad news?"

"Doan' display yo' iggerance 'bout motor cycles," said Limey.

"Mah iggerance," retorted Mistuh Smelt shortly, "would be a college eddication fo' you."

"Wuz you evah on a Merc'ry?" demanded Limey.

"All ovah France," lied Mistuh Smelt glibly.

"An' how fa' kin dey go?"

"Not very."

"Humph."

"Humph?"

"Yes, humph!"

"Meanin' which?"

"Dat yo' talk am mighty cheap."

Mistuh Smelt glanced about at Limey's cohorts. Then, "Ah thought, Sanders," he said cuttingly, "Ah thought Ah done learned you dat mah talk am 'spensive fo' some folks."

"Den heah am yo' chancet t' complete de eddication."

"Sez which?"

"Yo' claims you knows all 'bout motor cycles, an' probly all you knows is whut yo' frien' Yamley is been spoutin'."

Ah has money which sez dat does Yamley race on de cycle he been ridin', wid mah frien' on his cycle, Yamley eats dust all de way."

"Money? How much money?"

"Moh dan you keers t' cover."

"Fo' zample."

"Thousan' bucks, cash," said Limey triumphantly, whipping out a roll that would have balked a hippopotamus.

Mistuh Smelt gulped and indulged in some rapid thinking. And the more rapidly he thought, the more he convinced himself that Limey Sanders had come armed for bear. "When?" he countered, sparring for time.

"Nex' week at de Friendship Lodge picnic."

"You means on de race track ovah to de Shelbyville Fair Grounds?"

"Eggzackly—fo' two thousan' bucks, winner take de cash, loser take de grief, accidents included!"

Deducing that Catmeat's six years' experience as a chauffeur of fast cars had given him a fair ability to judge speeds, recalling that Catmeat had judged the top speed of his motor cycle at eighty miles an hour, and convinced that eighty miles an hour stood a fair chance of winning any amateur race save with a graveyard ghost, Mistuh Smelt reached for his check book.

"Might as well git hung fo' a hawg as fo' a shote," he mused after glancing at the healthy balance that represented the fruit of a month's successful policy writing. Then aloud, "Any you othah boys whut craves a eddication?"

They did, to the tune of \$435. Whereat Mistuh Smelt wrote a check for \$1,435 with a flourish and handed it to the proprietor. "Jeb," he said, "run ovah to de corner an' cash dat. On yo' way back, fetch Mal Halpey, de cashier, sayin' hit's a business deal fo' me."

Ten minutes later Mistuh Smelt quitted the Idle Hour Pool and Billiard Parlor with \$1,435 of his money in the hands of Banker Halpey of the Afro-American State Bank. Mal had accepted the office of stakeholder and had been made to understand

clearly that monies to the amount of \$2,870 were to be handed over to one Lloyd Smelt did Catmeat Yamley win the ten mile race. Otherwise they were to be paid over to one William Cole of Shelbyville or his manager pro tem, Liminius J. Sanders.

Constitutionally hopeful, Mistuh Smelt craved to be of light heart. But he resolved to hold his cheer in check until he had converse with Catmeat. He re-entered the office. "Catmeat," he asked abruptly, "Catmeat, how fas' kin a Merc'ry travel?"

Catmeat sniffed. "Not very."

"Could you outstep one rode by yo' lean frien' f'um Shelbyville fo' ten miles did you know Ah wuz bettin' fo'teen hundred an' thutty fi' bucks on you?"

Catmeat blanched. "Ah—uh—" he gurgled. "When?"

"Shelbyville Fair track nex' week at de Friendship picnic."

"Ah—uh—"

"Doan' guggle at me, boy! Kin you—or kain't you?"

"Dunno."

"Dunno?" demanded Mistuh Smelt with heat. "Ain' you said yo' yaller debbil wuz doin' eighty?"

"So Ah wuz guessin'. But Ah ain' got no speedometer—"

Abruptly Mistuh Smelt terminated the conversation. "Heah," he said, proffering a \$20 bill, "ram down town, buy yo'self a speedometer an' whilst thah, find out how fast kin a Merc'ry go. An'," he concluded ominously, "is de answer moh dan eighty miles a hour, de Tunis P. Fish Post o' de 'Merican Legion is gwine hold a military fun'rel wid you undah a red, white an' blue flag you kain't salute!"

Within forty-eight hours Mistuh Smelt had come to the realization that the only difference between himself and the average pig about to be stuck is that the average pig has a curly tail. First, trustworthy information had it that a boy with nerve could push a Mercury Super-Four up to eighty miles an hour. Second, the belated speedometer revealed a plus error of some eighteen miles an hour in Catmeat's ideas of motor cycle speed. And third, a secretive trip to the Shelbyville Fair Grounds confirmed the rumor that Limey had been so unprincipled as to enter a ringer in what had originated as a strictly amateur event. For, perched on the fence like a pair of railbirds, Mistuh Smelt and Catmeat had observed, with the help of field glasses, the mysterious Mr. Cole not only circling the mile track in a shade over forty-five seconds, but hugging the rail as he went and taking the turns with an open throttle.

"Unless," had muttered Mistuh Smelt as they clambered from the fence, "unless they is a miracle, Ah's gwine git rooked fo' fo'teen hundred bucks nex' Satiday an' yo' gwine git run ovah by a Merc'ry moto-cycle—f'um behind!"

During those same forty-eight hours, the colored population of Barbours had managed to work itself into a frenzy of anticipation. In itself, the race between Catmeat and his rival was a topic worthy both of discussion and the placing of divers wagers. Add to that the man-sized bet between the well-known Limey Sanders and the equally popular Mistuh Smelt, then mix in the romantic flavor of two speed-mad maniacs ready to do or die for the favor of Palestine Mokely—and it is simple as A-B-C why the Friendship Lodge had to order a second batch of tickets for their annual picnic three days hence.

But while Barbours was buzzing and finding great encouragement in the care-free air being affected by Mistuh Smelt, Mistuh Smelt himself was suffering from an invasion of the heebie jeebie blues. Twenty-four hours prior to the time when some \$1,500 seemed destined to be pried from his roll, Mistuh Smelt sat in [Continued on page 76]



43 Miles On a Gallon
"We have tried them out. Chevrolet got 43 miles."—F. S. Carroll, Rex Dean, another Chevrolet owner, reports he got 25 miles a gal. Took the device off and mileage dropped to 19. Put it back and mileage moved up to 25.



Almost Double
J. R. Wood writes he increased mileage on his Oldsmobile from 17 miles a gallon to 30 miles a gallon by actual count on 3,000 miles.



Saves 41 Percent
"I made over 44 miles per gallon on my Dodge between Brownsville, Texas, and Tampico, Mexico."—T. L. Brown.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Saves 41%
"I find it better than you recommend. On the International Truck we use, we are saving by positive test 41% in gas and our engine uses less oil."—George Bell.

Sworn Affidavit

I, L. G. Stransky, Vice President, J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company, being first duly sworn, depose and say that the J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company have their files thousands of unsolicited testimonials from satisfied users all over the world.

Signed L. G. Stransky Vice President.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of November, 1926.

(Signed) Ernest Hengar Notary Public.



With This Amazing Device I Drove 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

No wonder over a million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer! J. R. Wood of St. Louis writes that he ran his car 3,000 miles on the same amount of gas that he formerly used on only 1,700 miles. Read the inventor's daring no-risk offer to you.

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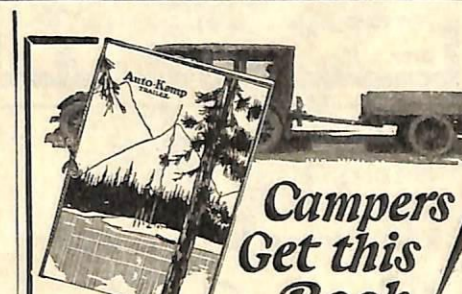
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NOT TO THE SWIFT [Continued from page 75]

his office contemplating the departure of said \$1,500 and the thought was gall unto his soul. Opposite sat the doleful Catmeat.

Catmeat cleared his throat. "Mebbe Ah could win if Ah—"

"De on'y way you could win," interrupted Mistuh Smelt briefly, "is fo' a flash o' lightnin' t' smack dis Wild Bill Cole squah in de haid—twicet fo' keeps an' oncet agin fo' luck."

Fresh out of conversation, Catmeat sagged mutely into the depths of his chair. Dusk fell.

Mistuh Smelt sighed. "Catmeat," he said rising. "You kin squat heah all night an' hug yo' grief. But wuz Ah you, Ah'd ramblate home an' give mah mattress a full len'th pressin' fo' de night. Ah sees you t'morruh 'bout noon at yo' house an' us'll ride ovah t' Shelbyville t'gethah."

At 2:25 the following afternoon, Mistuh Smelt glanced at his wrist watch and motioned to Catmeat who sat on an up-ended pop case beneath the grandstand. "Rise an' shine, Catmeat, an' fo'git yo' gates ajar. All you gwine do am ride in de dust fo' ten miles whilst hit's mah pocket-book whut gits de goin' ovah."

Catmeat rose. "Yeh," he sighed, "all you loses am money, but Ah loses me de cooin'est baby whut—"

"Lay off, bruised an' bleedin' heart, lay off. Ah knows yo' ex-light o' love sets up in de official Shelbyville box. But Ah also has knowed niggers whut wuz cheerful bein' hung."

"Wisht Ah wuz."

"Me too. But 'membah, you ain't in jail till de door clangs. An' does you ease off on yo' throttle goin' round de bends, Ah bends a two by fo' round yo' haid when de race am ovah. De fack dat yo' clunker kain't de moh dan sixty-two ain' no reason fo' you not doin' yo' stuff. They is many a slip twixt de still an' de lip—an' mebbe, p'raps, probly suttin'll happen—lak hit sometime do."

Paced by Mistuh Smelt, Catmeat wheeled his cycle to the paddock gate and swung his leg over the saddle. The buzz of the crowd swelled to an encouraging roar. Friends. Well-wishers. As Catmeat kicked the starter, a carmine streak roared past and the crowd exploded into a frenzy. Wild Bill Cole, wearing a crimson jersey that bore the succinct phrase, "Eat my dust," zoomed past the stands, and acknowledging the cheers with a jaunty flourish of his arm, tore off an exhibition lap at top speed.

Disconcerted by Wild Bill's trick of stealing the crowd, Catmeat with Mistuh Smelt still at his elbow, chugged slowly toward the group of officials clustered about the starting line. Simultaneously with his arrival there, Wild Bill coasted down the stretch to be immediately surrounded by a self-important crew of assistants and to acknowledge the cheers which roared from the rising tiers of excited humanity.

Flaunting considerable yardage of cerise ribbon, the judges stepped forward to issue their final instructions. But as they advanced, the cheering abruptly died away. Looking up, Catmeat envisioned the inception of a scene which was as salt unto his already wounded feelings. Palestine Mokely, bewitchingly beautiful in lavender organdie and a drooping picture hat, stood balanced on the front rail of her box supported by two of its male occupants. In her hand was a lavender scarf. Leaping with gazelle-like grace to the ground, she sped diagonally across the track toward the group surrounding Wild Bill's machine.

As she reached Bill, "Brave one," she cried; "Brave one, in days of yore fair damsels gave their colors to their favored knights before the jousting matches. Now

on the eve of this contest for fame, fortune and a fair one's smile, I do herewith—here-with—" Palestine hesitated as she groped for the phrases of what had started out as the patter of a picturesque tableau. "—here-with attaches—ties—Ah ties dis heah scarf t' yo' handlebars. Ah wishes you luck an' sez Ah'll be waitin' fo' de winner."

Suiting her actions to her words, Palestine looped the scarf around Wild Bill's handlebars, whipped the ends into a knot, and while the crowd cheered fervently tripped back to the box into which she was lifted by waiting hands.

With ill-concealed derision Wild Bill looked at Catmeat.

Catmeat gulped. Wild Bill indicated the scarf. "Mah luck," he said briefly.

"Yo' fun'rel," answered Catmeat. "Purple am a fav'rite color fo' coffins."

"Gempmen!" The chairman of the judges committee interrupted the dialogue. "Gempmen! Less lay off de pussionalities an' git dis race goin'. De obsequies am behind schedule now. If you-all is ready t' rattle, Ah speechifies an' den de gun shoots."

He raised his hand for silence—which same obtained when the Shelbyville Fellow and Friendship Lodge Band completed the last four measures of "Goodbye Blackbird."

"Lay-y-y-dees an' gempmen," he boomed. "You am about t' witness a deaf delyin' race wid deaf 'twixt Mistah Wild Bill Cole—mad cheers—'an' Mistuh Catmeat Yamley, de pride o' Barbours"—more wild cheers. "De race am fo' ten miles, winner take all de sweepstakes which same is been ported by de defendants. Thankin' yo' fo' yo' kind attention, Ah begs t' remain yours very truly."

He glanced around at the riders. "All set?" he queried.

Both Wild Bill and Catmeat swung their feet to the pedals, nodded and speeded their motors.

"Wham"—the starter's pistol barked, and Catmeat began to do his stuff.

Head between the handlebars in the approved fashion, he shot away from the line and hurtled for the curve. Not until he had passed the third quarter post and careened into the back stretch did he look up to observe his opponent. What he saw sent his head right back between the bars and kept him praying for courage to hold the throttle on the turns—for Wild Bill was balling the jack for all he was worth, obviously bent on establishing with the utmost dispatch his title to a certain one thousand dollars and at the same time heap the embers of humiliation on his rival's head before the multitude.

A minute raced past—two—three—four. Choking with dust, the goggles streaked with perspiration, his scalp prickly from the thrill of skidding around the unbanked turns, Catmeat lost all track of the distance he had gone and of how many more laps remained to be covered. Of one thing only was he fairly certain. Wild Bill had not as yet lapped him. Maybe Wild Bill was having trouble. Maybe victory was still within his grasp if—

As he cut into the stretch, Catmeat became conscious of two distinct yet commingled sounds—a surf-like roar and above it, almost at his heels, the challenging snarl of a speeding motorcycle. He glanced swiftly over his shoulder. Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed the front wheel of Wild Bill's cycle creeping forward. Then Wild Bill's head and shoulders slid into view. With Palestine's lavender scarf flapping an inch from his nose, Wild Bill raised his head and indulged in a derisive sneer. Neck and neck the rivals streaked towards the booming stands. Catmeat twisted his throttle

until his wrist was sore. But the old Yellow Devil could not produce an additional centimeter per hour.

"Yah goes," groaned Catmeat. "Yah goes Lloyd's dough an' mah sweet cookie. Ef—"

Then a sudden motion of his rival's head attracted Catmeat's attention. Wild Bill was craning his neck first to the right, then to the left and then endeavoring to scrooch it turtle-wise between his shoulders. Was a wasp buzzing around Wild Bill's head? Could it be that at this critical moment Wild Bill was catching himself a stiff neck? Could it—

"Look out, thah," exclaimed Catmeat to himself instinctively as Wild Bill, busied with his queer neck exercises, was a split-second tardy in taking the turn and swerved perilously close to the outside rail.

Then it dawned on Catmeat with the forcefulness of a well aimed cobblestone. Palestine's guerdon—that flimsy strip of romantic heroics which she had hastily looped over Wild Bill's handlebars—Palestine's lavender scarf, whipping in the sixty mile gale, had begun to slip and was snapping like a rattler in Wild Bill's face!

From sheer physical excitement, Catmeat's heart had been pounding like a reciprocating air compressor. But now it began to do tumultuous antics beneath his ribs. This grinning boy didn't know much about the technique of prayer. But what he lacked in finesse he made up in fervor.

"Now Lawd," he breathed, "Oh Lawd, jest keep dat rag a-flappin' an' leave de rest t' me!"

A good fifty yards now separated him from Wild Bill, who without reducing his speed was leaning far to the left in a frantic endeavor to avoid the whipping cloth which, with diabolic perversity, followed his face like a needle does a magnet. On the turn, the cross angling air currents forced Wild Bill suddenly to shift himself to the right. For a tense moment it seemed that he would lose control. But a dexterous twist of the handlebars and a spectacular half-skid sent him safely into the stretch scarcely thirty yards in the lead.

Glancing ahead, Catmeat saw a white flag dipping at the finish line. Two more laps. If only—if only—

With incredible swiftness the spectators had sensed Wild Bill's predicament and had reacted to the unexpectedly dramatic situation it created.

"Come on you Wild Bill," they shrieked. "Duck yo' head. Ride 'im Yamley! Doan' let dat stress yo'! Yah Yamley, ride yo' Yaller Debbil. Tramp his heels... mah Gawd, hit's—"

With Catmeat inching closer, Wild Bill had resorted to desperate measures. A furlong from the judges' stands, he grabbed quickly at the scarf, steering with his left hand, while with his right he fumbled at the loosely tied knot. In a trice the gauze whipped away from the handlebars, slipped through Wild Bill's fingers and flew back against his goggled face where it clung as if glued, the ends trailing back over his shoulders. His vision completely obscured and clawing desperately at the obstruction, he swerved perilously to the right and instinctively towards the inside rail from which the spectators fled in panic. One more swoop, a miraculous discovery, then whango! And Wild Bill whirled half around and began cartwheeling along the track, a necklace of motorcycle around his neck and a swirling cloud of dust concealing him from view.

Eyes popping, Catmeat rode his brakes till they squealed, guessed at Wild Bill's most probable course, then swung out and around and proceeded to quit the scene with what the business efficiency experts designate as "promptness and dispatch."

Two minutes and eleven seconds later Catmeat rolled up [Continued on page 78]

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NOT TO THE SWIFT [Continued from page 77]

to the finish line and took the checkered flag like a De Paolo. Even before he had lost headway, clamoring hands pulled him inconspicuously from his seat and proceeded to use him for a vivid enactment of that popular ballad about being covered with kisses.

Goggles awry, jersey pulled up around his ears, his neck entwined by four octopus-like arms, Catmeat registered futile but vociferous objections. "Hol' on tha', Jake, yo' gwine choke off mah wind. Nem mind Moe, at's mah throat you's squeezin'! Mah Gawd, boy, lemme—"

"Gangway, fo' pussons of importance! Gangway!"

Head down and using his elbows with telling effect on adjacent ribs and solar plexus, Mistuh Smelt drove ruthlessly toward the nucleus of the group, clearing a path for himself and for Palestine Mokely whom he had in tow. R-r-rip! Zan-n-n-g! Skir-r-r! Three more coats hopelessly ruined and three less layers of black humanity to peel off before Catmeat came into view. Wriggling between two cash crazed behemoths, Mistuh Smelt managed to seize Catmeat by the remains of his jersey and yank him free and upright. "Stand back," he shrieked, "Stand back! Yah am a man whut a lady craves t' congratchelate an'

you-all aims to mincemeat befo' she gits t' talkin'. Stand back! . . . Catmeat, you done noble an' Ah gives you fi' hundred bucks when us gits back home. Now lookit who's heah wid me."

Shoving Palestine forward with a dramatic sweep of his arm, he dug his heels into the clay, braced himself against the encroaching crowd, hooked his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest and benignly surveyed the scene. With a coy and fluttering exclamation of joy, Palestine threw herself at Catmeat. And Catmeat, still reeling, was content merely to clutch.

"Mah knight," she cried, "Ah knowed Ah would welcome de best man as de winner. Mah great big wondahful romantic lookin' knight . . ."

So that Catmeat, looking dazedly at him over Palestine's shoulder, could see it, Mistuh Smelt dropped his left eyelid and indulged in a slow and significant wink. And as the recipient of the wink began to realize what it was all about and forthwith tighten his grip, Mistuh Smelt shook his head dolefully. Being acquainted with the gentler sex and with Catmeat's fallibility to the gimmies, he sighed and turned away. "Mah knight," he muttered, "Yeh—yo' night befo' Christmas!"

SWAMP JUSTICE [Continued from page 16]

down beside her. "I'm a-goin' away from here. I got me a good job—down at Mobile—an' I'm leavin' her tomorrow. There's no use my stayin' in the bayous all my life. But I'm a-goin' to take you with me. Are you goin' to go?" he demanded, turning to search her face anxiously.

She sat mute and tragic for a space, trying to grapple with this sudden and startling demand. But her eyes grew hopeless under the old invisible yoke of bondage which his fresh strength and impatience could not comprehend. Her face turned from his steady angry gaze.

"How can I?" she asked desperately. "What can I do? He'd never let me—he'd kill us both before he'd let me go, Cage."

"Maybe you can't do anything, but I can," he said hotly. "Your father's a terrible old man, Marta, and I'm a-goin' to take you away from him. Nobody living's got a right to hold you, if you really want to go. You do, don't you? It ain't anybody else, is it?" His eyes held her, burning with the sulky jealousy of twenty.

She shook her head, almost sobbing.

"To keep that job I got to be in Mobile Monday. That means I got to leave here by tomorrow noon. You got to decide now, Marta, if you're goin' to go," he said relentlessly. "We ain't a-goin' to waste time like this any longer. I been lyin' up all summer lettin' good jobs go by, 'cause of you. Are you goin' to do it?"

Marta, searching Cage's face with her gray eyes, knew he meant exactly what he said and would live up to it. She shivered as with some dark presage, and the swishing wind overhead and the flat oppression of the waterways became suddenly fraught with dread and danger.

"I'm scairt to, Cage. How'd I ever get away? He watches everything I do."

"He can't scare me," Cage affirmed hotly. "And don't you worry none. He won't need to know till it's all over. I've thought it all out. You slip out after he goes a-snakin' tomorrow an' come to the Branch. I'll have a boat waitin'. We can make the afternoon train down at Carston, and we'll

be in Mobile by tomorrow night and get married the minute we get there. And I'll be the best husband to you that anybody can, Marta, you know that. Think of it—we two alone then, with the whole world to love in."

"But there's other things, Cage. Dad—he's gettin' old an' there's nobody to look out for him, and I'd have it on my head!"

He caught her to him quickly and kissed away her qualms. "Forget him, Marta. It'd be the best thing ever happened if you did go. We'd write him first thing and send him money, so he could hire somebody to do what you did and more. I'll be gettin' good pay down there, an' we can do anything we please."

Her gaze grew tranced with the solemn, naive wonder of a child at the new and amazing conceptions he painted. He leaned close, enveloping her with his impetuous ardor, until a warm glow crept through the girl's veins—something of his own youthful strength. Although he, too, was a bayou product, Cage Bannock had shed in early youth most of the ignorant strictures of his kind.

"But you're mine, Marta," he answered all her protests. "You love me, don't you?"

She nodded mutely. "Then there's nothing anywhere a-goin' to stand between us."

When she voiced her vague formless fears, he laughed them aside, and presently she felt herself lifted and borne along on the tide of his boyish zeal. At the end of half an hour when they rose together, her eyes had caught some of his keen fire, and the old bondage looked no more than a habit to be broken. They had agreed to meet at the Branch at noon next day.

For a long moment he held her tight before she cast the boat loose. "You won't fail, Marta?" he asked. "Remember, if you do, I'm a-comin' up to the house."

She promised again with pulses tingling, as she shoved off.

DUSK was not far off when old Trantham came up from the Branch and skirted the woods toward the house. The canvas

sack weighted with his dreadful garnerings of the afternoon, was slung over his back, and the hickory pole, armed with its barbed spear, clutched in his free hand; but he was not thinking of his catch tonight. His eyes under their thatched coverts, glowed like a prodded spider's and, when a half dozen lean hogs of the kind that infest the southern woods, bolted from the underbrush across his path, he jabbed his spear with vicious force into the flank of the hindmost animal, so that its piercing squeals set the dim woods on edge.

The wind had dropped with suddenness a half hour since, and the abrupt silence that had fallen over the landscape seemed not without prescience. It fitted the rack of black destruction that seethed in old Trantham's mind.

As he stepped out from the edge of the woods, his gaze, sweeping the house and clearing with dire suspicion, suddenly whipped downward, and he leapt back with amazing agility, dropping his sack. From the undergrowth came a strident whirring galvanism, a movement amid dry leaves too quick for human eye, and a giant rattlesnake whipped its lazing length to striking posture. Old Abner's eye found it, cooled instantly upon the five feet of obscenely muscular coils as only the practiced snake hunter's could, while his claw-like fingers tightened upon his barbed spear. A stealthy inch by inch approach, while the air hummed with the dry vibration that strikes panic to the heart of man and beast, then the lash of a branch and the answering lash of the reptile's strike. In that crucial instant of recoil old Abner's spear shot true to its mark, impaling the gray and twisting horror six inches from its wedge-shaped head—no small feat for one of Trantham's years and failing sight. For a minute all the man's stock of wiry strength was taxed to hold the whipping length to the ground, but finally he pinned the tail with a heavy boot, then stamped the creature into the mould for a minute or more in insensate fury. When he ceased at last, the snake lay there, a broken, dust-dirty thing with only a faint muscular reflex quivering its coils.

Old Abner looked it over with a touch of pride. No ground rattler this, but a full-grown diamond-back of a kind that was getting scarce in the locality. Abner hadn't seen one of them for a year or more and this appearance was food for pondering.

"Ten rattles and a button," he muttered. "Biggest I've seed in these parts. That skin'll fotch a dollar down to New Ibery." He spurned the length again with venom. "Thought ye'd git me, didn't ye, with yer pison sacks! But ye gotta be quicker'n that to kotch ol' Abner Trantham!" He ran his tongue over his lips like an old feline. "Eyes hain't failed me none, an' they won't fail me next time I need 'em nuther."

His glance roved to the house again, then back to the thing on the ground, between whose bleached and gaping jaws a poisonous excrescence was staining the ground like a faint gray steam.

"Snakes," croaked old Abner. "One snake comin' a-crawl'n' into my clearin', an' another snake a-crawl'n' into my house to rob me of my gal. But Old Abner'll fix 'em. A forked spear fer one of 'em, an' a notched bullet fer the other. Two notched bullets in my ol' squirrel gun an' I'll be ready fer 'em all. Just give me light to see him, only let me have the proof!"

He cackled again and in an unholy mirth; then he lifted the broken reptile on a stick and moved with it toward the house. He left the snake hanging over the limb of a dead ash tree where the woods came down to the rear of the mulk shed.

As he stood outside in the dusk he was busy going over what he had seen that afternoon—the first, a floating raft of lily-blooms—a raft with body enough to carry a man; the second, a [Continued on page 81]



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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THERE will always be numerous opinions as to the proper time to buy and the proper time to sell. But the time to invest is when you have the money. "The time to buy is when everybody wants to sell" is a favorite saying with bankers and speculators both. Neither the one nor the other follows the maxim except in isolated instances. There is a crowd psychology which makes it almost impossible for a single individual to swim against the current of united opinion and action.

There are exceptions such as James R. Keene, the great speculator and Hetty Green the remarkable woman financier. The ordinary citizen, however, who expects successfully to follow the policy of buying when everyone else wants to sell has to be as cold-blooded as a fish and so hard that a cat couldn't scratch him. For the ordinary American to wait to invest until everyone else was disposing of their investments would mean that in eight cases out of ten he would not invest at all and in one of the remaining cases he would invest wrongly. Even if a slightly more advantageous price is obtained by waiting for favorable opportunities, a part of this is usually lost by keeping the money idle until the proper opportunity presents itself.

This does not mean that everyone who has gathered a few dollars together should jump into the investment market and spread it around. No precaution is too small to be taken into account when investing money. No investment deserves to be called an investment which is not safeguarded against loss. But the main thing after all is to get your money working for you. If you wait too long to do it you may not have the money.

Couldn't Play Cinches

The fact that a few people can even play a certainty under some circumstances was thoroughly illustrated by the Liberty Bond market just prior to and during 1920. That was a time when apparently everybody wanted to sell. These obligations of the United States Government, probably the safest investment ever known, sure to be redeemed at maturity at one hundred cents on the dollar, dropped to around eighty-five. Everybody knew that they would go back to par or above. They have. But the writer has never heard of any great fortune which was piled up by an investor buying Liberties around eighty-five and selling them above one hundred.

After the boom year of 1920 came acute depression with curtailment of buying power, reduction of industrial production and loss of employment. Then many did not have the money to invest and those who did were too frightened to do so.

Conditions today, therefore, are probably as good as they ever will be for the ordinary citizen to acquire or increase investments.

The country has just completed two years of splendid prosperity, during which employment has been almost universal, production has been the highest ever known and per capita wealth has increased steadily.

Bonds Are High

It is true bond prices are very high. The average of representative bonds is very close to ninety. But there is no indication that quotations are going lower. Andrew J. Mellon who not only is secretary of the treasury but one of America's foremost and wealthiest business men, declares "we can look forward to another satisfactory year." That means money will continue in huge supply and that investment securities will be in continuous demand. Consequently this is as good a time as any to invest.

Promptness of action to this end should not and need not involve any lack of care. Before you buy the suit, find out how it fits in the back, take a look at the lining and give some thought as to how long it will wear. One of the most important things in considering investment in bonds or stocks of any company is to learn where the concern stands with regard to its competitors. Find out whether it is holding its own or is being dragged along by the impetus and prosperity of the industry itself. What would be the position of the company if conditions in the industry changed for the worse?

For example, the railroads of the country in general had a wonderful year in 1926. Production was tremendous and freight shipments were large and profitable in consequence. But suppose production were curtailed and shipments fell off, what means has the road in which you may become interested, of meeting less favorable conditions? One way to judge is to examine operating ratio that is the ratio between gross revenue and operating costs. Unless a company is geared to keep the pace of others in the same line, it is in about the same position as a heavy, low-gear truck on a crowded speedway.

Assets Or Liabilities

Knowledge of the character as well as the amount of a corporation's assets is invaluable to an investor. Inquire whether the assets are making money. Non-earning assets are as likely as not to turn promptly into liabilities. A certain textile mill in this country, for example, has a huge number of spindles and looms which are nominally listed as assets. But the equipment is not up to date, goods from those looms cannot be marketed advantageously and the equipment is a drag rather than a help. On the other hand, a company engaged in various phases of the chemical trade has a huge investment in the stock of one of the largest motor-car manufacturers and stands

to profit or lose profits by conditions in the automobile business.

The trend of business nowadays is all toward expansion into larger units. This necessarily must be the case since mass production is the means by which a great majority of American companies pile up their profits. It is no unusual thing for even a well managed, well equipped company to "bite off more than it can chew." This usually means a direct and immediate loss to the stockholders. It behooves the investor therefore to determine in advance whether the big company he is considering is adequately capitalized.

What Do Profits Include?

Secretary Mellon recently gave a formula for judging the safety of foreign bonds. He said: "If a foreign loan is productive, and by that I mean that the debtor, out of the use of the money borrowed can repay the principal, the interest, and make a profit for himself, then I think foreign loans are sound." That formula is equally applicable to domestic loans and investments.

Even with this formula, too much trust may not be safely put in profits unless the investor knows just what those profits include. A conservative concern will set up reserves and contingency funds before reporting earnings and a less conservative one may report large current profits leaving the future to take care of itself. The one may expand its plant out of current income, giving no hint of this in its profit statements, while the other may issue more spectacular reports and yet be compelled to resort to new flotations to raise funds for expansion.

It is perhaps due to the importance of the information cited above that employee stock ownership has increased to such a remarkable extent in the United States. A conservative estimate shows that wage earners of this country own \$700,000,000 worth of the securities of the companies by whom they are employed. These figures include only the companies which have specific plans for selling stock to employees. Unquestionably an employee has a better chance to answer the questions outlined above than an outsider.

To Have And To Hold

In the last two months about \$2,115,000,000 has been made available for investment and reinvestment by year end disbursements and savings. Consequently it is reasonable to suppose that the investment market will continue to show strength and that there is little to be gained by putting off security purchases. Investors are being urged on every hand by conservative bankers, however, to do their buying as though they contemplated holding the stocks and bonds over a long period.

"Above all," said a New York banker to one of his clients, "don't try to get something for nothing or too much for too little. That is the bait that confidence men find most useful."

Let that siren song ring in your ears and you'll be broadcasting the same kind of a speech Mayor Seth Low made twenty-four years ago this month when he broke ground for a new hospital. The mayor had prepared a most elaborate address. But the weather was cold, he had forgotten his spats, his gloves were thin and his silk hat had no hot water heat for a bald head. Moreover the ground was frozen hard.

"The mayor smiled a smile from the teeth out, seized a pick from a workman and, with his heavy shoulders behind the blow, brought it down on the frozen earth. The handle of that pick was cracked and the mayor's tender palms tingled with pain."

"Damn it," said Mayor Low and jumped into his carriage, the remainder of his speech undelivered. That's all you will have to say if you try to get something for nothing."

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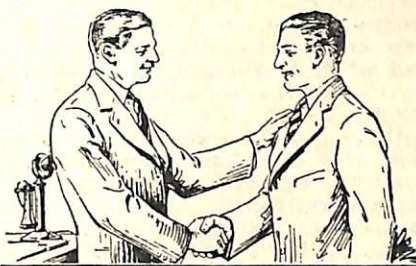
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SWAMP JUSTICE

(Continued from page 79)

glimpse through parted reeds of a secret tryst across the Branch, of kisses shamelessly given and whispered words of pleading—pleading for what? It had been too far away for his ear to catch the import, but suspicion and the diabolic instinct of a tyrannous brain, had read something of the true significance into the scene. For two years past he had known of that growing bond between Marta and young Cage Bannock. Black perfidy all of it, against the Trantham house, and all those twenty years of just fealty to his will. He would be on the lookout from now on and he'd get young Bannock; he'd teach such snakes the cost of creeping across the threshold, and robbing him of his girl.

The thing would be simple and without danger to himself. One shot from ambush and the trick was done—a close-range shot that couldn't fail—later the body hidden in the rushes until opportunity came for launching it forth upon its last journey to the Gulf, concealed carefully away amid the thick blooms of one of those floating flower islands, or better still, lashed securely to the matted roots beneath, where the big garfish could get in their work. In those sparsely settled parts it would doubtless be days before a search was organized for the young man, or, even if the raft should ground somewhere along the Branch, there would be little left to identify.

Abner stopped to feed his old mule before going indoors. Then he gathered up a few sticks of fire wood from the ground, pausing to look back a last time at the dead ash tree. With its barkless trunk and one dead limb from which the snake hung, it stood out in the fading light from the west, like a black figure with one bony arm extended.

He found Marta within in a changed old frock quietly preparing the evening meal. True to his type of brain, Trantham showed no outward sign of what had taken place within as he shuffled in. He even managed a disarming smile and a few grunted commonplaces.

"Make a good ketch, Dad?" the girl asked, eyeing him nervously.

"Fair enough," Abner allowed. "An' comin' home I kilt a whoopin' big rattler—biggest I ever see in these parts. Ye ought to a' seen the fight he put up, gal," he ran on, breaking into a nasty salacious humor. "Struck at me from the bresh as I passed by, an' only missed me by a couple o' inches. Then I turns on him an' prongs him square, but he wroops himself around my laig an' thar we wus a-tusslin' fer five minutes till I pins him down an' stomps the life outen him with my boots. I kin show ye the black an' blue marks on my laig now, gal, an' I kin tell ye if 'twant fer a strong wrist an' a good eye I wouldn't be yere now."

He chuckled, showing his tobacco stained teeth, and stood there bristling in the warmth of his senile boasting.

"You always was right pert at the snakin', Dad," she appeased him timorously.

Old Abner hitched down into his hickory chair at the table, sniffing with evident relish toward the stove where chunks of fat meat sizzled in the skillet.

"Come, gal, an' look spy with that sow-belly. I'm a-hungerin' right smart tonight, after rangin' 'round in the creek bottoms."

Soon the customary silence settled over the room as the two sat at table. Despite old Abner's burst of grim humor, Marta sensed a drastic change in him and her whole being was keyed for the unexpected. Such fits of whimsy on Abner's part she had learned through bitter years to dread. The girl ate but little, painfully conscious of a like change in herself—a telltale burn of cheek, a tautness of [Continued on page 82]

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SWAMP JUSTICE [Continued from page 81]

every gesture. Once the terrible thought dawned that he really suspected the truth. But she banished it as impossible. The old man's dissimulation was perfect. He made not to notice her at all, and ate ravenously, with a satisfaction that was rare in him.

Later, by the light of the blue-glass lamp he sat for a time over the Bi-Weekly paper from New Iberia that sometimes found its way to this back eddy of the woods. Covertly he had taken note of her every move, her heightened color, the occult feel of an excitement repressed that tingled the air of the room, and his former hazard grew upon him, that something definite was on foot between Bannock and the girl. At eight o'clock he rose.

"Goin' to turn in early," he said. "You better yourself. Had a long day of it. Goin' to sleep inside tonight. Air 'nough fer me an' I need a spring under my bones."

Marta dragged her own husk mattress as usual on to the porch to get what breeze might come wafting up along the Branch. For a long time the girl lay wide-eyed in the dark, watching the strip of sky overhead, thinking, thinking. Despite the airless warmth of the night she felt cold deep into the bone and her head whirled. What was this daring break she had promised to make? It had all sounded so simple with Cage holding her in his strong arms, but now she felt pressing in again, those vague grim fears.

After a while she heard loud breathing and short intermittent snorings from old Trantham's room and that eased her a bit. She judged at last from the stars that it was past midnight, and after that for a half hour at a time, she dropped into uneasy slumber, brief cat-naps such as she had learned to steal with half her faculties awake, while waiting in the dawn for the hour on which Trantham was in the habit of exacting his breakfast. From one of these she was aroused, toward daybreak, by the sound of squeals and gruntings from a passing band of wild hogs, somewhere out on the edge of the clearing. She heard old Abner move in his bed, and judged the racket had wakened him also. The sounds died away in the woods and the silence settled once more over the clearing.

Marta did not dream that in the inner room, old Trantham had likewise lain awake through the night. His loud breathing had merely been assumed; he had gone to bed fully dressed and kept his ears trained to catch the slightest stir or surreptitious movement from Marta's bed.

Both were astir at an early hour in the morning. At breakfast each strove to cover the effects of drained nerves and sleep-heavy eyes. Old Trantham, however, missed nothing of Marta's strain.

About nine o'clock he got down his long-barreled squirrel gun from its pegs and made a show of cleaning it. In usual course after a day afield he would have spent the morning in the process of boiling out his snake-fat in a rusty kettle, but he had decided to forego that till later.

"Aim to go huntin', Dad?" the girl asked. "Done snakin'," he told her. "Figure to shoot me a rabbit or a mess o' squirrels fer dinner. Tired o' rangin' the bottoms, an' I'm hankerin' fer some fresh meat. I'll be up along Hickory Ridge all mornin' if you should want me."

He left the house presently and moved away through the straggling woods. His course took him uphill toward the hardwood ridges to the rear of his clearing, where squirrels, possum and other game were known to be plentiful. He went on for a mile or more and during the next half hour he fired off his gun three or four times, knowing the reports would carry far. Then moving swiftly and with all caution, he

made a wide swing toward the low ground of the Branch again. He kept purposely to the thickest woods now, slipping through the spongy bottoms with all the stealth of his woodsman's training. In three-quarters of an hour from the time he left the house he was entering a thick clump of laurel beside the Branch trail only a hundred yards from his cabin. This had been his chosen destination all along, a perfect concealment from which he could oversee the trail in both directions—the one trail that led to or from his clearing, and the only way by which one could reach the waterways and the world outside.

As Trantham was about to enter the thicket, soft sounds ahead told him that it was already occupied. There came a snort and a quick scurrying amid the damp leaves, then a headlong flight through the undergrowth. The start of it, in his tense condition, caught Trantham fair in his tracks every nerve screwed tight, until he got the clearer story. It was only that drove of razor-backs he had seen the previous evening. The beasts had been bedding in here amid the leaves.

"Cussid Haws," he snarled under his breath. "A-pesterin' the whole country. High time someun was clearin' out these woods."

A long time he waited, moveless as the bushes in which he crouched. This was a game such as was dear to him. In it his hunter's instinct exulted in the cruelty of an animal on the scent of some furtive thing pitifully intent on escape. His mind went over again the details of his fault-proof plan. The one knotty point would be in getting young Bannock alone. He could have done that by lying in wait on the Bannock side of the Branch, but his avid desire for further proof of disloyalty had precluded that. Through the night he worked himself into a mania and his jealousy knew no bounds. Now he was ready and willing to kill, and kill double, if need be, to block his daughter's plan for stolen joy.

He had been in concealment nearly an hour when a faint sound reached him from down the trail. It sounded to Trantham like a wary footfall amid dampened leaves, coming from the Branch. He half rose to peer out, the nostrils of his bony nose twitching like an old hound's, gums working, his whole taut, lean body quivering with the killer's lust. He was about to get the proof he wanted now, about to witness that for which he had waited twenty years—the dark lechery of his daughter's treason. Thanks to his suspicions he was here—to cut short with one quick shot her first brief minute of lover's bliss.

Cautiously he inched forward on his knees to a spot from which he could better command the length of the trail, his rifle at poise. No repetition of the sound. Suddenly two needles of pain pierced the knee upon which he had just leaned his full weight. The sharp sting wrung a stifled gasp from him. A piece of buck-thorn he thought, and reached down to pluck at the hurt place without looking, careful to make no undue sound. The thing, whatever it was, had clung to his flesh. His hand contracted something cold, dead and clammy. He jerked the hand back, as if it, too, had been stung, though he was not a nervous man. In cold panic he took one look and plucked the thing free of his flesh. Dangling from it was a torpid loop of skin.

With a quivering yell, Trantham stumbled backward into the bushes. It was all clear to him in one awful flash—the dead rattle of the night before.

Pains, like fiery waves, were darting through his leg from knee to hip. With a chattering cry of pure terror, the man flung

away his rifle and broke out on to the trail in a headlong run toward the house.

Marta Trantham, coming silently along the trail from the clearing, was almost run down by the wild, bearded figure that burst from the woods with eyes afire, yelling like a banshee. Trembling with fright, her heart thudding up into her throat, the girl watched her father plunge indoors like a madman. Then from within came the sound of horrible blasphemy, as old Trantham, groping about in the dimness, clawed his way to the medicine shelf where a bottle of moonshine whisky always stood, the bayou care-all for chills and snake-bite. There was not time to use care, at any rate his terror would not have let him. He kicked two chairs from his path and leapt toward the shelf, but in his frenzied pawing he knocked two or three bottles to the floor with a crash.

He knew instantly from the rising fumes of alcohol that the whisky was gone—the only remedy he knew. In his desperation, wolfish howls burst from him that set the surrounding woods on edge. He screamed for Marta and a doctor, calling down vile abuse upon the girl's head. His pain now was like the sting of a hornet increased ten-thousand fold, and his whole side was numb. When the girl, mute with fear and anguish, came running to the door, the sight of him thrashing about on the floor, and the unquelled torrent of his maledictions, drove her chattering into the woods.

Some half hour later, when the still heat told that the sun was well in the zenith, Cage Bannock came hurriedly along the trail

from Yellow Branch. He moved warily, flitting along the damp trail as lightly as a blown leaf. His eyes were straining eagerly ahead as he neared the break in the woods that marked the Trantham clearing. Suddenly, in a spot where a patch of sunlight filtered across the path, the young man's foot, raised for a step, was arrested in mid-air and he leapt quickly back. His eye had fallen upon the glistening length of a big snake. It was an instant before he saw that the thing was dead, merely the mangled remains of a great rattler, half eaten by hogs. The head was curiously intact and life-like, however, twisted to one side, the pale eyes glittering coldly in the sun-light, and from the open jaws two thin, curved scimitars of bone stuck upward; the rest was merely strips of clinging skin.

"Hog's work," muttered Cage, "but it shore gave me a start."

At the edge of the clearing a shawl-wrapped figure, wild-eyed, white and whimpering, half ran, half fell into his arms.

"Oh, Cage, Cage, somethin' turrible—I" was all Marta could articulate, pointing wildly toward the house.

With throat constricted he grabbed her hand and together they ran toward the open cabin door. Within, on the kitchen floor, his glassy eyes staring up at the rafters, they found old Trantham, dead. His body was doubled up like a jack-knife; his bony hands were clutched about one leg, from which the trouser had been ripped. On a blue vein at the knee, were the two discolored punctures of a rattler's fangs.

A DOG IN THE HOUSE

[Continued from page 19]

who undertake to raise and train him.

Of course, you can step across all the time and labor of rearing a pup and training him; if you prefer to buy a grown dog that is already well trained. Many people do this. It has advantages, but it has a few big disadvantages as well.

For one thing, you will have to pay several times as much for a perfectly trained grown dog as for an untrained pup.

For another, you cannot always be certain he is trained along just the lines you yourself would have wanted to train him. For a third, he is far less your own dog than if you had brought him up.

Some dogs will obey the man or woman who has trained them and will be in every way satisfactory to this original owner; and yet will not do well for any outsider who may chance to buy them. Also, some dogs are wholly housebroken for their own homes; and not for the homes they may be sold into.

Anyone, with the cash to buy a dog, may become that dog's owner. But nobody can become a dog's master, without the eager consent of the dog himself. Do you get the difference? If a one-man dog has given his full lifelong allegiance to the man who bred and trained him, he may not consent to transfer that full allegiance to his buyer.

Here is an instance, somewhat along this line:

When I was a child, my parents went to Europe for a stay of more than two years, for my mother's health. My father had a magnificent pointer dog (Shot by name) who adored him. This dog he left with a close friend of his, who understood dogs and who gave Shot a mighty pleasant home during the long absence of the pointer's master.

Shot was courteous to this man, in an aloof way; and to his family; and was fairly obedient. That was all. Then, after we

had been away for upward of two years, my father on our return to America went to get his dog. He took me along. It is more than forty years ago; but I recall it as clearly as if it were yesterday.

The friend who had taken such good care of Shot called the dog into the room where my father and I were waiting. The pointer came in, listlessly, without any show of interest in the proceedings. My father sat still and said not a word.

Shot paused on the threshold, sniffing the air. Then his wandering gaze fell on my father. Slowly, very slowly, almost on his stomach, he crossed the room toward my father's chair. The dog was shivering, all over, as with a chill. His nose touched my father's motionless hand.

The contact reassured the pointer. With a scream he flung himself on my father, licking his face, patting at his hands, dancing with crazy ecstasy. At last he dropped to my father's feet, sobbing like a human; and licking the boots of the man who was his god and who had returned to him after such an interminable time.

For the rest of our stay at the friend's house, Shot had no eyes or ears or mind, for anyone but my father; and in a lesser degree for myself. He ignored the man who had taken such wise and kindly care of him for so long.

That is only one instance that could be taken from hundreds of similar cases, to show the exclusive love of some dogs for the man who reared them. Naturally, there are dogs that are as effusive and friendly with any new owner as with their own breeder. But, by purchasing a grown and trained dog, you are always taking a chance that he may elect you merely for his owner and not for his master.

Let me give you a mighty needful warning—a warning which may save you great trouble: [Continued on page 84]

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A DOG IN THE HOUSE

(Continued from page 83)

Think not only twice but several hundred times, before you consent to accept as a gift a grown dog that is offered to you. If his owner dies or is forced to leave the country, then there is legitimate excuse for his giving up his dog. Otherwise, be on your guard. Here is the idea:

Last week a handsome and highly pedigreed dog was offered to me as a free gift by his owner. Being somewhat experienced along that line, I made inquiries. I learned that the dog had bitten five people in the Pennsylvania town where he lives; and that his master had been offered his choice, by the local courts, of sending his savage dog out of town or having him shot by the police.

I could go on for pages citing instances to prove how perilous it is to accept a gift-dog unless you have a complete knowledge of the animal's history, and of the owner's true reasons for giving him away.

The finer the dog, the greater the danger. For who would be foolish enough to part with a valuable dog unless there were some strong reason for it?

In buying your house dog, you must use at least as much care as if you were picking out a new car. I believe that the average dog-breeder is reliable and honest. That does not mean that every dog-breeder is reliable and honest. And the more reliable he is, the more willing he will be to have you make full and close examination of the dog in every way before buying it.

Perhaps you know as much about the rightful diet for the dog in the house as I do. Perhaps more. But on the chance that you don't here are one or two tips you may find useful:

Always I feed a young puppy several times a day. Bread-and-milk is the staple of his diet; with sometimes a raw egg beaten up in the milk; and sometimes a bit of broth with vegetables in it. I don't feed meat to him until he is nearly six months old; though I let him gnaw at puppy cakes or broken dog biscuits.

These biscuits are made of whole wheat and a little ground-up dried meat. As a rule they contain nothing else. They are not a bad occasional diet for him; and their hardness helps strengthen his teeth and gums.

When he is six months old, I cut down the number of his meals to two a day; and I let him eat anything a grown dog can digest. Table scraps are excellent fare for any dog; if you will make certain that they include no poultry bones or potato. Potato is not good for dogs. Poultry bones of all kinds are highly dangerous for him. Hundreds of dogs have been killed by a chickenbone sliver in throat or stomach or intestines.

When he is a year old, and always thereafter, one big meal a day is enough for him. Give it to him in the very late afternoon or early evening. Also, see he does not have access to neighborhood garbage cans, between meals.

If you have only one dog, there ought to be enough table scraps to make up a goodly part of his diet. These, with their crusts and gravy and gristle and meat-bones and scraps of vegetables, make a first rate meal that can be eked out with a little bread and milk and an occasional dog biscuit. Once or twice a week, I feed scraps of raw meat on good-sized bones.

This diet and plenty of steady exercise ought to keep him in fine physical shape. When I say "exercise," I don't mean merely that you are to turn him out into the backyard to roam around by himself. That is not enough. Take him for good long

walks, every day; not only poking along a paved street on the end of a leash, but where he can get a gallop for a few minutes.

Five minutes of gay romping and galloping will do him more good than five miles of slow walks on the leash.

Above all, be sure he has plenty of cool and fresh water to drink, whenever he wants it. Keep a dish or a jar of water where he can get at it, day and night.

As to the breed of dog you want for your house companion—that is up to you. Personally, I have collies. That is not because I think a collie is the best dog in the world, but because I happen to like him best. It is all a matter of personal choice.

As I said, if you live in a flat in a big city, either keep no dog at all or else keep a small one. The Scotty—heart of a lion in the body of a pigmy—or the alert fox-terrier or the lovable Boston terrier or a dog of any of several other small or smallish breeds makes an ideal housemate in a city apartment.

But, for his own sake, don't overfeed and under-exercise him, just because he chances to be a house dog. It would be kinder to shoot him than to get him into such condition that "asthma or tumor or fits" can find him an easy prey.

Remember, too, that the mongrel is often the brightest and healthiest and handsomest house dog of them all. One of my own greatest dogs was a mongrel.

Whether you live in city or village or country, see that your dog's sleeping quarters are dry and clean. Don't keep him in a cellar. Down there it is either too hot or else too damp; and nearly always too dark. If he has a kennel, let its doorway face the south. In summer the kennel will need no bedding. Let him sleep on its bare floor. In cold weather, a bed of cedar shavings is better for him than hay or straw; though these latter are good if they are kept fresh and dry.

I make it a fixed rule never to sell any of our Sunnybank collie pups to people who live in big cities; nor to those with large families of small children. While a collie pup is an ideal playmate for the average small child, yet the average small child is a horrible playmate for a collie pup.

I have seen little children tease and maul and mishandle a friendly baby collie, while parents looked on with fatuous smiles at their offsprings' antics.

These parents did not seem to realize that the children were learning thus a life lesson in tyranny and meanness and bullying and petty persecution, which one day would injure them and those around them far more than they were injuring the luckless and helpless puppy.

Think that over, those of you who are parents of small children. It is worth your thought. Remember, too, that a child can be taught humanity and squareness and consideration, by being made to give right treatment to the dog or puppy that is its pet.

All dogs die too soon; though many of us humans live too long. You are letting yourself in for a heartache when you become attached to any dog. Not that the warning will do you any good, even as it has done me no good. Soon or late, every dog-owner's memory becomes the abode of some wistful little ghost of a chum that is bitterly hard to forget.

Still, for normal man or woman or child, there is no other companion like the dog. And if some day we must pay with sharp heartache for our years of glad chumship with our dogs, then let us enjoy to the utmost that glorious chumship during the brief handful of years that it is granted to us.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

WHAT THE SPOKANE MOBILE UNIT IS DOING

By HENRY A. PIERCE

Chairman, Board of Governors

When the Trustees for the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children voted to install a Mobile Unit in Spokane, it took into consideration the fact that in the territory from Minneapolis, west to Seattle, there was no organized medical assistance being given to needy crippled children, with the possible exception of a limited amount of work being done by the Rotary Clubs. In this territory was a population of from one and a half to two million people, with the proportionate number of crippled children.

The Spokane Mobile Unit, the first of its kind in continental North America, was opened November 15, 1924. At that time a common query over the country was "What is a Mobile Unit, and is it a practical institution?" The only other Mobile Unit that had been established by the Shrine was in Honolulu. The Governing Board of the Spokane Unit offers these figures as an answer after two years of operation:

Cases admitted up to Dec. 3, 1926.	271
Cases discharged	251
Surgical operations	310
Deaths	2
Visits to clinic	745
Waiting list	51
Average cost per patient day.....	\$4.38
Average stay of patient	65 days

The Spokane Unit has twenty beds. It is housed in a wing of St. Luke's Hospital, for which the Shrine pays \$2.50 a day, for room and board of a patient. It uses the general surgery, paying a certain amount for each operation. It has its own photographic and dark room. X-ray photographs are taken by the St. Luke's equipment; they being paid for by the plate. Braces are supplied by a local brace maker. St. Luke's provides a room without cost for the dental work for which there is no charge. El Katif Temple has purchased a new dental chair and equipment.

The School Board supplies a bedside teacher without cost to the Hospital. St. Luke's Hospital provides five student nurses for the Shriners' ward. The official staff consists of a Superintendent, an Assistant Superintendent, a night nurse, a Surgeon and an office Secretary.

The photographic work, including the taking, developing and printing of pictures, is done by the Assistant Superintendent, who also does the physiotherapy work.

The Unit is especially fortunate in receiving free professional services from a number of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialists, and Pediatricians.

The Daughters of the Nile, an organization composed of wives and relatives of Shriners, provide all the shoes and clothing for out-going patients. The Shrine organizations of Calam Temple, Lewiston, Idaho; Algeria Temple, Helena, Mont.; El Korah Temple, Boise, Idaho; Gizeh Temple members of eastern B. C., have all been liberal in their contributions to the hospital.

The problems of the Mobile Unit as experienced by the Spokane Unit are far greater than those in the regular Shriners Hospitals. For example: it is necessary for the patients to be housed in close quarters, having little space for recreational purposes. For lack of space it is necessary for the nurses to spend practically all of their time close to the children. No separate quarters

are provided for the nurses, and while the meals are provided by the hospital, it is necessary for all employees to live outside the institution.

While the cost per patient per day is higher in the Mobile Units, all overhead is included in figuring the expenses. The results obtained as a whole, however, compare favorably with the hospitals fully equipped and with a greater bed capacity.

The Spokane Unit is situated in a district of "great distances." It is not uncommon for a tiny patient to make a trip a distance of seven hundred miles alone. One little chap, seven years old, came tagged, from Lewiston, Mont., 450 miles. This was his first trip away from home. He was suffering with partial paralysis. Far up in the Northland, in a little town, Haycock, Alaska, 200 miles from Nome, a little Eskimo boy was told of the work being done by the Shriners Hospitals by his school teacher, from the States. The boy though able to speak and write some English had never been away from home, had never seen a dairy cow, an electric or railroad train, nor any modern machinery. His father consented to his coming to the hospital here. (His mother died some years ago. He has five brothers and sisters). After two months journey by pack train, boat and then by rail to the hospital he arrived with his teacher.

After three months treatment in the hospital his deformed limb was corrected, and he is now a well youngster, ready to return home to the far north as soon as navigation opens. In the meantime he has learned to drink cow's milk, has become familiar with the mysteries of modern farm machinery, and electric and railroad trains. "I'm going back to tell my brothers and sisters, and other boys and girls about these wonderful things," he said, as he left the hospital to spend the winter on a farm near the city.

The Governing Board consists of Sam J. Kimbrough, Treasurer and Vice-President of the Exchange National Bank; Harry A. Garrett, President of Hart, Shaffner and Marx Clothing Co.; Attorney Arthur W. Davis, Jr. Grand Warden of Grand Lodge of Washington; Glen Pattee, President of R. J. Hurd & Co. Secretary; Wm. Murgittroyd, Mgr. of Tru-Blu Biscuit Co., Vice-Chairman; C. B. Clausin, of the S. H. Clausin Co., wholesale jewelers; George Hoag, Potentate of El Katif; and Henry A. Pierce, News Editor of the Spokane Daily Chronicle, Chairman. Dr. Mitchell Langworthy is the Chief Surgeon, Miss Grace Bratton, the Superintendent, Miss Pauline Schimke, Assistant Superintendent, Miss Alice Gilde-roy, night supervisor and Mrs. Constance Cogswell, office secretary.

HOW TO PHRASE REQUEST

The National Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, has had prepared, a comprehensive pamphlet to cover in form, all requests or donations which may be left to this institution by will. So frequently are requests received, asking for the proper form in which requests should be made, that the widest possible publicity is suggested in connection with the following:

(For use in the United States)

Donor Drawing His Own Will:

I give, devise and bequeath to the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children," the sum of Dollars (\$), absolutely.

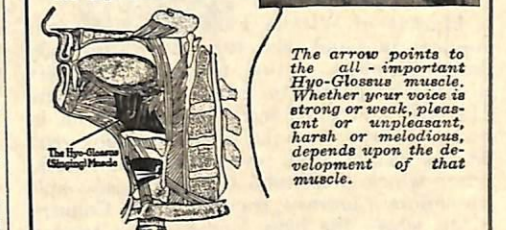
[Hospital Notes Continued on page 86]

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ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

[Continued from page 54]

Annually, Aleppo, Boston, celebrates a big league baseball day. The idea was originated by Noble Jake Morse, more than twenty years ago, and with each recurrent celebration the Drum Corps turns out and contributes to the occasion between innings and before the game. A box of cigars is given to each player making a hit, and a souvenir to each Mason on the teams. This year the souvenir was in the shape of a fountain pen. When Boston and Pittsburgh met, the former led by Noble Dave Bancroft and the latter by Noble Wm. McKechnie, every crippled child in Boston was invited as a guest of the Boston team, at the suggestion of Noble Morse. Trucks and motor-cars were donated, peanuts and soft drinks were dispensed free.

Maskat of Wichita Falls took thirty-four novices in hand, the survivors being duly made members of that temple. There was a gingerful parade to the opera house where the first and third sections were put on in the afternoon, and the candidates took part in the evening from seven until nine o'clock, after which those who were physically able to endure a journey, traveled to the Country Club where the light fantastic was tripped until one o'clock in the morning.

Not at all in the nature of news, but just as a matter of record, comes the information that Hella Temple, Dallas, will attend the session at Atlantic City. Hella Temple usually winds the clock and starts things going.

A terrifying dragon, 100 feet long, breathing fire and smoke, and with its scaly armored sides looking worse than any dinosaur of prehistoric days, led the way for Islam's potentate and uniformed bodies to Reno, Nev. They went to help Kerak Temple lead or drive a herd of sons of the desert to their khan. Thirty-two men, garbed as salamanders, piloted the demon across the two states. Twelve hundred more Nobles of Islam joined the pilgrimage. The visitors were given the special honor of dedicating the new Victory highway arch at Reno. All Reno declared a holiday in honor of the event. The acquisition of the dragon is said to have cost Islam more than \$1,000. Illustrious Potentate Ernest L. West headed the pilgrimage, with its Oriental band in new regalia, following its recent transformation from a drum and trumpet corps. For three days they were guests of Reno.

Islam followed the pilgrimage with another to San Jose, Calif., for ceremonial purposes.

Crescent of Trenton added fifty to the roster at its latest Ceremonial. The Patrol developed a generous streak, being desirous that every Noble should have a nice big juicy apple. For some reason or other few apples were disposed of, as they were put down more quickly than they were picked up. They were a bit warm, "if you know what I mean."

All receipts in excess of expenses of the Shriners' outing at Cocoa, Fla., were given to the Red Cross relief fund. Nobles from Miami, Tampa, Orlando, St. Petersburg, Jacksonville and Palm Beach were especially numerous.

Tehama, Hastings, Nebr., had a New Year's reception on the night of January 1st, at which a concert, and various entertainments, followed by refreshments, were given. The Twin City Hospital films were also shown.

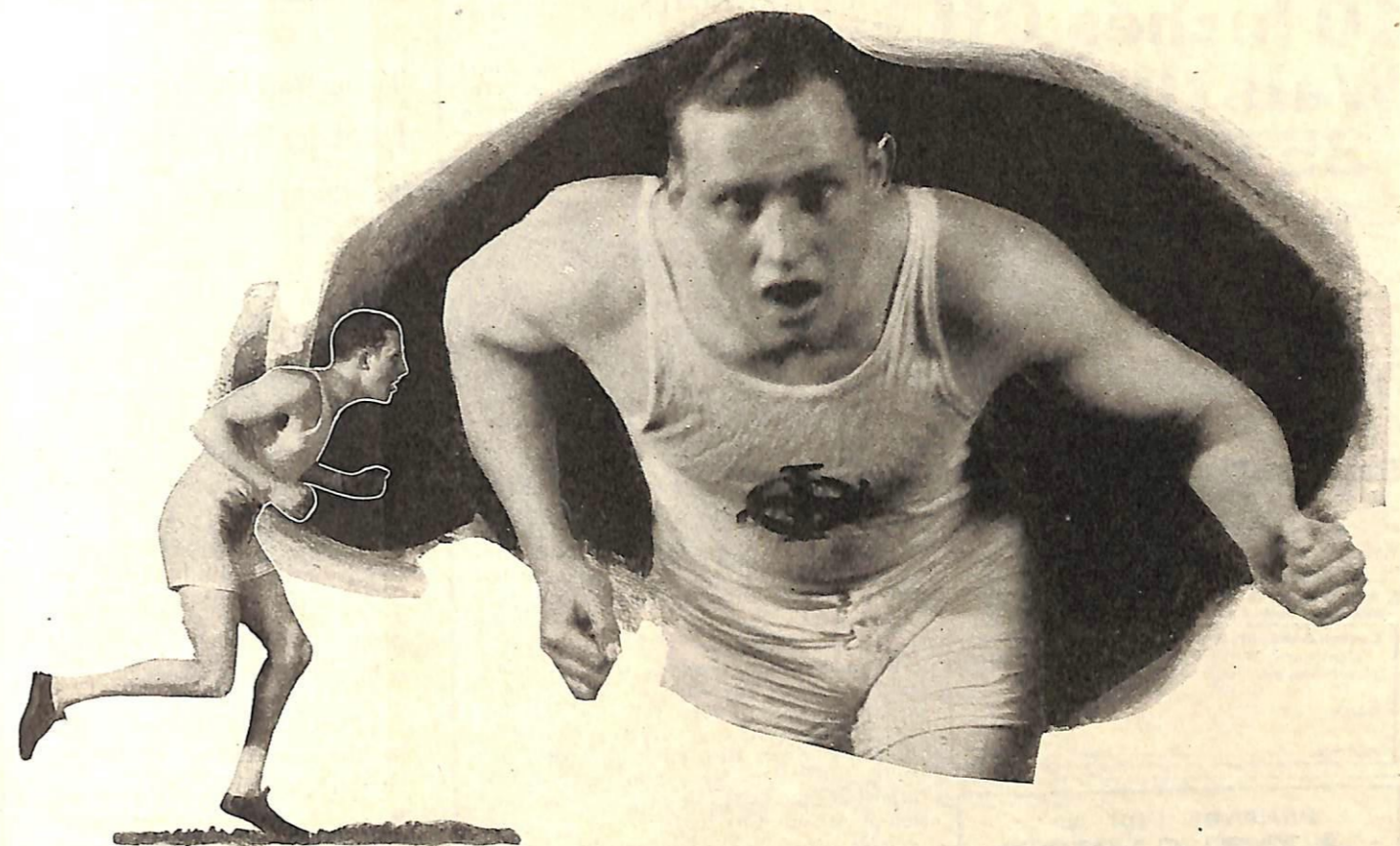
Under the able administration of Potentate F. F. Atkinson, whose loyalty to California secured for him the nom de plume "Sunkist Potentate," Ben Ali Temple of Sacramento has been going a pretty lively pace, these events being to its credit as a windup of Potentate Atkinson's term: November 27th a ceremonial at Vallejo; November 30th a dance at Orlando; December 4th, dinner and dance at Redding; December 11th, ceremonial at Sacramento; December 14th, reception to and entertainment for masters and past masters of the Blue Lodges within the jurisdiction of Ben Ali; January 1st, uniformed units participating at San Francisco, before and during the all-star football game given for the benefit of the San Francisco unit of the Shriners Hospitals; January 5th, annual ball and January 11th, annual meeting of the Temple.

Dancing at the Syracuse Armory followed a recent ceremonial of Tigris Temple, and also, that none should lack entertainment, there was a vaudeville show for all who had trod the sizzling sands and did not care to dance. More than 2,000 tripped it on the waxed floor.

Bedouin Temple, Muskogee, Okla., with all-star uniformed units, chartered a special train and transferred the scene of Shrine activities to the City of Okmulgee, where a very interesting and entertaining ceremonial was staged in the local theater.

Al Koran, Cleveland, had a delightful Christmas party, given to the boys of the Hudson farm, a state institution, and a Ceremonial, on January 20th. A dance was also scheduled for the Nobility and their families.

The dinner dance given by Islam, San Francisco, at Fairmont hotel, was enjoyed by about 400 couples.



Ruptured Runner Tells Secret!

WHAT an amazing invention!

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him on the track again, running with the same beautiful stride, appearing to be in best of condition. Only four months before, this man, in an unfortunate accident, had been badly ruptured. And a deplorable affliction it was. I remember distinctly how the team mourned the loss of such a promising young runner, and how he himself had expressed little hope of ever competing in athletics again. But there he was, sprinting up and down the track as lively as ever. You can imagine my amazement.

It was not until the following day, when I met him in the gym, that I learned the real truth of the matter.

"Your operation must have been a great success," I said, feeling reasonably sure that he had gone under the knife.

He smiled. "I never had an operation in my life," was the reply.

"But how on earth—?"

"Let me show you something," he broke in.

I examined the injured spot and, to my astonishment, found it almost entirely gone. And then I learned how an amazing little invention not only effectively seals rupture, giving a large degree of safety to those who exercise, but also often heals it, and puts one well on the road to recovery.

My friend, don't be a tortured truss victim another day. Now you can throw away forever these dragging, weighty cushions or chafing leg straps. At last there has been discovered a new and entirely different way to treat rupture which does away completely with cumbersome, ineffective, old-fashioned devices. You can run, jump, climb, swim, and partake in all the outdoor sports in far

greater security than you have ever known before. Magic Dot is the only real forward step in non-surgical treatment during the present century. And now, because I am going to make it so easy for you to see this astonishing method, in your own home without the risk of a penny, I know you will not let another day pass without taking the first step, to learn the astounding facts of this new discovery.

Surgery Not Always Necessary

For years, John G. Homan, member of important scientific organizations worked patiently to develop his remarkable invention. The final results, and the exhaustive tests to which they have been put, prove beyond question that hernia not of too long standing can often quickly, surely and safely be healed by aid of Magic Dot. Old fashioned trusses and similar devices exert such great pressure on the injured spot, that the free circulation of healing blood is almost completely shut off. Magic Dot, weighing less than 1/25 of an ounce, acts in support of the rupture to allow the more free circulation of healing blood without exerting harsh pressure.

New Revolutionary Invention

Don't be a tortured truss victim another day when relief and comfort can be yours. Just think—a tiny disk not much larger than a quarter, weighing almost nothing at all, effectively seals the hernia and makes possible a support so light that you hardly realize it is being worn. Wouldn't you like

to be reasonably secure from the "coming down" of the rupture while running, straining, exercising, sneezing, etc.—which too frequently leads to strangulation?

SEE IT FIRST Then Decide

You will be gratefully surprised when you learn the details of this amazing discovery. It is not a plaster-pad or an obsolete cushion or any other makeshift sold under a trick name. So great has been its success that I am arranging a special offer by which you can see and test this device in your own home. Simply write asking for Free literature or mail the coupon below immediately.

JOHN G. HOMAN

New Science Institute

3833 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio.

John G. Homan,
New Science Institute,
3833 Clay Street,
Steubenville, Ohio.

Please send at once your free literature and "see-it-first" offer by which I can learn about the New Science System.

Name.....
Address.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes [Continued from page 85]

General Bequest:

I give, devise and bequeath to The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, a Corporation, the sum of Dollars (\$), for the use and benefit of the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children," owned and maintained by said Corporation, absolutely.

Real Estate Bequest:

Note: If real estate is bequeathed instead of cash, bonds or securities, then the following should be substituted:

I give, devise and bequeath to The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, a Corporation, all that certain parcel of land (here describe the real estate), for the use and benefit of the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children." Said Imperial Council (Corporation) shall have absolute power of sale of said real estate.

Specific Bequest To Particular Hospital:

I give, devise and bequeath unto The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, a Corporation, owning, operating and conducting the "Shriners Hospitals for

Crippled Children," the sum of Dollars (\$), to be used exclusively for the benefit of the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children," located in the City of , State of , absolutely.

Trust Form:

I give, devise and bequeath unto The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, a Corporation, owning, operating and conducting the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children," the sum of Dollars (\$), to be invested in such securities as directed by the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals, or their successors in office, the income of which shall be used for the corporation and maintenance of the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children."

Residuary Clause:

I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, real and personal, of which I may die seized, possessed or otherwise entitled, to The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, a Corporation, for the use and benefit of the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children," owned and maintained by said Imperial Council.

For Use in the Dominion of Canada:

I bequeath to The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America, a Colorado Corporation, to be used as the Corporation may see fit in carrying out the purposes of the Hospitals, commonly known as "Shriners Hospitals," to wit: the care and cure of the underprivileged and crippled child, irrespective of race or creed, the sum of \$ or the following properties, to-wit: the same to be free of legacy or succession duties.

Kosair's Crippled Children's Hospital, Louisville, Ky., has discharged forty-nine children as either materially improved or else entirely corrected since its inception, May 5th, 1926.

Free haircuts for all the youngsters at the Chicago unit hospital have been given by the State-Lake barber shop in that city. Kraut & Dohnal have given two barber chairs to the hospital.

The Twin City Hospital has been the beneficiary of a donation party which brought a tremendous response to the S. O. S. for jelly and fruit. The party was the [Hospital Notes Continued on page 88]

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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2192 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

HOSPITAL NOTES [Continued from page 86]

occasion for a program arranged by school teachers and the Girl Scout Leader. The youngsters came on crutches or were wheeled in on beds, litters or chairs. The program consisted of songs and recitations. The unit has been favored, lately, with the visit of Mrs. Greeves, representative of Al Bedoo Temple, Billings, Mont., who brought three children with her for medical attention. This makes the twenty-second trip Mrs. Greeves has made to the hospital. Mrs. Carmen of Butte was also present, and Babe Ruth favored the hospital with a visit.

After spending eight months in the Montreal unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, Wilbert White, thirteen, who had been so crippled that he could not wear boots, and could have none of the fun and frolic that other boys have, has returned to his home at Windsor, Ontario, Can. He was discovered by a Noble of the Windsor Moramos Shrine Club and it was only a short time after that that he was on his way to the hospital.

Without a murmur of regret, but displaying a fine spirit, the Nobles of Hejaz Temple, of Greenville, S. C., recently decided they might better spend \$5,000 for equipment for the new Shriners Hospital in that city than lay out that sum for a trip of their uniformed bodies to the Imperial Council session at Atlantic City in June.

Noble Benjamin E. Geer is to be added to the Greenville Hospital Board of Governors.

The first patient to be discharged from the Lexington unit of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children, was so elated over her recovery after spending twenty-eight days in the hospital, that before she left for her home she entertained the hospital staff with her conception of the Charleston.

She was taken to the hospital November 1st, and twenty-eight days later, due to the treatment she received there, was able to do a most creditable exhibition of the Charleston. The patient was an eleven-year-old girl.

Jim Hayes made the hit of the day, recently, at a Rotary Club meeting at Pittsfield, Mass., by urging the Rotarians to form "Sunshine Clubs" and support the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. "There is no other cause more worthy of support," said Mr. Hayes. "Since the hospitals have been opened, at the Springfield unit alone, 321 handicapped children have been made to walk, which they could not do before."

A parent-teachers' association in San Francisco has hit on a pleasant way to make the little patients at the Crippled Children's Hospital there happy, by baking a cake for each child on its birthday. Some member volunteers as often as necessary to be the official cake baker for the day.

The little patients at the San Francisco hospital were surprised and delighted recently, when six landau sedans drove up in front of the building and nearly a score of Indians from a visiting circus jumped out. Immediately afterwards a bunch of clowns rushed on the scene and attacked the redskins. The victory went to the assailants and was cheered mightily by the happy audience.

Tripoli, Milwaukee, had its winter ceremonial, and collected \$562.47, which was turned over to the Women's Auxiliary of the Shrine Hospitals to aid in their work for that unit.

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WE HAVE just received a limited supply of the first volume of The Shrine Magazine—May to December 1926 inclusive—permanently bound in a patented material that has all the appearance of genuine leather.

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No wonder Fyr-Fyter representatives sell over \$2,000,000 worth of Fyr-Fyters yearly! No wonder they are one of the highest paid selling organizations in the country! No wonder T. S. Gill writes: "I am firmly convinced that any man

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Just a few sales a day which anyone can make, will pay you \$300 a month or more. There is no limit to your earnings.

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One city block is capable of sales running into thousands of dollars. Viles made a \$1,700 sale. Brady took a \$4,200 order! Baker, Oregon, 68 years old, who can only work occasionally, often makes \$25 to \$30 a day.

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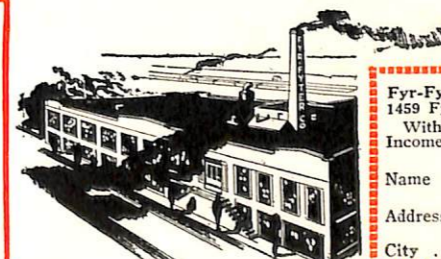
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